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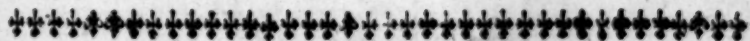
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THE  
ÆNEID  
OF  
VIRGIL.

Translated into BLANK VERSE.



*A. Virgilius Maro*

THE  
FIELD  
OF  
VIRGIL

Translated into Blank Verse

THE  
ÆNEID  
OF  
VIRGIL.

Translated into BLANK VERSE,

**B Y**

**ALEXANDER STRAHAN, Esq;**

With the first volume of a Letter on Translating  
By Bp VOL. I. Fr. Atterburg.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, and T. CADELL, in the Strand; and T. PAYNE, at the Mews-Gate.

MDCCLXVII.

THE  
 W I R G I L  
 OF

Translated into Blank Verse

BY

ALEXANDER STRAHAN, ESQ.

WOLF. L.

46  
 9 4  
 854

Printed for A. M. in the Strand; and T. Mews-Gate.







Your known Application to, and con-  
 fessed Proficiency, in all the Branches  
 of polite Literature, as well as useful  
**TO THE**  
**RIGHT HONOURABLE**  
 of your amiable Character, and have  
**THE EARL OF BUTE.**

*of whose* *father's name is the* *perme*  
*his rating for the* *union yet* *for*  
 MY LORD, *account* *for*

**\* \* \* \* \*** OUR Condescension in per-  
**\* \* \* \*** mitting me to dedicate this  
**\* \* \* \*** Translation of Virgil's *Æneid*  
 to your Lordship, has induced me to  
 exert my utmost Efforts to render  
 a it

## DEDICATION.

it not unworthy of the Acceptance  
of so great a Man, and so great a  
Judge. *see of Court Transactions of George III.*

*in many years*  
Your known Application to, and con-  
fessed Proficiency, in all the Branches  
of polite Literature, as well as useful  
*but much more your King's Favour*  
Science, constitute a very shining Part  
of your amiable Character, and have  
very justly excited a Desire in some  
of our most accomplished Writers to  
shelter their Performances under your  
Patronage.

*probably  
at Eton  
School*  
Having been a Witness of the early  
Dawn of that Genius which has since  
ascended to such Perfection, how sen-  
sible must I be of the honour you  
have done me, and how happy in  
that

## DEDICATION.

that Resemblance of my favourite Author, in having found a Mæcenæ like his own. I am,

*But Mæcenæ's true character is very doubtful in many respects <sup>not only</sup> towards his country & his private life. <sup>had many faults.</sup>*  
My LORD,

Your Lordship's most humble

-And obedient Servant,

Alexander Strahan.

# DEDICATION

that Remembrance of my favourite An-  
thor, in having found a Mission like  
his own. I am,

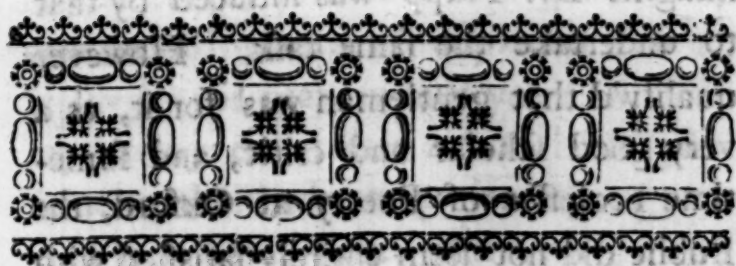
My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

And obedient Servant,

Alexander Graham.





## P R E F A C E.

¶ N attempt to translate VIRGIL,  
A in a way that has been tried be-  
fore, will probably be thought to  
stand in need of some excuse ; but instead  
of a laboured apology, I shall set before  
the reader the motives that led me to this  
attempt, and leave the judgment he is to  
form of them, and of the Work, to his  
own candour.

The ÆNEID has been already twice  
translated into Blank Verse. First, by the  
late Dr. Brady, of Twickenham, and af-  
terwards by the late Dr. Trapp. The  
first performance was so mean, that I

## P R E F A C E.

172: imagine Dr. Trapp was induced by that to undertake the same task. However qualify'd that gentleman was for it, as a very good scholar and critic, and sometime Professor of Poetry at Oxford, the Public did not seem entirely satisfied with his performance; and it was from the unsuccessful attempts of these gentlemen that I was first accidentally led to begin part of the present work. For having been from my earliest youth, so captivated with Milton, that I preferred him infinitely to all our English Poets, I tried, for my amusement, many years ago, what I could do, by way of imitating the stile and manner of this my favourite author; and one of my first essays was a translation from the beginning of the first book of the *ÆNEID* to the end of the storm.

I was previously encouraged to this by the attempts of these two gentlemen, which shewed that Milton's manner, under proper restrictions, was the only true method of succeeding in a translation of *VIRGIL*; and therefore I shewed this specimen to several

## P R E F A C E.

several of my friends and acquaintance, who seemed not to be displeased with it. It lay by me near twenty years, without my having entertained a thought of prosecuting the work, or presuming to proceed in so bold a task. But having shewn this specimen accidentally to two friends, upon their publishing something of the same nature, I was encouraged to resume the attempt, through their persuasions. I then finished the first book, which on their perusal was approved by both, and afterwards by several others. But that I might still have the candid judgment of the Public, with regard to its real merit, as making some allowance for the partiality of friends, I was induced to commit it to the press, being anxious to know, whether I ought to proceed, or not; although, perhaps in prudence, I ought not to have risked it so soon. I entreated my most intimate friends, to acquaint me ingenuously with the character they heard of it. The report was more in my favour than otherwise; and I have gone on. It has been objected, that the Public has been already

*printed  
in 1792.  
Lewist  
M. L. L. L.  
Pocant.  
C. W.*

# P R E F A C E

too much loaded with blank verse. Such as have no relish for that sort of verse, have a right to think, and to say so. But surely if ever blank verse is peculiarly proper in any kind of poetry, it is in the Epic; as it is the opinion of some of the best judges, that the majesty and dignity of those poems visibly sink in rhyme. Besides, the translators are often forced to omit part of the original, and sometimes words of great energy and import; as well as to give, in many places, another cast and form to the original. In blank verse the translator can follow his author, even to the imitation of his phrases, and manner of diction, and weigh every word and expression, as in a scale; and considering the inferiority of the English language, and disadvantage of its verse, he may endeavour to bring it as near the original as possible. To effect this, without sinking into a low or prosaic stile, has been my aim through the whole work, and I have found it much more difficult to make choice of apt words and phrases for expressing the sense of the original concisely and



# P R E F A C E.

and clearly, than I should have found to render it by a loose paraphrase, in which the spirit and energy was lost.

I have kept as close to my Author as the late Dr. Trapp, in respect to his sense, but have taken a little more compass, for the sake of harmony. How I have performed is submitted, with all due deference, to the Public. I have spared no labour to make it worthy of their acceptance, although there may still remain many mistakes, and it may fall short of that perfection which true judges might require in such a performance; nevertheless it is hoped, when they consider the difficulty of the undertaking, they will decide with candour. How much soever I may sometimes have flattered myself with hopes, I own I have much oftener sunk into despondency. And as VIRGIL says the competitors in the naval sport, in the fifth book,

*exultantiaque baurit*

*Corde pavor pulsans, laudumque arrecta*

*Cupido.*

I have

## P R E F A C E.

I have often intermitted my labour, and sometimes resolved entirely to relinquish it. But from time to time still going on, after finishing the fifth, I was desirous of trying my abilities upon the sixth book. I set about it with fear and trembling, as being incontestably the most finished part of the whole work; but have now the pleasure to find it approved of by some of the best judges.

As to some of the difficult passages, concerning the sense of which even the Learned themselves differ, I have consulted most of the commentaries, and looked into our own, and I believe all the Italian and French translations, and have taken that interpretation which appeared most reasonable, upon a comparison of the whole. So that if any of my learned readers differ from me, I would not have them rashly to condemn me, before they have taken the same pains.

Having in my hands the copy of a letter from a gentleman universally allowed to be the finest critic, and the ablest judge of polite literature, which accom-

panied

## P R E F A C E.

panied a translation of part of VIRGIL, I thought I could not do better than give an extract of some passages, that, coming from so great a hand, will more amply, and with greater authority, express in what manner a translation of VIRGIL should be attempted.

“ This Eclogue of VIRGIL has been attempted in English verse an hundred times already, and will be attempted as often hereafter, but never equalled.

“ The original is inimitable, and for that very reason will always be imitated; because the defects of former translations being obvious, every one, especially in such short pieces, is willing to try whether he cannot do better, and does by that means only set a new instance of imperfection to those that come after him.

“ This reflection has not, however, hindered me from making the experiment to which the solitude I am in, the want of books, and something particular touching in the subject of this Eclogue, have inclined me. In my version of it, I  
“ may

## P R E F A C E.

“ may perhaps have fallen into the same  
“ expressions which some of my predecess-  
“ sors, in this task, have already employ-  
“ ed; if I have, 'tis by chance; for 'tis  
“ long since I saw any one of their per-  
“ formances.

“ What I may have in common with  
“ former translators, will be found, I be-  
“ lieve, among those of them who have  
“ followed VIRGIL most closely, and al-  
“ lowed themselves as little liberty in ren-  
“ dering him as was possible. Indeed  
“ where the force of an author's words,  
“ and the turn of his thoughts are care-  
“ fully attended to, they that put him into  
“ another tongue, must light equally on  
“ what most nearly expresses his sense;  
“ and consequently speak the same Lan-  
“ guage.

“ Though I proposed to myself to copy  
“ VIRGIL with exactness, yet I am sen-  
“ sible that I have added here and there  
“ something to the text, which may seem  
“ rather implied than expressed in it, and  
“ to be in some measure a comment upon  
“ it. This superfluity of words is a fault;  
into



# P R E F A C E.

“into which the nature of our rhiming  
 “verse must always, less or more, lead  
 “those that make use of it. Even my  
 “lord Roscommon, the strictest and just-  
 “est of our translators, is sometimes  
 “guilty of it. But Mr. Dryden more  
 “often and more remarkably so, as to  
 “give us now and then his own thoughts,  
 “instead of those of his author: as if he  
 “intended to make amends for what he  
 “omitted, by what he inserted in the  
 “room of it. This is a freedom not to  
 “be allowed to any but to great masters;  
 “and though they may do well, even  
 “when they indulge themselves in it, yet  
 “they certainly do better when they for-  
 “bear it. Nothing of that kind will be  
 “found in this version; wherein I propose  
 “to make VIRGIL, as Sir John Denham  
 “speaks—*my great example, as he is my*  
 “*theme*—And to imitate him, in the  
 “same manner as he himself imitates  
 “Theocritus and Homer: whose turn of  
 “thoughts and words he always traces as  
 behool “ b nearly

## P R E F A C E.

“ nearly as is consistent with preserving  
“ the genius of the Latin tongue, and the  
“ spirit of poetry. Can a man, who has  
“ any reverence for his judgment, doubt  
“ whether the strict manner of translating  
“ be not preferable to that which is more  
“ loose and diffused, in which we too  
“ often indulge ourselves? won't you say?”

“ What I have done in this case, was  
“ written purely to please myself; if it  
“ pleases any one else, it is more than I  
“ hoped for, or aimed at. I am now  
“ thirty-six years older than Virgil was  
“ when he writ this Eclogue; which  
“ would not perhaps have been altogether  
“ so perfect as it is now, had he himself  
“ been of my age at the time of com-  
“ posing it. If, therefore, I should have  
“ failed in my endeavour to express the  
“ *molle atque facetum* which distinguishes  
“ the characters of his Pastorals, it is not  
“ to be wondered.

“ My own disadvantages, added to  
“ those of our tongue, which is too much  
“ loaded

## P R E F A C E.

"loaded with consonants and monosyllables, will sufficiently plead my excuse.

"If there be indeed any excuse for a man's attempting to do that which, in itself, is not to be done.

"The person, however, to whom I shall transmit these verses, will, I hope, look upon 'em as a testimony of my friendship, though they should be no proof of my poetry: and when he cannot value the present, will at least relish the good meaning of him that makes it."

We see here the difficulties of translating in rhyme, confessed by one of the most consummate masters, which indeed so constrained and embarrassed him, that his performance does not answer expectations. There is one thing, which I believe has generally misled translators, and it is their misinterpretation of that verse of Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*, commonly quoted upon such occasions.

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus  
Interpres*

## P R E F A C E.

Father Simon \*, in his "*Lettres Choissies*," observes, " That Henry Stephens long ago took notice, that *ellipses* or *particles* to be understood, was familiar to Horace, and " that here, *tanquam*, or *ceu*, was understood, before the words, *fidus interpres*. " He finds fault with those, who pretend " to prove from these words of the poet, " that an exact translator is not obliged " to attach himself to the words of his " text."

The translators have since rendered it in that manner. Besides this precept of Horace is directed to those who borrow,

\* Sans même qu'il soit nécessaire d'avoir recours au génie de la langue Hebraïque, cette même ellipse, ou manquement de la particule, comme, se trouve dans les autres langues. Il y a long-tems que Henry Estienne a montré, qu'elle est familière à Horace. C'est sur ce pied-là qu'il a expliqué ce vers de " la poetique," *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fides interpres*, " Il reprend ceux qui pretend prouver des paroles de ce poete, qu'un Traducteur exact n'est point obligé de s'attacher aux mots de son texte. Vol. IV. Letter 43, at the end.

OR



## P R E F A C E.

or imitate from other authors, advising them not to follow them so closely, as if they translated them; and the expression *fidus interpretes*, would rather seem to inculcate the contrary of what is generally understood from those words, which is, that Horace was of opinion, a translator should be faithful.

In another of father Simon's \* letters he quotes the famous Mons. Arnould, in these words.

“ One must be wholly ignorant of the  
 “ nature of literal translation, to believe  
 “ that it only consists in giving word for  
 “ word : whereas what ought to be par-  
 “ ticularly endeavoured in a translation,  
 “ to render it literal and exact, is, to find

\* Mons. Arnould, Liv. V. ch. ix. p. 418. Respond ainsi a son confrere. Il faut ne favoir ce que c'est que de traduire litteralement, quand on croit que cela ne consiste qu'à mettre mot pour mot : au lieu que ce qu'on doit rechercher dans une traduction pour la rendre litteraire & fidelle, c'est de trouver des mots qui donnent nettement les memes idées que ceux de l'original. Vol. IV. Letter 51.

# P R E F A C E.

"out words which clearly express the same  
"ideas that are in the original."

Monsr  
Huet  
Bp of  
Avranche

"With regard to translation in general,  
the learned Huetius in his *Dialogue de  
optimo genere Interpretandi*, hath left us such  
excellent rules concerning it, that, I flat-  
ter myself, the generality of my readers  
will not be displeased to see some of the  
most material of them, although it may  
not contribute to the recommendation of  
my poor performance, to set so complete  
a delineation before them of a perfect  
translation; yet, so far as my abilities  
would permit, I have endeavoured to fol-  
low it.

\* "I say, therefore, that this is the best  
"method of translation, when first the  
"translator

him!  
dogmatici  
has 2  
not Huetius

\* Optimum ergo illum esse dico interpretationis  
modum, quum auctoris sententiae primum, deinde  
ipsis etiam, si ita fert utriusque linguae facultas,  
verbis arctissime adhæret interpres, & nativum pos-  
tremo auctoris characterem, quoad ejus fieri potest,  
adumbrat; idque unum studet, ut nulla eum de-  
tractione imminutum, nullo additamento auctum,  
sed integrum, sui que omni ex parte simillimum  
perquam

## P R E F A C E.

1. " translator most strictly adheres to the
- " sense of his author, and after that even
2. " to his very words, if the genius of each
- " language will admit of it, and deline-
3. " ates the natural character of the author
- " in such a light, that it may be known
- " to be his; and only aims most faith-
- " fully to exhibit him, neither lessened by
- " any omission, nor increased by any ad-
- " dition, but entire, and the very image

perquam fideliter exhibeat. Cum enim nihil aliud esse videatur interpretatio, quam expressa auctoris imago et effigies; ea autem optima imago habenda sit, quæ lineamenta oris, colorem, oculos, totum denique vultus filum, & corporis habitum ita refert, ut absens coram esse videatur; inepta vero ea figura sit, quæ rem aliter effingit atque est, pulchriorem illam licet, & aspectu jucundiorẽ exprimat: id profecto efficitur, eam demum præstabiliorẽ esse interpretationem, non quæ auctoris vel luxuriem depascit, vel jejunitatem expleat, vel obscuritatem illustret, vel menda corrigat, vel perversum ordinem digerat; sed quæ totum auctorem ob oculos sistat, nativis adumbratum coloribus, & vel genuinis virtutibus laudandum, vel, si ita meritus est, propriis deridendum vitiis propinet.

# P R E F A C E.

“ of himself in every part. For as tran-  
 “ slation seems to be nothing else than an  
 “ express figure and picture of an author,  
 “ that certainly is to be esteemed the best  
 “ picture which represents his features,  
 “ complexion, eyes, the whole air of his  
 “ visage, and deportment of body, in such  
 “ a manner, that being absent he may  
 “ seem present; for that is a bad picture  
 “ which exhibits a thing otherwise than as  
 “ it really is, although it is painted more  
 “ beautiful and more pleasing to the sight.  
 “ It is therefore fully proved, that such  
 “ an interpretation is to be preferred,  
 “ which does not prune the luxuriances  
 “ of an author, or supply his defects, or  
 “ clear up his obscurity, or correct his  
 “ faults, or bring into order his want of  
 “ method; but that which presents the  
 “ whole author before us, expressed in his  
 “ natural colours, and either to be praised  
 “ for his genuine virtues, or, if he de-  
 “ serves it, exposed to ridicule for his  
 “ faults.”

Some



# P R E F A C E.

Some pages afterwards he proceeds thus :

\* “ The scattered parts of this disputation I will review again with you, and  
“ place

\* Dissipatas disputationis hujusce partes vobiscum recognoscam, & sub unum veluti aspectum collocabo. Omnino tria sunt, quæ ad veram interpretationis laudem necessario requiruntur ; religio in exponendis sententiis ; fides in referendis verbis ; summa in exhibendo colore sollicitudo. Absque illis tribus, inanes quippe sint interpretum conatus, & vana industria. Sententiæ igitur ita exponendæ sunt ut verbis includantur iisdem ; verba ita conspectanda sunt, ut ex iis efflorescant sententiæ ; ita congruere debent sententiæ, & verba, ut ex utrisque forma, sapor, & character exurgat. Omnis in iis rebus vis est interpretis exprimenda. Quisquis ita sententiis dat operam, ut verba negligat ; vel ita studet verbis, ut sententias labefactet ; vel ita demum sententias & verba persequitur, ut saporem pessundet, is boni interpretis laudem ac decus amittit. Tria ad hæc alia sunt, quæ ab interprete non exigam quidem, expectem certè, & exoptem : ut summa insit in interpretatione perspicuitas ; ut elegans sit & concinna ; ut opus *autoquæ*, non alieni interpretatio credi possit. Tribus hisce prioribus addideris postrema hæc tria,

## P R E F A C E.

“ place as it were in one view. There  
 “ are, in all, three things necessarily re-  
 “ quisite to obtain the praise of a true  
 “ translation; strict adherence to the sense;  
 “ fidelity to the words; and the most  
 “ careful observance of the manner. With-  
 “ out these three, all the Endeavours of  
 “ translators are vain, and vain their in-  
 “ dustry. The sense therefore is so to be  
 “ rendered, that it may be comprised in  
 “ the same words; the words so closely to  
 “ be kept to, that the sense may seem na-  
 “ turally to arise from them; the sense and  
 “ words ought so to correspond, that from  
 “ both the natural form, spirit, and cha-  
 “ racter may appear. In these things the

*tria, omnibus nimirum absolutam numeris inter-  
 pretionem procuraveris. Ita fit ut omnis interpre-  
 tis virtus sex e rebus existat, sed ex his tribus præ-  
 cipuè, religione in sentiis, fide in verbis, solli-  
 citudine in colore; tum ex illis deinde etiam tri-  
 bus, eximiâ perspicuitate; venustate; et eo quod  
 Hieronimus, vernaculum, nos *αὐτοφως*, appellamus.  
 Quæ si quis universa fuerit complexus, punctum  
 is omne tulerit.*

et utmost

## P R E F A C E.

“ utmost powers of the translator are to be  
“ exerted. For whoever is so attentive to  
“ the sense, that he neglects the words; or  
“ is so careful about the words, that he  
“ weakens the sense; or so closely pursues  
“ the sense and words, that the spirit is  
“ lost, he misses the glory and reputation  
“ of a good translator. There are three  
“ things besides these, which I do not  
“ strictly require indeed from a translator,  
“ but would certainly expect and wish;  
“ that there should be the greatest perspi-  
“ cuity in his translation; that it should  
“ be polished, and elegant; that it may  
“ be thought an original, and not a tran-  
“ slation. If to the three first you add  
“ these three last, you have a translation  
“ complete in all its parts. Thus it is,  
“ that the whole merit of a translation  
“ consists in six things, but chiefly in the  
“ three first; strict adherence to the sense;  
“ fidelity to the words; and the most  
“ careful observance of the manner; then  
“ in these other three; great perspicuity;  
“ elegance; and that which St. Jerom  
“ calls vernacular; and we original. All  
“ which

## P R E F A C E.

“ which whoever has carried into execution, has acquired the utmost perfection of the Art.”

And having now, I think, sufficiently fixed the idea of translation in general, it will be proper to add something with regard to this particular work. I have made some few alterations in the first book since it was published, and if these six books meet with a favourable reception, it will encourage me to proceed in finishing the other six, two of which are already near done.

I have often wished that, since this labour was to fall to my lot, I had set about it some years earlier, lest the same observation may be made upon me, that my late ingenious friend, the Rev. Mr. Layng made upon Mr. Dryden, in the copy of verses he honoured me with, for having undertaken this task in his latter stage of life. Notwithstanding I am sensible that these verses are far above what my performance deserves; yet as custom has authorised, and thereby taken away all imputation

*an unfortunate  
Clergyman*



# P R E F A C E.

imputation of self-conceit for authors to publish the favourable sentiments of their friends, I have taken the liberty to prefix them before this translation, as the verses in themselves I think have great merit. And hope the reader will here indulge me to lament the loss of that ingenious and worthy clergyman, who died about five or six months after the writing of these verses, when our acquaintance was in a manner but just begun. 1749.



AS the foregoing Preface to the first six books, which were published some years ago, and dedicated to my worthy friend the late Hawkins Browne, Esq; contains some observations on translations in general, and some particularly relating to Virgil, I was advised to reprint the same; and having now, beyond my expectation, lived to see the work

# P R E F A C E.

1765  
 completed, I think I am bound in justice to acknowledge the assistance I have had. My good friend the late Mr. Mallet, was so obliging as to revise with me the translation throughout, and compare it carefully with the original, except the fifth and sixth Books, which his death prevented, and by that accident they will appear less perfect than they otherwise would have been; however, I have given them both a very careful revisal. The tenth and  
 X & XII<sup>th</sup> twelfth Books were translated by the late reverend Mr. Dobson, (the translator of Milton's Paradise Lost into Latin verse, the same who is mentioned in Mr. Layng's verses, which were likewise very carefully revised.

The copy of a letter from a gentleman, alluded to in the first Preface, was from the late Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, accompanying a translation he had made of the first Eclogue of Virgil, which, as it never has yet been published, I shall give a copy of. And here it may be proper to take notice of a remark, G G G,  
 in

## P R E F A C E.

in the notes of the article Francis Atterbury, in the General Dictionary, historical and critical," which says that the Doctor translated Virgil's Georgics, and sent them over to a friend, with some Latin verses by way of introducing them. As the letter plainly mentions this Eclogue, I take that to be a mistake, and that he never translated the Georgics; or, if he did, it must have been at an earlier period of life, since he imputes it to his age that his translation was not better.

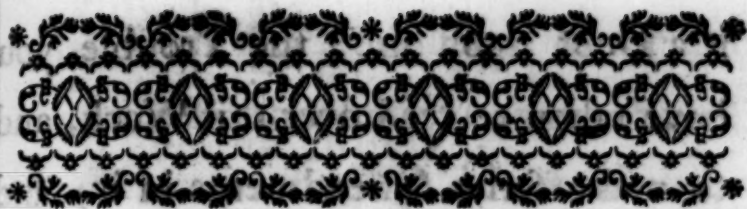
Two late unsuccessful attempts in translating this author, have not prevented me from submitting this to the candid censure of the Public, flattering myself that it may have a better fate, and hoping that my readers may favourably excuse any inaccuracies that may have slipped unobserved in a work of such difficulty, and so great a length.

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Two late and successful attempts in translating this *Georgic*, have not prevented me from looking at this to the rapid course of the English language, myself that it may have a better fate, and hoping that translators may favourably excite and encourage that may have slipped unobserved in a world of less difficulty, and

to great a degree.





T O

Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq;

Dear SIR,

INSTEAD of having Recourse  
 I to some great Name to pro-  
 tect this Attempt of mine, I  
 judged it much more proper to address  
 myself to one who, by his Knowledge  
 of the Original, must be allowed to be  
 an adequate Judge. Besides, there were  
 other Reasons that in a manner made

## DEDICATION.

it a Debt upon me; the Trouble you have taken to read over this Work, and to make some Amendments in it; and the favourable Opinion you was pleased to entertain of it: This I must confess contributed to lessen the Diffidence I had about its Success, which in some measure must affect every Man who ventures into the World as an Author.

Although your good Opinion cannot ascertain the public Approbation, yet I look upon it as no unfavourable Circumstance tending to procure it, when it is approved by one of disinterested Judgment, far above the little Motives that influence inferior Critics.

## DEDICATION.

I am farther induced to the present Address, that I might at the same Time declare to the World how much I value your Friendship. I am, with the most perfect Esteem and Regard, *(French phrase)*

Dear SIR,

Your most faithful

And obedient Servant,

Alexander Strahan;

# DEDICATION

I am further induced by the present  
Address, that I might at the same time  
declare to the World how much I value  
your friendship. I am with the most

perfect Respect and Regard,

Your most faithful

And obedient Servant

Alexander Stephens



Alexander Strahan, Esq;

On his TRANSLATION of

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

Length our vows prevail — and what of  
A The Delphic tripod durst † not have fore-  
told;

Time has atchiev'd. These from the banks of Thames,  
Ye British swains, these are Virgilian themes,  
And list'ning fame shall catch the rising sound,  
To spread it o'er th'applauding world around.

† Quod Divum promittere Nemo  
Auderet, volvenda Dies en attulit ultro.

Great

VERSES addressed to A. STRAHAN, Esq;

Great Maro, like his own Æneas, long  
Involv'd in mists escap'd th' inquiring throng,  
'Till by the queen of beauty broke, the cloud  
Retiring shows him to th' astonish'd croud.  
How firm he moves! how awfully he nods!  
Each gesture proves the offspring of the gods.  
Ambrosial airs, such as immortals grace,  
From heaven translated bloom upon his face.

*Ga vir* The prelate Douglas first on northern plains  
*Laugh* Tun'd on his reed uncouth the courtly strains:

Strong were the tones, but neither sweet nor clear,  
When they should charm, they grate the nicer ear.  
Who but must laugh to hear the Tyrian queen,  
Make love, or rave like "Moggy o' the green."

*il pete*  
*son*

Next Dryden, mighty master of the song,  
Assum'd the toil that he deferr'd too long.  
Why was the task declin'd in Charles's days,  
When fresh the verdure on his glossy bays?  
We know his prowess, but decay'd his force,  
We tremble for him on the Mantuan horse.  
Slow climbs the senior up his lofty side,  
And what was graceful stiffens into pride.  
Yet envy owns that in his years are seen,  
A lasting vigour, and autumnal green;  
And when well warm'd the heav'nly blade he shakes,  
Up to the hilt the flaming faulchion quakes;  
The manag'd steed he turns within his length,  
And godlike skill displays, and giant strength.

But

VERSES addressed to A. STRAHAN, Esq;

But practis'd long in every pleasing cheat,  
He found can give for sense, and light for heat:  
On his lean † sides too loud his arms resound,  
Whilst unconfin'd he traverses the ground.

Behind, we see a younger bard arise,  
No vulgar rival in the grand emprise.  
Hail, learned Trap, upon whose brow we find  
The poet's bays, and critic's ivy join'd!  
Bless'd faint, to all that's virtuous ever dear,  
Thy recent fate demands the friendly tear.  
None was more vers'd in all the Roman store,  
Or the wide circle of the Grecian lore;  
Less happy, from the World recluse too long,  
In all the sweeter ornaments of song;  
Intent to teach, too careless how to please,  
What he might boast in strength, he wants in ease.

How justly Pitt translated and how well, *his brother*  
For me let Spence, or Lowth, or Dobson tell; *Wintonians*  
Who jointly quaff'd the fam'd Wintonian spring, *& Collegians*  
In the same grove by Phoebus taught to sing.

'Twas not in envy to these sons of fame,  
That Strahan to the field of glory came,  
But chose his master's greatness to display,  
A diff'rent route, the high Miltonic way.  
Poets, like stars, their radiance should unite,  
And cast in constellations purer light.

† This image is taken from Dryden's character in Swift's Battle of the Books.

'Tis

VERSES addressed to A. STRAHAN, Esq;

"Tis thus the sun, revolving in his sphere,  
By various seasons constitutes the year;  
Thro' the broad zodiac more benignly shines,  
In the bright influence of combining signs.

'Twas his to finish what the rest begun:  
The last, so heaven ordain'd, the prize has won.

So where some castle, as our bards declare,  
Rises by necromantic charms in air,  
Gigantic phantoms watch the brazen door,  
And guardian dragons hiss along the floor;  
To prove their force a thousand champions come;  
Disgrac'd, a thousand leave th' enchanted dome.  
But when the knight arrives, by fate design'd,  
To break the spell and magic force unbind,  
Each yielding monster shrinks at his approach,  
And the valves burst spontaneous at his touch.

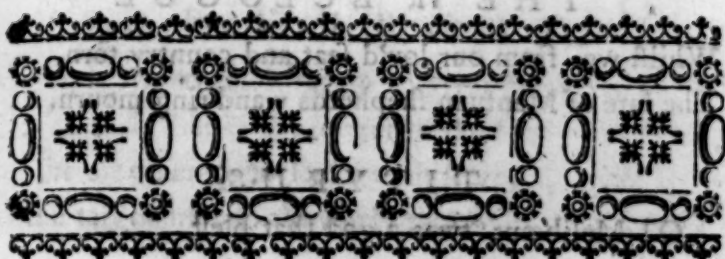
October 20,

1748

H. LAYNG.

T H E





THE  
FIRST ECLOGUE  
OF  
VIRGIL.



*by J. P. Atterbury in Exile, M.D.C.C.C.*  
*and the first at Paris*  
*Hæc ego lusi*

*Ad sequantæ ripas, Tamesino a flumine longe*  
*Jam fractus, seniorque, sed ipsa morte meorum*  
*Quos colui, patriæque memor, neque degener æquam.*

*Sent by A. Walpole, Dof Argyll and Dr. Wyan*

THOU happy Tityrus, supinely laid,  
Tun'ft thy sweet pipe beneath the beachen  
shade,  
And mak'ft the ecchoing groves and hills  
around

With beaut'ous Amaryllis name resound;

d

*Walpole died of gout & Stone*      *While*

## THE 1<sup>st</sup> ECLOGUE

Whilst we, from our lov'd seat and country torn,  
The fate of Mantuan shepherds wand'ring mourn.

### TITYRUS.

O! Melibœus 'twas a god that blest  
My wishes, and indulg'd this envy'd rest.  
Godlike his grace to me : and in return  
Oft my vow'd lambs shall to his honour burn.  
He bid me thus tend my fair herds, and play  
What pleas'd my mind, secure of harm as they,

### MELIBŒUS.

Not mov'd by envy, yet I wond'ring see  
How all around is vex'd whilst thou art free.  
My fainting flock, as faint myself, I drive,  
And scarce preserve this drooping goat alive ;  
Who two fair kids, the hope and pledge of more  
As thus we pass'd, amidst the alders, bore,  
There left to perish on the flinty floor.  
Oft these disasters (had my heedless mind  
Attended) by plain omens were design'd.  
When darted light'ning riv'd the hollow oak,  
Or from its blasted boughs hoarse ravens spoke,  
On past remarks what boots it now to dwell ?  
Do thou the god that blest'd thee, Tityrus, tell.

### TITYRUS.

The city Rome I innocently thought  
Like that to which our fatten'd flocks are brought ;

O F V I R G I L

As simple swains small things to great compare,  
Kids to their dams, the lev'et to the hare :  
But she on other cities looks with scorn,  
As the tall cypress to the lowly thorn.

M E L I B Œ U S.

And what the cause that mov'd thy wav'ring mind  
To visit Rome, not so before inclin'd ?

T I T Y R U S.

'Twas liberty—which long I strove to win,  
Till the hair whiten'd on my hoary chin.  
In vain I sought the good which never came,  
Till Amaryllis grew my real flame,  
And Galatea nothing but a name.  
For truth to tell, in Galatea's reign  
No hope of liberty was left, or gain.  
Tho' to my craving mistress ample fees,  
The fattest weanlings and the richest cheese,  
Did from my folds and dairies constant come,  
The bringing hand returned empty home.—

M E L I B Œ U S.

Whom mourning Amaryllis long'd to see,  
For whom her fruits ripe on the loaded tree  
Still hung, we wonder'd — Tityrus, 'twas for thee :  
For thee, when absent, did these waters mourn ;  
These pines, these shrubs : — and chid thy slow return.

## THE 1<sup>st</sup> ECLOGUE

### TITYRUS.

What else remain'd ? propitious pow'rs in vain  
I sought for there ; nor could I break my chain :  
But there that youth I saw, of form divine,  
For whom each month my lighted altars shine.  
He gracious answer'd, what sustains me now :  
Go feed the flock, as erst, and urge the plow.

### MELIBŒUS.

Thrice happy man ! possessing, free from harm,  
Thy little, but to thee proportion'd farm.  
What tho' the barren and unsightly ground,  
Does here with flags and there with flints abound ?  
No noxious herbage tempts thy burden'd ewes,  
No mingling flocks their venom'd taint infuse.  
Thrice happy man ! who under fav'rite trees,  
By well-known streams, and sacred springs, at ease  
Canst shun the heat, and catch the cooling breeze. }  
Here, on the flow'ry fence which bounds thy right,  
The bees, that riot on the blossoms, light, }  
Whose murmurs heard sweet slumbers shall invite. }  
Here, on a rocky height, with rustic lays,  
His voice the dresser of thy vines shall raise.  
While thy lov'd turtles in their mournful strain,  
And Ring doves from the airy elms complain.  
When therefore deer shall quit the earth, for air ;  
Fishes the sea for land, and pasture there :

When



# O F V I R G I L.

When Parthians and when Germans, by exchange  
 Shall those to Soan and these to Tygris range, *crat*  
 Then shall his image, who, by pity prest,  
 Indulg'd sweet favours, vanish from my breast.

## M E L I B Œ U S.

But we, 'alas! distress'd, and driv'n from home,  
 O'er Lybian sands or Scythian plains must roam;  
 Must see the troubl'd wave Oaxes pours,  
 Or Britain's other world, remote from ours.  
 Shall ever I, when many years have roll'd,  
 My much-lov'd native soil again behold? *AB*  
 And in my homely (ah the wish is vain)  
 My turf-built cot, to me a palace reign.  
 Shall yon fair lawn be the rough soldier's lot?  
 Shall foreign landlord's mow that fertile spot?  
 Behold! the blessings civil discord yields!  
 Behold! for whom we till'd and sow'd our fields!  
 Now graft the pear, fond swain; now plant the vine,  
 The fruit shall others <sup>eat</sup> be, the labour thine.  
 Go my lov'd goats; my flock, once happy, go;  
 No more shall I, from verdant grots below,  
 See you steep rocks and rugged mountains climb;  
 No more, while fallow tops and fragrant thyme,  
 You brouze,—shall meditate the shepherd's rhyme. }

## THE 1<sup>st</sup> ECLOGUE, &c.

### TITYRUS.

Yet here, this night (I ask no longer) stay,  
On leaves repos'd expect the coming day.  
Ripe apples, chesnuts, softned by the coal,  
And cheefe, of various sort, shall please thy soul.  
And now from village tops the smoke is seen,  
And length'ning shades stretch o'er the darken'd green.



ERRATA

ERRATA  
FOR THE  
ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

LINE 65, *read will, for with*  
Line 379, *dele*, in heavens  
Line 1026, *read Achilles, for Achillas*

BOOK II.

Line 613, *read and, for an*  
Line 650, *dele* . at the end

BOOK III.

Line 184, *read white, for while*  
Line 470, *dele* (  
Line 651, *dele* , after lasque  
Line 690, *read the, for th'*

Line

## ERRATA.

Line 882, *dele* , after inhabit

Line 950, *dele* , after stagnating

## BOOK IV.

Line 365, *read* hutts, *for* hurts

## BOOK V.

Line 31, *read* for, *at the end*

Line 110, *read* Tyber, *for* Tiber

Line 219, *dele* , after behind

Line 228, *read* helm, *for* healm

Line 241, *read* Sargestus, *for* Sargestics

Line 321, *dele* ' after Cloanthus

## BOOK VI.

Line 194, *read* : after Juno

Line 210, *read* corse, *for* corps

Line 413, *read* , *for* . *at the end*

Line 1022, *read* All those in long array who fronting-  
stood

## BOOK VII.

Line 93, *read* appeared, *for* were seem

Line 236, *end of the verse, read* ; *for* ,

Line 284, *read* , after all

Line 598, *read* scoffing *for* in his turn

Line 658, *read* spied, *for* spild

Line 750, *dele* , *at the end*

Line 795, *after* war, *read* ; *for* .

Line 804, *read* foam-spred

Line 843, *read* At length, *for* even then

Line



# E R R A T A.

- Line 915, read Omole, *for* Omolea  
 Line 926, read Gabinian Juno's, *for* Junonian Gabiaz's  
 Line 942, read Fescennines  
 Line 985, read Maffic  
 Line 987, read From Sidicinum's shores, and Cales  
                   leave: who come  
 Line 1010, read And from her airy mountains Nursia  
                   thee  
 Line 1012, read Æquicoli  
 Line 1030, read Hipolytus, *for* Hypolitus  
 Line 1049, read confign'd, *for* confin'd;  
 Line 1099, read admiring much what, *for* at the

# B O O K VIII.

- Line 52, read has ceas'd, *for* is ceas'd  
 Line 89, read while, *for* both  
 Line 103, read horn'd-river, *for* great  
 Line 210, read Salamis  
 Line 292, read haggard  
 Line 438, read Carmentis  
 Line 457, read smit, *for* smote  
 Line 616, *dele*, *after* furrounds  
 Line 742, read Arcadian  
 Line 695, read for his further aid, *for* promis'd in his  
                   aid  
 Line 828, read confirm, *for* confirm'd.  
 Line 838, read lively painted, *for* counterfeited  
 Line 807, *dele*, *after* spear  
 Line 933, read Leleges, *for* Lelegi  
 Line 908, read after fight *for*.  
 Line 910, read turn, *for* turn'd

# B O O K

# ERRATA.

## BOOK IX.

- Line 445, *read* jaws, *for* throat  
 Line 668, *read* fight, *for* flight  
 Line 683, *read* best, *for* well  
 Line 740, *read* Privernus, *for* Privernus  
 Line 752, *read* Palicus, *for* Galicus  
 Line 875, *read* Hæmon, *for* Hæman  
 Line 982, *dele* , *after* muses  
 Line 838, *read* th', *for* the

## BOOK X.

- Line 144, *dele* , *after* surrounding  
 Line 348, *read* ship, *for* bark  
 Line 374, *read* And then the Latians slaughter'd; The  
 Theron first

## BOOK XI.

- Line 312, *read* fated, *for* fatal  
 Line 331, *read* shew'd, *for* show'd  
 Line 383, *read* and, *for* yet  
 Line 402, *read* Eccho with thunder of the roaring tide,  
 Line 959, *read* Aunus, *for* Annus  
 Line 1024, *read* his, *for* bis  
 Line 1079, *read* Soraete's, *for* Socrate's  
 Line 1136, *dele* , *after* Trojans  
 Line 1205, *read* barr'd, *for* bar'd  
 Line 1208, *read* inspiring, *for* inspires them.  
 Line 1211, *dele* , *after* steel

BOOK

# ERRATA.

## BOOK XII.

- Line 46, *read frenzy, for freezy*  
Line 52, *read wooes, for woes*  
Line 117, *read Ignipotent, for ignipotent*  
Line 194, *read league, for leagu*  
Line 195, *read aught, for ought*  
Line 213, *read after snow*  
Line 226, *read on, for o'er*  
Line 228, *read land, for earth*  
Line 723, *read arm, for arms*  
Line 726, *read foe, for arm*  
Line 822, *read Sacces, for Sages*  
Line 293, *read assimilating, for assimilating*  
Line 499, *read Iäpis*  
Line 587, *read Tolumnius, for Toluminus*  
Line 660, *read Lerna's*  
Line 690, *read Æolus, for Eolus*



THE







# ÆNEID.

## BOOK I.



ARMED, and the man I sing, from Trojan shores

Who first, condemn'd by fate to wander, came

To Italy, and the Lavinian strand;

After long toil sustain'd, and perils great

By land and sea; forc'd by celestial powers,

And cruel Juno's unrelenting rage.

Much too in war he bore, ere he could found

The promis'd city, or his guardian gods

In Latium fix; from whence the Latian race,

And Alban fathers, and imperial Rome.

Say, muse, the cause: who was the Deity

Provok'd, or what incens'd the queen of heaven,

VOL. I.

B

A man

A man t'expose, for piety renown'd,  
To such adventures hard, such various toils?  
Can anger rage so fierce in Heavenly minds?

15

Far off, in counter-view of Italy,  
And Tyber's mouth, an antient city stood,  
Carthage, a colony of Tyrians, rich,  
And savage by their ardent love of war.  
This region far beyond all other lands  
Was high in Juno's favour, and prefer'd  
Even to her own lov'd Samos. Here her arms,  
Here stood her chariot: this the goddess nurs'd  
Even then, and cherish'd, with design to raise,  
Would fate permit, to universal sway.

20

25

But she had heard, there would a race arise,  
In time, of Trojan blood, that should subvert  
The Lybian state; should by its ruin grow  
Renown'd in war, and spread their wide domain  
Wide o'er the conquer'd globe: so had the fates  
Decreed. This Juno fear'd, nor was forgot  
The war, she foremost against Ilion wag'd

30

In favour of her Grecians; uneffac'd  
The causes of her wrath and pungent griefs  
Remain'd; and deep within her mind was fix'd  
Th' award of Paris, the resentful sense  
Of slighted beauty; all the hated race,  
And ravish'd Ganymede's ennobled shame.

35

By these incentives fir'd, from Latian shores  
The Trojans far she drove, thro' all the seas  
She drove, the sport of winds; the thin remains,  
Who scap'd the Grecians, and destructive sword  
Of fierce Achilles; many years they roam'd  
The ocean wide, driven by decree of fate.

40

So vast the toil to found the Roman name!

45

Scarce losing sight of Sicily, elate

With

With prosperous gale they gain'd the deep, and plough'd  
 With brazen prows the foaming waves ; when thus  
 Spoke Juno, bearing her eternal wound  
 Deep in her heart. Shall I o'ercome desist

50

From my fix'd purpose ? nor have power t'avert  
 The Trojan king from Latian shores ? For why ?  
 The fates forbid. And could Minerva burn

The Grecian fleet, and plunge amid the waves  
 The Greeks themselves, for one man's fault, for crimes  
 Oilean Ajax only durst attempt ?

56

She from the clouds could lance with potent arm

Jove's dreaded thunder, scatter wide his ships,

And from th' abyss upturn with furious winds

The surging waves : himself in whirlwinds snatch,

60

From his struck breast expiring flames, and chain

Upon the pointed rock : whilst I, who walk

In awful pomp, the queen of gods, of Jove

Sister and consort, with one nation war

So many years : who, henceforth, with the power

65

Of Juno e'er invoke ? or suppliant bend,

And grateful honours on my altars lay ?

All this, with heart inflam'd, the furious power

Deep in her mind revolving, sudden seeks

Æolia's stormy isles, the native land,

70

Of tempests fierce, with furious south winds fraught.

Here Æolus, in his unmeasur'd cave,

The struggling winds and hoarsly-sounding storms

Arms with his power, and in strong fetters binds.

They round the rocky vaults, with tumult loud,

75

Impatient rage. High on a royal throne

Sits Æolus, and calms with scepter'd sway

Their madding minds, and moderates their wrath,

Lest they, in wild confusion, earth and seas,

And heaven with her unnumber'd host of stars

80

Should sweep together thro' the void immense.  
This to prevent th' almighty fire in caves  
Immers'd them deep, and with the load oppress'd  
Of weightiest mountains ; and a king impos'd,  
Who at command, and by fix'd laws, should know 85  
When to restrain and when relax the reins.

Him Juno thus in terms submits address'd :  
Thou Æolus, to whom the king supreme,  
Great fire of gods and men, hath given to swell  
The boiling deep, and to assuage at will : 90  
A race by me detested, wandering sails  
The Tyrrhene waves and into Italy  
Bears ruin'd Ilium and their vanquisht gods :  
Add impulse to thy winds, with billows huge  
O'erwhelm their sinking ships, or drive dispers'd, 95  
And strow the sea, with floating carcases.  
Twice seven bright nymphs I have of beauty rare,  
But all the rest surpassing far in grace,  
Fair Deiopeia, firm in marriage rite  
I'll bind, and make thy own ; her number'd years 100  
Shall for this service all be spent with thee,  
And with a beauteous offspring she shall grace  
Thee, happy fire. To whom the god reply'd ;  
Thy dread commands, O queen, in charge to give  
Is yours ; and mine implicit to obey. 105  
Whate'er of power I have to thee I owe :  
To thee, my patroness with mighty Jove :  
By thee on bed of state at solemn feasts  
Of gods I sit reclin'd, and claim by thee  
O'er storms and tempests the dominion sole. 110

This said, with spear uplift at once the rock  
He struck : at once from its disparted side  
Forth rush'd the winds, as in embattel'd rank,  
And shook with tempest, all the region round.

The y



They fell incumbent o'er the deep, upturn'd 115  
Even from its lowest seat the watry plain.

Together east and south, and black with storms  
The rough south-west, tumultuous, rush along  
And roll huge billows to the frighted shores.

Mix'd cries, and rattling sound of ropes ascend. 120

Fast-gathering clouds, of heaven's refulgent face

Bereave the Trojans; o'er sad ocean spread

Thick night broods terrible; from either pole

Loud thunders roar; all Ether is on flame;

And each thing round them threatens instant death. 125

Chill horror now Æneas' joints relax'd:

He sigh'd, and with his hands uprear'd to heaven

Sad silence broke: happy, thrice happy they,

Who under Troy's proud walls fell by the sword,

Even in their parents' fight! O Diomed, 130

Of Greeks most puissant, on the Trojan plain,

Why could not I beneath thy mortal hand

Pour out this soul? where, by Achilles' spear

Lies warlike Hector, where Sarpedon great:

Where Simois, swoln with carnage, rolls along 135

Unnumber'd shields, and helms, and heroes slain.

Thus while the chief exclaim'd, the stormy north

Against the sail bore fierce, and to the stars

Impel'd th' uplifted flood; the oars are broke;

The ship then turns her prow, and to the storm 140

Her side presents. Mountains of water rise,

And fall with their own weight: on the high surge

Those hang; to these, with horrid chasm, the waves

The lowest deep disclose. With rolling sands

The tumid surges rage. Three ships, the south 145

Afflicting sore, drove on the latent rocks:

Those rocks which o'er the deep emerging bare

And broad, are by th' Italians altars nam'd.

Three of the fleet fierce Eurys from the main  
 On flats and shallows forc'd, a fearful fight! 150  
 And lash'd with waves, and girt with mounds of sand.  
 On one ship fraught with Lycians, and their chief  
 Orontes faithful, ev'n before his fight  
 A whelming sea now vertical descends:  
 Headlong the pilot fell; thrice round the wave 155  
 Involving turn'd her, and the whirlpool, quick  
 Within her rapid eddies, deep engulf'd.  
 O'er the wide ocean floating thin appear  
 Men, planks, and Trojan wealth, the sport of waves.  
 Now o'er the ships which bore Ilioneus, 160  
 Achates, Abas, and Alethes old,  
 The storm prevails; their firm compacted sides,  
 Gaping with leaks, admit th' invading sea.  
 Neptune mean while perceiv'd his realm disturb'd  
 With great uproar, the storm sent forth, the deep 165  
 Rais'd from its lowest caverns. Greatly mov'd,  
 And careful of his charge, he o'er the waves  
 His placid aspect rear'd, Æneas' fleet  
 Thro' seas dispers'd he saw, the Trojans saw,  
 O'erwhelm'd with floods, and heaven's collected rage.  
 Nor lay his sister's wiles or hate conceal'd. 171  
 He call'd, and thus the raging winds bespoke:  
 Is such presumption suiting to your birth,  
 That heaven with earth, ye proudly dare confound,  
 My leave unaskt, and raise these big-swoln waves? 175  
 Whom I—But chief it now imports, to calm  
 The troubled deep; henceforth ye shall not thus  
 With punishment so slight your crimes atone.  
 Add wings to flight, and greet your king from me:  
 The trident dread, and empire of the main 180  
 To me, not him, by lot were giv'n; his claim  
 Are desert rocks, the place of your abode;

There

There let him reign, and in his empty hall  
Assume imperial rule o'er winds enchain'd.

He spoke; than speech more swift the sea he calm'd,  
The gather'd clouds dispers'd, and sun recall'd. 186

Cymothoe and Triton, with joint force,  
From cragg'd rocks the ships upheave: himself  
With trident rais'd assists the shatter'd fleet;  
Opens the quick-sands vast, and loud misrule 190

Of ocean strait controuls; his chariot wheels  
Scarce seem to touch the surface of the deep.

As when amongst a mighty multitude  
Sedition oft arises, and the crowd  
Ignoble with unbridled fury storm; 195

Stones now, and firebrands fly, rage finds them arms:  
If chance some sage appear, for grave deport

And virtue eminent, they hush their rage,  
They stand attent; while he by powerful sway  
Of eloquent persuasion, calms their minds, 200

And with soft blandishments their rage allays.  
Even so, at once, th' outrageous deep grew still,

Soon as the fire of floods, with mild regard,  
The sea survey'd; thro' air serene and bright  
His chariot rolls; his steeds, with reins relax'd, 205  
Fly o'er the glassy plain with easy course.

The weary Trojans to the highest shores  
Their course direct, and steer tow'rd Lybia's coast.

There lies a harbour far within the land,  
Commodious form'd by an opposing isle: 210

Which breaking as a mound the furious waves,  
They run divided first, then calm unite.

On each side rocks, and two with steepy height  
Aspiring touch the clouds, safe at whose feet

The waters far and near pacific sleep. 215  
Distant from these ascends a silvan scene;

Deep woods of horrent shade to bound the view.  
Opening to fight, beneath the hanging rocks  
A cave is seen ; within, a fountain pure ;  
And seats of living stone ; the cool recess 220  
Of bathing nymphs : no cable to retain  
The tempest-beaten bark here needs, nor tooth  
Of holding anchor from the threatening storms.  
Here with seven ships collected of his fleet  
Æneas lands. The Trojans disembark, 225  
Glad of the land, the long-wish'd shore enjoy,  
And stretch their sea-drench'd limbs upon the beach.  
Achates first forth from the stubborn flint  
The latent spark excites, and fire receives  
On wither'd leaves, that with dry fuel heap'd 230  
Spire up aloft in smoke and ruddy flame.  
The rest, tho weary, air their damag'd corn ;  
Then, ground betwixt two marbles, careful bake.  
Meantime the rock Æneas climbs, and thence  
The prospect of the sea in utmost ken 235  
Surveys, if Antheus, Capys he could spy,  
Toft by the winds, or other Phrygian ships,  
Or that which bore aloft Caicus' arms.  
No ship in view, but wandering on the strand  
Three stags he sees, whom follow'd all the herd, 240  
A numerous crowd, that browse along the vales.  
He stop'd, and sudden snatch'd his ready bow,  
And shafts unerring by Achates borne.  
The leaders tossing high their branching heads  
First fell, then he the trembling herd invades, 245  
And drives for shelter to the thickest woods.  
Nor did he quit the chace till on the ground  
Seven of the largest size all panting lay,  
A number equal to his ships preserv'd.  
The harbour then he seeks, the spoil divides 250  
Amongst



Amongst his company, and portions out  
The wine, abundant by Acestes given,  
When late they left the fair Trinacrian shores,  
And with these words their drooping spirits rais'd.

O friends! nor ignorant of evils felt  
Were we before; Oh! Greater have we borne:

To these a period also Jove will grant.

You Scylla's rage, and th' other whirlpool too

Deep-sounding from below, the Cyclop's caves

Already have you 'scap'd: now then resume

Your wonted courage, and dispel your fears.

With pleasure we perhaps our dangers past

Hereafter shall recount. Thro' hard assays,

Thro' various toils to Latium we proceed,

Where peaceful seats the fates declare, where Troy

Again reviv'd shall from her ashes rise;

Then persevere, and fortunes's smiles await.

He thus aloud, tho' rack'd with deep despair;

Hope in his countenance he feigns, but grief,

Hardly conceal'd his inmost soul possess'd.

They for the spoil prepare, and future feast;

From the warm sides the skins they rend, disclose

The smoking entrails, lop the quivering limbs,

Fixt on sharp irons, or into water thrown

In brazen cauldrons, bubbling o'er the flame.

With food their wasted strength they then repair;

And, on the flowery herb reclin'd, partake

The venison choice, and quaff the flowing bowl.

Their hunger thus asswag'd, in long discourse

About their lost companions they enquire,

'Twixt hope and fear divided, if they breathe

As yet the vital air, or last extremes

Have undergone, now deaf to all their vows.

But good Æneas most the loss bewails

Of brave Orontes, then the destiny 285  
Of Amycus deplores, and the hard fates  
Of Lycas, Gyas and Cloanthus bold.

They ended now, when Jupiter who view'd  
From th' empyrean pure, this pendant world  
Of earth, and ocean circumfus'd, the shores, 290  
And scatter'd nations, on the height of heaven  
So stood, and fix'd his eyes on *Lybia's* realms.

Him, weighing then in his eternal mind  
The fate of empires; her bright eyes suffus'd  
With tears, dejected Venus thus address'd. 295

O thou, whose everlasting scepter rules  
Both gods and men, and whose dread thunder awes;  
What crime could my *Æneas* perpetrate?  
Or what against thy power the Trojans dare?  
That after such calamities sustain'd, 300  
For Italy alone they are debarr'd

The world entire? You promis'd sure that hence,  
After the flight of many a rolling year,  
Should spring the Romans, hence the chiefs arise,  
From *Teucer's* blood restor'd, both earth and seas 305  
Foredoom'd to govern with imperial sway.

Say, what new causes change thy will supreme?  
With thought of this, the fall, the waste of Troy  
Patient I bore; and against adverse fates  
The prosperous pois'd. But now what hope remains  
For those whom cruel fortune still pursues, 311

In various toils long exercis'd? What end  
Wilt thou, dread sovereign, to their labours give?  
*Antenor*, from amid the hostile Greeks  
Escap'd, could safely pass th' *Illyrian* gulph, 315  
And utmost bounds of the *Liburnian* lands,  
And swift *Timavus' springs*, which to the sea  
Thro' nine wide mouths, while loud the mountain roars,

Rushes

Rushes abrupt, and with a deluge sweeps  
The floated vales: yet here he Padua rais'd, 320  
Here fix'd his empire and the Dardan seats,  
New nam'd the people, and the calm repose  
Of happy peace enjoys. But we, thy race,  
To whom celestial mansions are assign'd,  
Expos'd sad victims to the rage of one, 325  
Our shatter'd fleet dispers'd or lost, are driven  
Far from th' Italian shores, our latest hope.

Of piety is this the recompence?  
And do we thus to promis'd empire rise?

The fire of gods and men, soft smiling here, 330  
With that mild aspect which serenest the sky  
And stills the roaring storm, a father's kiss  
Upon her lips impressing, kindly spoke.

Venus, abandon fear: thy people's fates  
Immoveable remain. Thou shalt behold 335  
The promis'd city, and Lavinian walls;

And to the stars thy son magnanimous  
Shalt raise at last sublime: nor is there change  
In the great purpose of my certain will.  
He soon a mighty war shall undertake; 340

(For I will speak, since this first care torments  
Thy doubtful bosom, and will here unfold  
The deep decrees of fate thro' distant time.)

In Italy fierce nations he shall quell,  
And laws and cities to her people give: 345  
The Rutuli subdu'd, The Latian realm

Shall own his sway; till the third summer sun  
And the third winter frost alternate pass.

But young Ascanius, now Iulus nam'd,  
(And Ilus was he call'd, while Ilium stood) 350

In due succession shall the spacious round  
Of thirty rolling years his sceptre sway:

He from Lavinium shall transplant his seat  
To Alba, then first girt with towered walls.  
From him deriv'd, the Trojan race shall reign 355  
Three centuries complete; till, at one birth,  
The royal priestess Iia shall to Mars  
A double offspring bear; then Romulus,  
Proud of the wolf his nurse's yellow skin,  
The sceptre shall assume, a city found, 360  
Sacred to his great fire, the god of war;  
And from his name the people Romans call.  
To them no bounds of empire or of time,  
My will assigns, but gives eternal sway:  
Even Juno, who, implacable from fear, 365  
All nature now solicits and fatigues,  
Shall change her counsels, shall with me protect—  
So I decree, the Romans, civiliz'd  
In arts of peace, and masters of the world;  
The time shall come, as fleeting years revolve, 370  
When Phthia and Mycenæ, conquerours now,  
Shall feel their victor's chain, and Argos own  
Assaracus his offspring for their lords.  
Then from a Trojan branch illustrious sprung  
Shall Cæsar rise, who circumscribes his reign 375  
But with earth's bounds, his glory but with heaven.  
Julius, from great Iulus' name deriv'd:  
In time to come, surcharg'd with eastern spoils,  
The mighty man thou shalt to heaven receive;  
And thence his name with sacrifice and prayer 380  
Shall be invok'd; a god among the gods!  
Then wars shall be no more, the fiercer age  
Shall soften into mildness; Vesta pure,  
And candid truth, to right shall point the way,  
And Remus with Quirinus dictate law: 385  
The dreadful gates of war shall then be shut

With



With adamantine bars, whilst far within  
Sits impious fury, on a pile of arms,  
Bound with a hundred chains, and raging fierce  
Shall gnash her teeth, and roll her eyes in vain. 390

He finish'd here, and Maia's son from high  
Dispatches strait, that Afric, and the towers  
Of rising Carthage, might protection give,  
And refuge to the Trojan chiefs distress'd;  
Lest Dido, ignorant of fate, should drive 395  
The wanderers from her bounds. Thro' buxom air  
He flies, and with the steerage of his wings,  
Sails swift, and lights at once on Afric's coast.  
And now, his charge perform'd, their hostile minds  
The Carthaginians change: So Jove dispos'd. 400  
But, above all, the queen with gentler thoughts;  
And kinder resolutions is impress'd.

Meantime Æneas thro' the silent night,  
Revolving in his breast full many a care,  
Soon as the purple morn should streak the east, 405  
Resolv'd to issue forth, the land unknown  
Discover, on what shores they had been cast:  
Whether, as all was waste and desert round,  
By men or beasts the country was possess'd;  
Then what his search discover'd, to his friends 410  
With care report; but for its safety, moor'd  
His fleet within the bosom of a rock,  
With trees impenetrably shaded round.  
Join'd only by Achates forth he went,  
Two pond'rous javelins shaking in his hand. 415  
And now amid the thickest wood arriv'd;  
Sudden his mother-goddes met his view,  
In look, and semblance like a virgin fair,  
And arm'd as those of Sparta; or her garb  
Such as Harpalice's when wont to tire 420

The

The Thracian courser, and in speed surpass  
The rapid Hebrus in its headlong course.  
For from her shoulders hung the ready bow,  
In shew a huntress, and with graceful pride,  
Her locks loose-floating wanton'd in the wind: 425  
Bare from the knee, for in a knot compress'd  
The flowing plaits of her loose garment lay.  
She first; I pray inform me, gentle youths,  
If any of my sisters ye have seen  
Wandering this way, their quivers by their side, 430  
And with the spotted lynx's spoils adorn'd,  
Or following with loud shouts the foaming boar.  
Thus Venus—and her son with quick reply:  
None of thy sisters have I seen or heard,  
How shall I name thee, virgin? for thy look 435  
Nor mortal seems, nor human sounds thy voice;  
A goddess surely then. O art thou she,  
The huntress of the woods? or of her train  
A sister-nymph? propitious prove, and aid  
Our present labours; on what region thrown, 440  
Under what clime, inform; of man and place  
We wander ignorant, by the vast waves  
And by the fury of the tempest driven:  
Full many a victim shall your altars stain.  
Those honours you adorn me with, reply'd 445  
The goddess, are beyond my humble sphere.  
But 'tis the custom of the Tyrian maids  
To bear the bow and quiver, and to bind  
The purple buskin high around the leg.  
The Punic realm, the Tyrian race, the town 450  
Agenor built, lie full before your view;  
Of Libya part, a nation fierce in war.  
Dido who fled from Tyre to 'scape the snares  
Her fraudulent brother spread, the sceptre holds.

The

The story of her injuries is long, 455  
Long and perplexing, but th' essential points  
Are these in brief. Sichæus was her lord,  
The wealthiest of the Tyrians, and belov'd  
With equal fondness by th' unhappy queen.  
To his the father join'd her virgin-hand 460  
With rites accusom'd, in connubial love.  
Her brother then the Tyrian throne possess'd  
Pygmalion, worst and wickedest of men.  
Between these brothers mortal hate arose,  
And he, the wicked one, whom love of gold 465  
Made blind, Sichæus at the altars slew,  
Yes, slew by stratagem th' unwary youth,  
Regardless of his sister's love or hate.  
The fact he long conceal'd, and with vain arts,  
And vainer hopes, the weeping fair deceiv'd. 470  
But in her sleep, behold! the mournful shade  
Of her unbury'd lord arose, his looks  
All pale and ghastly: to her eyes he shew'd  
The cruel altars, his bare bosom pierc'd,  
Even by a brother's hand; and full unveil'd 475  
Tho' bury'd deep, the scene of secret guilt.  
Then bad her fly, forsake her native clime;  
And to assist her flight, a hoard unknown  
Of gold and silver, long in earth conceal'd,  
The spectre shew'd. She for her journey strait 480  
Prepares, accompany'd by faithful friends:  
All join her, whom or hate or fear extreme  
Of the fell tyrant mov'd; the ships they seize,  
Which ready lay by chance, and laden with gold:  
The miser's heaps, the tyrant's riches thus, 485  
Are borne away; a woman led the deed.  
The spot they reach'd where now those lofty walls,  
That rising fort of Carthage you behold,

The

The soil they gain'd by purchase; from the fact  
And manner Byrsa nam'd, a tract of land 490  
As large as could an ox's hide inclose.  
But who are you? whence come? or whither bound?  
He sigh'd, and drawing from his inmost breast  
The slow reply, thus spoke the pious chief.

O goddess, if the series of my woes, 495  
From their first source deriv'd, I should pursue,  
And leisure would permit to hear the tale,  
The star of evening ere the tale were done  
Would bring on night. From antient Troy we come,  
If e'er the name of Troy your ear has reach'd; 500  
And tost thro' various seas, a recent storm  
Drove us by chance upon your Libyan shores.  
The name of pious to Æneas join'd  
I bear; and, rescu'd from devouring flames,  
On board my fleet are lodg'd my household gods; 505  
My fame, above the stars, in heaven is known:  
To Italy, whence my forefathers sprung,  
I bend my course. My lineage is from Jove.  
With twice ten ships the Phrygian seas I plough'd,  
Pursuing what the fates allow'd, and led, 510  
Directed by my Goddess-mother's hand.  
But, shatter'd by the rage of winds and waves,  
Scarce seven remain: my self a stranger too,  
Unknown, unfriended, roam these Phrygian wilds,  
Alike from Europe and from Asia driven. 515  
His complaints no longer Venus would permit;  
But interrupted thus. Whoe'er thou art,  
Thy life, I trust, is yet the care of heaven,  
So is the course that leads thy steps to Tyre.  
Proceed as you began, and seek secure 520  
The palace of the queen; for now I dare,  
If my fond parents have not taught in vain

The



The art of augury, pronounce thy friends  
Return'd, thy ships too safe from winds and waves.  
Yonder behold where twice six swans are seen 525  
Rejoicing, these th' imperial bird of Jove  
Had thro' the sky pursu'd, behold them now  
Where in long train they touch, or having touch'd,  
Look round the wish'd for shore ; in safety now  
They clap the sounding wing : their airy course 530  
Wheel round and round, and sing their joy aloud.  
Just so thy ships, thy lost companions so,  
Already are in port, or with full sails  
Steer safe into its bosom. Therefore go,  
And, as the way directs, in peace proceed. 535  
She said : and turning with ethereal light  
Her rosy neck shone fair, her flowing locks  
Exhal'd Ambrosia round, divine perfume !  
Her ample robe flow'd graceful to her feet,  
And in her walk the goddess full appear'd : 540  
No sooner he his mother recognis'd,  
Then thus her flying steps he quick pursues :  
Why thou too cruel ? With illusive forms  
Thy son so oft deceive ? Why not permit  
To join our hands, and mutual converse grant, 545  
Heard and reply'd to, free from all disguise ?  
Thus he complain'd, and onward took his way.

But Venus, as they walk'd, of air condens'd,  
A circumfusing cloud around them threw,  
That none might see, or obvious met, retard 550  
Their course, by curious questions whence they come.  
Mean while the goddess, borne sublime in air,  
Her Paphos gladly seeks, and gladly views  
Her wonted seats, where to her fame ascends  
A temple, where a hundred altars breathe 555  
Sabæan incense, with fresh garlands crown'd.

They

They too, as the road leads them onward fare.  
And now they climb the hill, which high impends  
O'er the proud city, and beneath surveys  
Its towers full opposite. Æneas thence 560  
The city's ample round (where late arose  
But humble cottages) admiring fees,  
Admires the gates, the crouded ways, and streets.  
The Tyrians ardent toil. While these extend  
The circling wall, or roll huge stones, or rear 565  
Th' ascending fort; those of their future homes  
Mark out the place, and with a trench surround.  
Some laws are studious to compile, and some  
Their rulers, and a sacred senate choose.  
Here others dig the harbours; others there 570  
Of theatres lay deep, with true design,  
The broad foundations, and from rocks around  
Hew mighty columns out, the firm support,  
And decoration too of future scenes.  
Such labour in the spring the bees employs 575  
Thro' all the flowery meads, when in the sun  
Their youth they exercise; or liquid sweets  
Condense, and with nectareous juice distend  
Their little cells, or loads receive from those  
That home return, or in complete array 580  
Drawn up, the drones, a lazy crew expel  
Forth from their hives; the work incessant glows,  
Sweet smells the honey, redolent of thyme.  
Oh happy they, whose walls already rise!  
Æneas says, the towering height surveys 585  
Of the proud city, and most strange to tell,  
Unseen of all men, mingles with the crowd.

Full in the centre of the city stood  
A sacred grove, and grateful for its shade:  
First landing here, from winds and tossing waves, 590  
The

The Tyrians turn'd the soil, and turning found  
A horse's head, their omen of success;  
That martial animal, plac'd as a sign  
By Juno there, that in revolving years  
Their race would prove renown'd in war, to toil 595  
Inur'd, of hunger patient, and of thirst.  
A mighty temple here to Juno's power  
Was Dido building now, with gifts enrich'd,  
And awful for the power rever'd within.  
Th' ascending steps were form'd of solid brass; 600  
With brass are join'd the beams, of brazen plates,  
Loud on their hinges grate th'unfolding doors.  
Here first his grief an unexpected sight  
Allay'd; here first Æneas dar'd to hope,  
And better thoughts of his afflicted state 605  
To entertain. For while with curious eye  
The structure of the temple he surveys,  
Its pictur'd ornaments, and votive gifts,  
Waiting the queen, and now compares the hands  
Of famous artists, now admires their works: 610  
Distinct, in order, on the walls he sees  
The wars of Troy, the battles now by fame  
Wide thro' the world resounded; sees amaz'd  
Atrides, Priam, and the wrathful son  
Of Peleus stern to both. He stood, and while 615  
Fast flow'd the sympathetic tear, O friend,  
What clime, he cry'd, what region most remote  
Have not our labours fill'd? See Priam! See  
The palm that virtue yields! In scenes like these  
We trace humanity, and man to man 620  
Related by the kindred sense of woe.  
Your fears dismiss; what fame reports of us  
Portends security. He said, his words  
Deep interwove with sighs, with floods of tears

His

His visage bath'd, the while he fed his mind 625  
In mournful pleasure, on the pictur'd scene.  
For, fighting round the walls of Troy, he saw  
The Greeks here flying, and the Trojan youth  
Close in pursuit : Achilles dreadful there  
With crest terrific, on the Phrygians drove 630  
His thundering car, wide-wasting like a storm.  
Nor far from thence, with weeping eyes he views  
The tents of Rhesus whitening all the plain,  
Betray'd in their first sleep ; whom Diomed,  
That man of blood destroy'd ; and o'er slain heaps 635  
Swift to his tents their fiery steeds he drove,  
Or ere they tasted food in friendly Troy,  
Or drank of Xanthus' stream. Another part,  
Shew'd Troilus fugitive ; th' unhappy youth !  
To great Achilles' arm inferiour far, 640  
Unequal in such strife, his weapons dropt,  
Is by his horses drag'd ; supine he clings  
Dependant from his car ; his ivory neck,  
And hair dishevel'd, sweep the plain ; yet still,  
In death tenacious, his left arm retains 645  
Th' unequal rein, his right the trailing spear,  
That now inverted idly marks the dust.  
Mean while to Pallas' hostile fane proceed  
The Phrygian matrons with dishevel'd locks ;  
And humbly mournful bear the votive robe, 650  
And beat their breasts in melancholy mood.  
The goddess all regardless keeps her eye  
Fixt steady on the floor. Thrice round the walls  
Achilles now had Hector drag'd, now sells  
His breathless corse for gold. A secret sigh 655  
Deep from his breast he drew, when as he view'd  
The spoils, the car, the body of his friend,  
And aged Priam, stretching forth his hands,

His



His hands unarm'd. Himself he likewise knew  
Amid the Greeks, while piercing thro' their ranks, 660  
And th' eastern forces, and black Memnon's arms.  
Her Amazonian squadrons, bearing shields  
Of crescent form, Penthesilea led  
With fury to the war, and ardent mix'd  
Amid th' embattel'd thousands; just beneath 665  
Her bosom bare was girt her golden zone:  
Heroic warrior, tho' a virgin, she  
Yet dar'd in arms to meet conflicting men.  
These wonders while the Dardan chief admir'd,  
While he astonish'd stood, intent and fixt 670  
On these sole objects, to the fane proceeds  
Imperial Dido, exquisite of form,  
And circled by a band of radiant youths.  
As when Diana on Eurota's banks,  
Or Cynthus' top, the dance smooth tripping leads, 675  
On whom a thousand mountain-nymphs attend,  
Inclosing round; she, with her quiver grac'd,  
Majestic moves, surpassing all her train  
In stature and in grace, with infelt joy,  
With secret pride Latona's bosom swells. 680  
Such Dido seem'd, so lovely pass'd along  
Amid th' acclaiming multitudes, and adds  
New vigour to each future work and plan.  
Then, in the centre of the temple, girt  
With arms, and glorious on her royal throne, 685  
Gives sanction to new laws, dispensing right  
To a whole people as heav'n's substitute.  
And justly shares the labour of the works  
In equal parts, or draws by equal lot.  
When lo! with crouds surrounded, onward came 690  
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave,  
And other Trojans, whom the dreadful storm

Had

Had scatter'd wide, and driven to distant ports.  
Amazement seiz'd the chief, Achates too  
With joy and fear was struck, and much they wish'd  
Their hands to join, but doubt perplex'd their minds :  
Dissembling therefore, in the hollow cloud 697  
Involv'd and hid, they note with deep regard  
The fortune of their friends, their ships where left,  
And what their cause of coming ; for they came, 700  
Selected from each ship, to sue for peace,  
And loud expostulating, seek the fane.  
Admittance granted, and free leave of speech,  
Their chief, Ilioneus, thus calmly spoke.  
O queen, to whom all-ruling Jove hath given 705  
These rising walls to build, and with just laws  
A haughty nation curb, we wretched sons  
Of ruin'd Troy, long tost from sea to sea  
By winds and waves, thy favour now implore :  
O save from threaten'd flames our helpless ships, 710  
A pious people with kind pity spare,  
And deign propitious to regard our woes :  
We neither come to waste with fire and sword  
Your Libyan fields, nor to our ships convey  
Th' unlawful spoil ; such haughty views are far 715  
From us, nor suit they to a vanquish'd mind.  
A place there is, by Greeks Hesperia call'd,  
Potent in arms, an antient fertile land,  
Held by Oenotrians once, but now their sons  
Have nam'd it Italy, a term deriv'd 720  
From later Italus, their leader's name.  
Our course we thither bent. When lo ! at once  
Orion in th' ascending scale of heaven  
Arising fierce, with furious tempests arm'd,  
Dash'd us on hidden flats, and rocks abrupt ; 725  
The swelling waves by turbid Ausser rais'd,  
Surmounting

Surmounting all our skill: a few have 'scap'd  
These perils of the deep, and reach'd your shore.  
But what a barbarous land? what race of men  
So savage form'd, as from their soil to drive 730  
All hospitable sense? With impious war  
They meet us on the beach. If human kind,  
If mortal arms you slight, believe at least  
That heaven sits sovereign judge of right and wrong.  
Æneas was our king, in war renown'd, 735  
In peace for matchless piety rever'd;  
Whom if the fates preserve, if yet he breathes  
The vital air, nor roams thro' Stygian shades,  
Then need not we despair to find success;  
Nor you repent to be the first to strive 740  
In offices of friendship. Store of arms  
And cities, we in Sicily may claim,  
Where reigns Acestes, sprung from Trojan blood.  
Permit us then to bring our fleet ashore  
Shatter'd by winds and waves, and in your woods 745  
To shape out planks and oars for future use.  
That if (our king and lost companions found)  
We may once more for Italy set sail,  
With joy that distant region we may seek.  
But if thy relicks, O thou first and best 750  
Of Trojans! Libyan oceans now entomb,  
Nor of Iulus any hope remains;  
That then we may at least Sicilian shores,  
From whence the tempest drove us, gain in peace,  
And good Acestes once again behold. 755  
Thus spake Ilioneus, their loud assent  
His Dardans with united voice declare.  
To whom fair Dido, with her eye on earth,  
Thro' modesty declin'd, reply'd in brief.  
Your cares dispel, O Trojans, and all fear 760  
Now

Now banish from your hearts. Necessity,  
And the new state of my unsettled realm,  
Compel me thus to order my affairs,  
Thus strict to guard the limits of my realm.  
Who does not know Æneas, and his race, 765  
The powers of Troy, the virtues of her sons?  
And the dire flames of that important war?  
Our Punic genius is not so obtuse,  
Nor does th' enlivening sun begin his course  
So far remote, so much averse from Tyre. 770  
Whether Hesperia, and Saturnian fields,  
Or those of Eryx', where Acestes reigns,  
Whatever be your choice, my help attends  
Your wishes, and my treasures shall assist.  
Or if you more incline to live with me; 775  
This rising city as your own partake:  
Then let your fleet take shelter in my ports;  
Trojan and Tyrian are to me the same.  
Oh! that Æneas, that your chief renown'd  
Borne by the southern blast were present here: 780  
But messengers of trust shall soon be sent,  
To search by my commands the farthest bound  
Of Libyan wilds; if cast perchance on shore,  
He thro' the woods or towns may roam unknown.  
Encourag'd by these words, the Trojan prince 785  
And brave Achates thro' the cloud to break  
Impatient wish'd, and first Achates thus.  
Say what resolve now rises in your breast  
O goddess-born? behold, our friends, our ships  
Restor'd, and safe, that fated one except, 790  
Whom we ourselves saw buried in the waves.  
The rest confirms what Venus late foretold.  
He scarce had spoke, when the surrounding cloud  
Dissolv'd at once, and melted into air.

Reveal'd



Reveal'd to sight, Æneas radiant shone 795

In figure and in face a seeming god:

For on his cheeks the goddess had diffus'd

The purple light of youth, his flowing locks

Wav'd graceful round, his smiling eyes shot forth

A beamy Brightness, such as curious art 800

To polish'd ivory, or to silver adds,

Or Parian marble, when enchas'd with gold.

Then to the queen, and all th' astonish'd crowd

Thus spoke the hero: whom you seek, behold,

Trojan Æneas, sav'd from Libyan Waves. 805

O thou, thou only, who hast pity shown

On Troy's unutterable woes! and deign'd

Her thin remains, escap'd the Grecian sword,

By various perils of the land and seas

Exhausted, destitute, now to receive, 810

And in thy palace a safe refuge grant:

To give thee equal thanks exceeds my power,

Exceeds the power of all the Dardans left,

Wherever left wide scatter'd o'er the world.

The gods alone (if piety yet claims 815

The care of heaven, if justice yet on earth

Subsists) these only, and the noble mind,

That self-approving sense of doing right,

Must be your equal recompence. O say,

What happy ages gave you to the world? 820

What parents such perfection could produce?

While to their mother seas the rivers flow,

While mountains cast their spreading shadows round,

While Æther feeds the stars, your sacred name,

Your bright idea shall for ever last, 825

Where'er my fate may bear me o'er the globe.

He said, and (to Ilioneus) his right hand to Ilioneus

First stretch'd, Serestus greeting with his left,

Cloanthus then, and Gyas, and the rest.

Surpriz'd, amaz'd, Sidonian Dido stood

830

At sight so unexpected, but still more

At his unequal'd sufferings, and thus spoke :

What cruel destiny, O goddess-born !

Thro' such a round of toils, pursues thee still ?

What force compels thee to such barbarous shores ? 835

Art thou Æneas, he, on Simois' bank

Whom Venus, to thy fire Anchises bore ?

To Sidon, I remember, Teucer came,

Expell'd his native soil, by Belus' aid,

Who hop'd to raise new kingdoms : Belus then, 840

My fire, o'er Cyprus spread his conquering arms :

From thence the fall of Troy, thy honour'd name,

And those of Grecian kings to me were known.

The foe himself with ample praise adorn'd

Your Trojan Virtues, and his own high race 845

Was willing from the Trojan stock to draw.

Then come, O youths, and safe beneath our roof

Your cares repose. A fate resembling yours,

After long sufferings threw me on this shore ;

My self with ills acquainted, I have learn'd 850

To pity and to succour the distress'd.

Thus said, Æneas to the regal dome

At once she leads, at once the honours due

To heaven ordains, nor yet neglects to send

A present for the fleet of twenty beeves, 855

And of a hundred boars with bristly hides,

And with their ewes as many fatted lambs,

The gifts and pleasures of the joyous god.

But of the regal dome th' interior part

In splendid pomp appears, for feasts prepar'd ; 860

Rich vests of choicest workmanship, inwove

With Tyrian purple : on the tables rose

Of plate a pile immense ; sculptur'd in gold

The brave exploits of her forefathers shone,  
A lengthen'd series, and continued down 865  
From the first founder of her antient house.

Æneas (for paternal love can brook  
No long delay) in haste Achates sends,  
To bear these gladsome tidings to the fleet,  
And bring Ascanius to his father's arms, 870  
In him alone are centred all his cares ;

But for the queen rich presents he ordains,  
The last remains of Troy. A mantle rich,  
With gold emboss'd, in various figures wrought ;  
A lucid veil, o'er which its golden leaves 875

Th' Acanthus spreads ; and once for Helen's pride  
Brought from Mycenæ, when to Troy she came  
And sought forbidden nuptials, the rare gift  
Of Leda her bright mother ; and with these  
The sceptre, by Ilione once borne ; 880

(Of Priam's bed the eldest female hope)  
The circlet, which her snowy neck adorn'd,  
Of oriental pearl, and doubly set  
With gold and sparkling gems, her royal crown.  
Achates on this errand posts away. 885

But Cytherea in her secret breast  
New frauds, new stratagems intends the while.  
How Cupid may, in borrow'd face and form,  
For sweet Ascanius come, and with his gifts,  
Of fatal influence, inflame the queen, 890  
And thro' the close recesses of her heart

Diffuse unfelt the penetrating fire :  
For much she dreaded this deceitful race,  
These Tyrians double-tongu'd : Saturnia's rage  
Implacable, augments her care, and racks 895

Her anxious bosom thro' the silent night.  
Wherefore she thus the winged boy address'd.

C 2

O son !

O son! my strength, and my effectual might;  
 Son, who alone the dreaded shafts of Jove,  
 Of heaven's omnipotent may'st safe despise: 900  
 To thee I fly, and suppliant seek thy power.  
 To thee thy brother's fate severe is known,  
 By Juno's hate, from shore to shore pursu'd;  
 Touch'd by my grief, thy self hast often griev'd  
 For our Æneas. Him with fair address 905  
 Bright Dido now receives, and will detain.  
 But much I doubt the hospitality  
 Of Juno's votaries. This important time  
 Will she not seize? Therefore I mean by fraud  
 To circumvent, and wrap the queen in flames; 910  
 That no impulse of other powers may change  
 Her wavering mind, but she by love of him  
 May be fast bound, by love not less than mine.  
 How this may be perform'd attentive hear.  
 The royal youth, my first, my chiefest care, 915  
 Obedient to his father's call, his way  
 To the Sidonian city now intends;  
 And bears for gifts, the relics of his Troy,  
 What flames and seas have spar'd. Him lock'd in sleep,  
 Or on Cythera's heights, or in the depth 920  
 Of soft Idalian groves I mean to hide,  
 The sweet deceit, lest conscious he detect,  
 Or obvious intervening render vain.  
 Thou the fictitious semblance of his looks  
 Assume but for a night; thyself a boy, 925  
 The well known features of the boy express;  
 That when the joyous queen amid the mirth  
 Of regal luxury, and flowing bowls,  
 Shall clasp thee to her breast; and in her arms  
 With fond delight embrace, and on thy lips 930  
 Print ardent kisses, thou thro' all her veins

Thy



Thy dear delicious poison may infuse.  
To his great mother's will the god of love  
Obsequious, quits at once his golden wings,  
And gladly imitates Iulus step. 935  
Mean while the senses of the boy in sleep,  
In pleasing sleep involv'd, the goddess plac'd  
Soft on her bosom, and thro' air convey'd  
Her darling to the cool Idalian groves ;  
Where with their fragrant shade surrounding flowers  
That breathe sweet odours soften his repose. 941  
Obedient now, as to his father's will,  
Cupid with joy the gifts to Carthage bears,  
Achates leading ; there the queen he found  
Full in the middle plac'd, in awful state 945  
Upon a couch with rich embroid'ries grac'd.  
Æneas and his chiefs on purple seats,  
And in just order all are plac'd around.  
Water and towels to the numerous guests  
Th' attendant train present, the tables spread, 950  
And bread from heap'd up canisters dispense.  
Within, full fifty female servants wait,  
The royal feast in order due to set,  
And with sweet incense fume the household gods.  
Twice fifty more, with the like number join'd. 955  
Of youths of equal age, the viands place  
Upon the board, and cups of massy gold.  
The Tyrians too within the spacious rooms  
With mirth resounding loud, in frequency meet,  
On painted couches plac'd : Æneas' gifts 960  
They much admire ; admire the robe, and veil  
O'er which th'Acanthus spread its golden leaves ;  
But more admire the boy, the words well feign'd,  
And radiant visage of the god conceal'd.  
But chief, devoted to the future pest, 965

Th'

Th' unhappy queen, the fondness of her soul  
With gazing could not satiate : every look  
Each eager glance inflam'd the growing fire,  
Much with the gifts, more smitten with the boy.  
He prest in close embrace, and hanging long 970  
Around the neck of his imagin'd fire,  
With well dissembled play deceiv'd his love ;  
That done with soft advance he seeks the queen.  
She with her eyes, with all her senses fix'd  
Insatiate gazing clasps the dangerous boy, 975  
Close to the yielding whiteness of her breast.  
Ill-fated, and unconscious of the god,  
Whose potent fraudulence now plots thy fall.  
But he regardful of his mother's will,  
Unfelt and unsuspected, by degrees 980  
Begins Sichæus' image to craze,  
And with a living flame to repossess  
Her heart that long had slept in drowsy peace.  
The feast now done, the tables now remov'd,  
They the huge goblets crown with sparkling wine. 985  
Loud clamours rise ; the dome, the spacious courts,  
With all the mingled din of joy resounds.  
While starry lamps down from the golden cieling  
Dependant chas'd the night. A mighty bowl  
Weighty with gold, and rich with lucid gems, 990  
By Belus us'd, and all from Belus sprung,  
The queen demands, and silence now enjoin'd :  
O Jove, all-great, and good—she thus began,  
The sacred laws of hospitable rights,  
By thee 'tis said to human kind were given. 995  
Auspicious, grant this day may happy prove  
Alike to Tyrian and the Trojan race,  
And let its name to late posterity  
Still fresh remain, O Bacchus, source of mirth,  
Thou,

Thou, favouring Juno, here propitious join ; 1000  
And you my Tyrians this my vow approve.  
She said : then due libation to the gods  
Pour'd on the board, and gently touch'd the cup.  
To Bitias next in place she gave it then,  
Exciting him to drink ; he quickly seiz'd, 1005  
And drain'd the foaming gold, and lav'd his soul  
Deep with the draught. So did the other peers.  
And strait with flowing hair Iöpas crown'd  
Harmonious tempers to his golden lyre,  
What greatest Atlas taught. The wandering moon,  
Uncertain in her course, the speed immense 1011  
And labours of the sun : to what first cause  
Both men and brutes their various beings owe.  
Whence rain and thunder, whence proceeds the power  
Of constellations force, Arcturus' storms, 1015  
The watry Hyades and polar star.  
Why winter suns so quickly quench their light  
In ocean's wave ; and why in summer's reign  
The nights retarded pace so slow comes on.  
Th' admiring croud his noble song applaud, 1020  
And Dido too, unhappy queen, prolongs  
The night with various talk, and at her eyes  
Drinks in large draughts of love. Much she enquires  
Of Priam, much of Hector now would know ;  
Now what the steeds of Diomed, how great, 1025  
And how majestic fam'd Achilles rose.  
Nay come, she cry'd, my noble guest, unfold  
The frauds of Greece, the fatal ills of Troy,  
But chief thy own adventures, thro' a length  
Of seven revolving years, o'er land and sea,  
That bring thee wandering to the Libyan shores. 1031



# Æ N E I D.

## B O O K II.



ATTENT, and silent all th' Assembly sat,  
When from his lofty couch Æneas thus:  
Thy will, O queen! commands me to re-  
new

What language fails to tell: how all the power  
Of Troy, so glorious once, subverted fell 5  
By Grecian fraud; which these sad eyes beheld,  
Of which myself too bore a mighty share.  
This to relate, this melancholy tale,  
What soldier even of hard Ulysses' host,  
Or stern Achilles could from tears refrain. 10  
And lo! the night precipitates her course  
From heaven, and setting stars invite to rest.  
But if such ardour fires your breast to know  
Our dire calamities, to hear in brief  
Troy's last and fatal labour; tho' my soul 15  
Shudders at recollection, and shrinks back  
With grief; I will begin. By fate repuls'd  
And spent with war, for many a tedious year,  
The Grecian chiefs, by Pallas' aid divine  
A mighty horse, huge as a mountain, rear, 20

And



And frame of piny plank its hollow sides.  
This to their patroness Minerva due,  
A votive offering for their safe return,  
Their fraud pretends, and so the rumour ran,  
By lot selected, in its ample depth 25  
Their choicest warriors secret they inclose,  
And fill with armed bands its cavern'd sides.  
There lies in sight an island long renown'd,  
Wealthy and great while Priam's kingdom stood,  
The isle of Tenedos, but now a bay, 30  
And open station, insecure for ships.  
They went, they hid them on its desert shores.  
We thought 'em gone and for Mycenæ sail'd.  
Troy therefore her long mourning lay'd aside,  
And threw her gates wide open. With delight 35  
The people croud to see the Grecian tents,  
The plain, the shores abandon'd. Here encamp'd  
The Dolops; there Achilles, stern of soul;  
Here moor'd the fleet; and there the battling hosts  
In mortal combat mix'd: but first and most 40  
With wonder they beheld the fatal gift,  
To Pallas sacred, and its bulk immense.  
Thymætès first within our walls advis'd  
To have it brought, and in the fortress plac'd:  
Thro' fraud advis'd, or so th' unhappy fate 45  
Of Troy ordain'd. But Capys, and the few  
Of sounder minds, who better could discern,  
Persuade us rather, these suspected gifts,  
This Grecian snare, to plunge into the deep,  
Or burn with instant fire; or bore its sides, 50  
And every dark recess with care explore.  
The wavering crowd divide in different views.  
When lo! with hasty strides, and in his train  
A mighty multitude, swift from the fort

Descends Laocoon, and from afar

55

Thus ardent cries ; what madness has possess'd

Your minds, O wretched men ? And can you think

The foe in earnest sail'd ? Or that their gifts

Conceal no guile ? Is thus Ulysses known ?

Or in the depth of this enormous wood

60

Some Greeks lie hid, or 'tis an engine meant

Against our walls, our dwellings to explore,

And then our town assault. Whate'er it be

Some fraud is couch'd beneath. Trust not the horse,

O countrymen ; even when they presents bring

65

I dread the Greeks. He said, and hurl'd his spear

With forceful aim against its bending sides.

The spear stood quivering, and the furious shock

Made all the caves resound, and hollows groan.

Had then the fates allow'd, had reason's ray

70

Enlighten'd our infatuated minds,

His voice must have persuaded us to search

'This den of Grecian thieves, and thou, O Troy !

Hadst now remain'd, and Priam's palace stood.

But lo ! the while, some Dardan shepherds drag'd

75

A youth unknown, his hands behind him bound,

With clamour to the king. This youth unsought,

The meditated treason to fulfil,

Himself had yielded of his own accord

Into their hands ; intrepid in his crime,

80

And well prepar'd for either part, by fraud

His end to gain, or certain death to meet.

The Trojan youth on all sides croud amain

Eager to see the captive, and insult.

Now mark the Grecian wiles, and from the crime

85

Of one, a nation read : for while in fight

Of all, confus'd, unarm'd he stood, and round

The Phrygian troops survey'd ; alas ! what land,

What

What seas can now receive me ? what resource,  
He cry'd, is left for wretched me ? Whom now 90  
The Greeks have banish'd, and offended Troy,  
O ill-star'd youth ! has doom'd to instant death.  
His artful outcries mollify our minds,  
And stop our violence : we bid him tell,  
Where born, and of what parents, what he brings 95  
For news, and should reflect what little faith  
Is to a captive given. The youth at length,  
His fear dismissing, in these words reply'd.  
The truth, O king ! I will declare at large,  
Whate'er th' event may prove, nor dare deny 100  
That I unhappy owe to Greece my birth.  
This first : nor shall hard fortune, tho' she made  
This Sinon wretched, make him vain and false.

Perhaps in chance discourse you may have heard  
Of Palamedes, and his great renown 105  
Spred by the voice of fame ; whom Greece unjust  
Suborning crimes of state, to death condemn'd,  
Because this fatal war his voice forbad.  
Whom then they doom'd, and now too late lament.  
To him my humble fire committed me, 110  
From my first youth companion of his arms.  
Whilst he his power unshaken held, and made  
The state to flourish by his wise advice,  
I too some name, some dignity maintain'd :  
But when th' artificer of lies and fraud, 115  
Ulysses, smooth and false (the fact is known)  
Thro' envy had the hero robb'd of life,  
In shades and solitude I wept away  
My wretched hours, and often with myself,  
By indignation fir'd, my friend's hard fate 120  
Lamented, nor in silence, but aloud  
I reclaim'd his wrongs ; and if consenting fate

Should give me to review my native shore,  
Review victorious, madly I declar'd  
My self a sure avenger of his blood. 125  
And thus incautious on my head drew down  
The foes severest hate. Hence the first source  
Of all my woes : from that unhappy day  
Ulysses ever with imputed crimes  
Essay'd to fright me, ever spread abroad 130  
Dark and ambiguous sounds among the croud,  
And conscious of his guilt, by fraudulent arts  
My ruin sought : nor could his wrath find rest,  
Till by the priestly aid of Calchas join'd—  
But why do I ungrateful truths relate ? 135  
Why stay your hands ? If you regard alike  
Each wretched Grecian, you have heard enough ;  
Let not your anger linger. 'Tis the wish  
Of their Ulysses, and the brother-kings  
My blood would purchase at a mighty price. 140  
At this, at these insidious words, on fire  
To know the rest, we urge him to proceed,  
All-unsuspecting of such monstrous crimes,  
Of Grecian arts like these. He trembling then  
And with a treacherous heart pursues his tale. 145  
Tir'd with the siege, and weary of the war,  
The Grecians oft had meditated flight,  
(O that they had accomplish'd their design !)  
As oft tempestuous seas, and southern blasts  
Prevented their return : but first and chief, 150  
When, built of maple-planks, this monstrous horse  
Rear'd its stupendous height, then thro' the sky  
Deep-sounding tempests roll'd their dread alarm.  
We in suspense Eurypilus dispatch  
To learn at Phœbus' shrine its hid import. 155  
Who from the temple brought this sad response.

A Vir-



A virgin's blood, O Greeks, could first appease  
The hostile winds, when Phrygian shores you sought,  
And your return by blood must be obtain'd,  
A Grecian life the victim. These dire words 160  
The crowd no sooner heard, but horror ran  
Thro' each man's veins; each for himself afraid,  
Whom fate might destine, whom the god requir'd.  
Here Ithacus, with mighty noise and stir,  
The prophet Calchas forwards drag'd to view, 165  
Importunate to know the will of heaven.  
And now already many mouths proclaim'd,  
And many saw in silence what was meant  
By this artificer of frauds and lies.  
Ten days retir'd th' unwilling priest was mute, 170  
Nor would the head of any man betray,  
Nor give it up to certain death. At length  
Forc'd by the clamours of this fraudulent foe,  
He spoke as prompted, dooming me to bleed.  
They all assent; and what each Grecian round 175  
Fear'd for himself, he now with patience saw  
Aim'd at the head of one devoted wretch.  
The day was come, the execrable day,  
The sacred rites prepar'd, the salted cake,  
And round my temples twin'd the fated wreath. 180  
I broke, I own I broke my bonds, to 'scape  
From certain death, and in a lake conceal'd  
Among its rushes lay till they should fail,  
If happy chance their sails should ever fill.  
But now, alas! no hope to me remains, 185  
That I my native soil should e'er review,  
My much lov'd infants, or my helpless sire,  
On whom perhaps their cruelty will take  
Full vengeance for my flight, and with their blood,  
The blood of innocence, my fault atone. 190  
But

But by the powers above, by all those gods  
 Who know and love the truth, by faith itself,  
 If any where fair faith among mankind  
 Dwells yet inviolate, such mighty wrongs  
 O pity, and commiserate a wretch, 195  
 Depress'd with ills he never could deserve.  
 Won by these tears, our pity gave him life;  
 And Priam was the first who bad untie  
 The wretches bonds, and friendly thus reply'd.  
 Whoe'er thou art, the Grecians thou hast lost; 200  
 Henceforth forget, for thou art henceforth ours.  
 But answer truly what I now shall ask?  
 Say what intend they by this monstrous horse?  
 Who bid erect it? What is their design?  
 Tell, do they mean it a religious vow, 205  
 Or some machine of war? The monarch spoke.  
 The stranger vers'd in fraud and Grecian wiles,  
 His hands now free from bonds to heaven uprais'd;  
 And you, he said, ye fires eternal, hear,  
 While your divinities inviolable 210  
 I here appeal; ye shrines and impious swords,  
 Which I have 'scap'd, and fillets of the gods,  
 Which I, their destin'd victim, lately wore.  
 O be it lawful for me to rescind  
 Those sacred ties that bind me to the Greeks. 215  
 O grant it just those cruel men to hate,  
 And all their deeds in open light disclose,  
 If aught they have conceal'd, nor am I bound  
 By any laws of country or of kind.  
 Thou only keep thy promise, and O Troy, 220  
 Preserv'd thy self, thy faith to me preserve,  
 As I the truth reveal, and for my life  
 With secrets pay of high and dear concern.  
 In Pallas' aid the Grecians all their hopes,

All confidence of ending with success 225  
The war commenc'd so long, had ever plac'd;  
But from the time that impious Diomed,  
And he, Ulysses, artisan of crimes,  
Had from her sacred temple dar'd to steal  
(The guardians of the citadel first slain) 230  
The dread Palladium, and with bloody hands  
The virgin fillets of the goddess touch:  
From thence their tide of hopes still backward roll'd,  
And ebb'd into despair; their vigour fail'd,  
And Pallas turn'd averse from all their schemes. 235  
Nor were the symptoms of her wrath declar'd  
By doubtful prodigia, scarce in the camp  
Was plac'd her figure, when its glaring eyes  
Shot hostile fires; from all her limbs down flow'd  
The briny sweat: and, wonderful to tell, 240  
Thrice from the ground she bounded light in air,  
And shook aloft her quivering spear and shield.  
Strait Calchas, with prophetic fury, cries  
That flight alone remains, that Grecian arms  
Can ne'er prevail o'er Troy, till they once more 245  
At Argos other auspices repeat,  
And bring the goddess back, the same, and such  
As in their ships they had convey'd her hence:  
And now that they have fought their native shores,  
'Tis to prepare new arms, and favouring gods: 250  
And having measur'd back the wat'ry plain,  
They will be sudden here; so Calchas plann'd  
The scheme of future mischiefs. And now warn'd,  
This figure, for the dread palladium stol'n,  
And to appease th' offended deity, 255  
They rear'd, to expiate their daring crime.  
But by the prophet's order bid it rise  
Aspiring to the clouds, that its huge bulk

Within

Within the walls might never be receiv'd,  
Nor stand your people's guardian as before. 260

For if your hands Minerva's fatal gift  
Had dar'd to violate, destruction then,

And total ruin (which may heaven first shower  
Upon his own curs'd head) on Priam's realm,

And on his Phrygians, dreadful would descend; 265

So sung the seer: but introduc'd by you,  
If it your city should ascend, in turn

Shall Asia then the Grecian climes invade,  
And the same fates our hapless sons attend.

By these dire arts, by such insidious snares, 270  
False Sinon credit to his tale obtain'd;

And those, whom nor Tydides, nor the might  
Of great Achilles, nor ten sanguine years,

Nor thousand ships could vanquish, were subdued,  
Were caught, o'erpower'd by wiles and lying tears. 275

And here a greater prodigy appear'd  
To us unhappy, and more dreadful far,

Which struck amaze to our unwary souls.  
Laocoon, elected Neptune's priest

By lot, as chanc'd, was sacrificing then 280  
Before the solemn shrines a stately bull.

When lo—with horror I the fact relate!  
From Tenedos, along the level flood,

Two monstrous snakes, in circling folds immense,  
Oppress the deep, and wind their sinuous course 285

Together to the shore; their breasts erect,  
Their blood-streak'd manes surmount th' affrighted

waves,

Their other parts behind sweep prone along,  
In mighty volumes wreath'd. The dashing foam

Is heard resounding, while they make the land. 290  
Their ardent eyes, suffus'd with blood and fire,

Glare



Glare terrible, their forked tongues they dart,  
And hiss the pale spectators into flight.  
With certain aim Laocoon they seek :  
And first the tender limbs of both his sons 295  
Each serpent winds around, and quick devours.  
Next him, the fire himself, as to their aid  
He furious ran, and bore aloft his spear,  
'They seize, and in their mighty folds involve,  
'Twice circling round his middle, twice around 300  
His neck close-curling ; while their lofty crests  
Tower high above. His holy wreath now ting'd  
With gory poison, he at once essays  
The scaly volumes to untwist, at once  
Wide æther rends with cries all-horrible. 305  
Such bellowings from the wounded bull break forth,  
When he the altar flies, and from his neck  
Shakes furious off the priests uncertain axe.  
Now to the temple's last recess the snakes  
Glide swift away, and seek the dread abode 310  
Of hostile Pallas ; where beneath her feet,  
And her shields ample concave both lie hid.  
At this a sudden fright itself diffus'd  
Thro' every trembling breast : aloud they cry,  
Laocoon his dreadful death deserv'd, 315  
Who dar'd against the sacred wood to lift  
His sacrilegious hand, and rashly dart  
Against its hallow'd side his impious spear.  
And now a general cry arose, that strait  
The figure should to great Minerva's fane 320  
Be instant drawn, and she with vows appeas'd.  
A mural breach we make, and level lay  
The city's strong defences : all assist  
The fatal work. Beneath its feet are plac'd  
The sliding roller, and around its neck 325  
Are

Are cables fix'd: Thus, thus within our walls  
The deadly engine, big with ruin, climbs:  
Our boys, our virgins, raise the sacred hymn,  
And emulous rejoice the rope to touch.  
Onward it moves, and threatening slides along 330  
Even to our city's centre. O, ye walls,  
Renown'd in war! my country! and thou Troy,  
The seat of gods! four times the mischief stop'd,  
Even in the gate, and four times from its depth  
Gave signs of latent ruin: but unwarn'd, 335  
But blind with furious hope, we still persist,  
Still urge it on, till in the sacred fane  
Our arms at last th' accursed monster place.  
'Twas then our future fate Cassandra told,  
But as heaven will'd, by us still unbeliev'd. 340  
Unhappy we the temples of the gods,  
The very day that was to be our last,  
With festal garlands all around adorn.  
Mean while the heavens revolve, and on the deep  
Swift fell descending darkness, in her shade, 345  
Her general shade involving earth and sky,  
And Grecian frauds. The Trojans o'er their walls  
Secure and silent lay, while sleep possess'd  
And lull'd their weary limbs in deep repose.  
And now from Tenedos return apace, 350  
In well appointed ships, the Grecian bands,  
And by the silent moons consenting aid,  
Seek our known shores: then when the regal ship  
Had rais'd its blazing signal, Sinon then,  
Protected by the will of heaven averse, 355  
The wooden bolts unloos'd, and, hid within,  
His Greeks enlarg'd: the monster's open'd side  
Pours them abroad: they issue joyful forth.  
Theſſandrus, Sthenelus, prime leaders these,

And

And dire Ulysses, by a cord let down 360

Soft gliding to the ground. With these too came

Thoas, Achilles son, and Athamas,

And Menelaus, but Machaon first,

And he, Epeus, who the fraud contriv'd.

The city deeply plung'd in wine and sleep, 365

They strait invade, the watchmen slaughter'd round,

Thro' all our open gates their friends receive

Secure, and join th' associates of their crime.

'Twas now the time when first repose, the gift,

The gracious gift of heaven, most grateful steals 370

On wretched mankind; lo! before my eyes,

Pale in a dream, and overwhelm'd with grief,

Hector appear'd to stand, while down his cheeks

The big tear pour'd amain: such erst he seem'd

By horses drag'd, deform'd with gory dust, 375

And his swoln feet with cruel thongs transfix'd.

Ah me! how look'd he then? Alas! how chang'd

From him, that glorious Hector, who return'd

Triumphant, crown'd with Achillean spoils!

His beard was squalid, and his hair with blood 380

Matted, and stiff. Those many wounds he bore,

Which round his country's walls he had receiv'd.

I wept methought, and in these mournful sounds

The hero first address'd. O light of Troy!

O firmest hope of all the Trojan state! 385

What long delay has held thee from our fight?

From what far land does our wish'd Hector come?

That we, worn out and hopeless, thus at last

Behold thee, after all the various deaths

Of thy lov'd friends, and after all the toils 390

Thy citizens and country have sustain'd.

Say what unworthy hand has thus profan'd

Thy manly face serene? why do my eyes,

My

My streaming eyes, these cruel wounds behold?  
He answer'd not, nor longer stay'd to hear 395  
Such unavailing questions; but at once,  
And deeply groaning from his inward breast,  
Fly, goddess-born, ah! save thee from these flames.  
Our walls the foes possess; and from her height,  
Her envied summit, Troy for ever falls. 400  
Enough to Priam, and our native land  
Is given: could they to mortal hand have ow'd  
Their safety, this right-hand had sav'd them both.  
Troy to thy care her consecrated things,  
And household gods commits: receive them here, 405  
Companions of thy fortune: seek them out  
A future seat; which after thousand toils,  
And many an ocean wander'd o'er, at last  
Thy valour shall magnificent upraise.  
He said: and from the secret shrine brought forth 410  
The holy fillets, Vesta's powerful form,  
And her eternal fire—Mean time abroad  
Around the walls tumultuous horrors rise,  
Near, and more near (tho' secret and alone,  
And deeply shaded stood Anchises' house) 415  
The noise swells more distinct, the din of arms  
Is heard more terrible. At once arous'd  
From sleep, at once the battlements I climb,  
And silent stand, with listening ears intent.  
As when a fire, whilst furious south winds rage, 420  
Catches a field of Ceres, or as when  
A rapid torrent from a mountain flood  
Pour'd roaring down, o'erwhelms the fields, o'erwhelms  
Th' autumnal year, and labours of the plough,  
And headlong rolls the woods; the shepherd swain 425  
Plac'd on the summit of some distant hill,  
Unknowing hears and trembles at the roar.

Then,



Then, then stood manifest the dreadful truth,  
And all the Grecian frauds ; already sunk  
The stately palace of Deiphobus 430  
Beneath resistless Vulcan ; flaming far  
Ucalegon burns next : their spreading blaze  
The red Sigeon sea reflected broad.  
Arise the cries of men, and trumpets clang.  
Frantic I fly to arms, tho' much in vain 435  
Seem'd all attempt in arms, but yet to form  
A band of friends to save the citadel  
My soul is all on fire. Mix'd rage, and wrath  
Precipitate my purpose, and the thought  
How great the patriot dies, who dies in arms. 440  
But now behold ! escap'd the Grecian darts,  
Pantheus, Apollo's and Minerva's priest,  
His sacred utensils, his conquer'd gods,  
And little grandson slowly drags along,  
And seeks the shore, with fear-distracted flight. 445  
How, Pantheus, stands the sum of things ? what fort  
Now seize we ? Scarcely had I spoke, when he,  
Deep-groaning cry'd, alas ! the last sad day,  
Th' inevitable hour of Troy is come.  
We Trojans have been : Ilium was : and once 450  
Her glory reach'd the skies, but cruel Jove  
Has all transfer'd to Argos. Lo ! the Greeks  
Imperious reign amidst our burning town.  
The lofty horse o'er all our ramparts pours  
Its warriors forth ; insulting Sinon too 455  
Spreads wide the conflagration : thro' our gates  
Rush thousands in ; such mighty swarms before  
From populous Mycenæ never pass'd.  
Some with protended spears the narrow ways  
Opposing guard ; a body sheath'd in iron  
Stand with drawn swords, their threatening points ad-  
vanc'd

For slaughter ready, and the guard within  
Just, and but just, attempt th' unequal war,  
And faintly there a blind resistance make.

At Pantheus' speech, and by the gods inspir'd,  
Onward thro' flames and hostile arms I rush, 465  
Where'er dire fury leads, where tumult calls,  
And blended cries, that strike the vault of heaven.  
Beneath the moon's directing beams appear  
Ripheus, and Iphitus, most fam'd in arms,  
With Hypanis and Dymas, and the son 470  
Of Mygdon, young Choræbus; who by chance  
Was just arriv'd at Troy, inflam'd with love  
Of fair Cassandra, and as future son  
Of Priam, to the Phrygians aid had brought.  
Unhappy! who the voice of his espous'd, 475  
Tho' heaven-inspir'd, neglected to obey.

When these collected I beheld, prepar'd  
To dare the fight, I thus began. O youths!  
O bosoms vainly brave! if yet you wish  
To follow him, who purposes to brave 480  
Th' extremest rage of fortune? you behold  
What, and how hopeless is our present state:  
Already are they gone, even all those gods,  
By whom this empire stood, their altars all,  
And fanes abandon'd: to a town in flames 485  
You offer aid: but let us die, my friends,  
And rush amid the thickest of our foes.  
The vanquish'd have no hope, but from despair.  
These words add fire to valour; then like wolves,  
Whom the mad rage of hunger blindly drives 490  
Forth from their dens, beneath the shade of night,  
Abandoning their young, whose thirsty jaws  
Expect the future prey; thro' darts, thro' foes,  
We go to certain death, and shape our way

Quite

Quite thro' the city in a line direct; 495  
While night surrounds us with its hollow shade.

But oh! what words the carnage of that night,  
The various deaths can tell? what tears can flow  
In equal stream to such a weight of ills.

An antient, an imperial city falls: 500

And her red streets are now inglorious strown,  
Her private buildings, and her sacred fanes,

With thousand breathless corpes: nor alone

The Trojans die; their antient virtue oft

Returns to aid the vanquish'd and inspire; 505

Our victors in their turn submit to fate.

Pale fear, and piercing sorrow reign around,

And all around a thousand forms of death.

Androgeos was the first who of the Greeks

Himself presented, by a numerous croud 510

Attended, and unwary deeming us

His fellow soldiers, these mild words address'd.

On, on, my friends: what shameful sloth delays

Your tardy steps? while others burn and spoil

This hated town, do you but now descend 515

Slow from your ships? He said, but instant found,

From our uncertain and confus'd reply,

Himself amidst his foes. Amaz'd he stood,

Backen'd his steps, and falter'd in his speech.

As when among intangling thorns perplex'd, 520

Th' unweary traveller struggling to get free,

Treads on a hidden snake: at once he flies

The noisome worm, inflaming all its rage,

And swelling its Cærulean neck: no less,

At sight of us, Androgeos trembling fled. 525

We rush along, confounded and inclos'd

Amid their thickest host, and many a foe,

With terror seiz'd, unknowing of the ground,

Our

Our arms laid low. Thus on our first attempt  
Consenting fortune smiles. By this success 530  
Elated and inspir'd, Choræbus cries.

O Fellows! now where fortune points the way,  
And shews herself a friend, let us pursue:  
Exchange our shields, and in these Grecian spoils  
Ourselves disguise. Whoever in a foe 535

Enquir'd, if force or fraud obtain'd his end.  
Themselves, against themselves, shall arms supply.  
He said; and on his head the waving crest  
Of slain Androgeos plac'd, and on his arm  
The shields adorning weight; then with like haste 540  
He girds the Grecian sword upon his thigh:  
This Ripheus, Dymas, all the youth around  
Exulting emulate, each one assumes

The recent spoils, and arms himself anew.  
Mix'd with the Greeks we march, tho' heaven averse 545  
Succeeded not our aim: yet various blows  
We deal amidst the blindness of the night,

And hosts of slaughtered Grecians sent to hell:  
Some trembling seek their ships, the friendly shores  
To some give shelter, while thro' shameful fear 550  
Another band reclimb their mighty horse,  
And in its well known hollow hide their heads.  
But what can man against the will of heaven.

Lo! from Minerva's temple, from her shrine,  
Cassandra, royal virgin, is drag'd forth; 555  
Her hair dishevel'd, and her flaming eyes

To heaven uplift in vain; her eyes alone,  
For shameful bonds her tender arms restrain'd!  
Inflam'd with rage, and frantic with despair,  
That fight Choræbus bore not, but amid 560  
The thickest foes on certain ruin rush'd.

His steps we all pursue: all forward press,  
Where



Where rose their thickest arms. And here we first  
Were from the temple's summit, by the darts  
Of our own friends o'erwhelm'd; our Grecian  
crests 560  
And arms deceiv'd their eyes, and on ourselves  
A piteous slaughter drew. At this the Greeks,  
With grief, with fury stung, for having lost  
Their prey, the rescued virgin, all unite,  
And on all sides assault us, Ajax chief, 565  
In all his fury rous'd; the brother kings,  
And following these, the whole Dolopian host.  
As when in whirlwinds, bursting from a cloud,  
Conflicting tempests, West, and South, and East,  
Their airy battle mix; the forests groan, 570  
And foamy Nereus, with his trident's force  
Up turns the billows from their lowest depth.  
Those too, whom thro' the shade of night obscure  
Our stratagems had chas'd, and close pursu'd  
From gate to gate, appearing, first perceiv'd 575  
Our borrow'd shields and arms, and differing speech.  
O'erwhelm'd with numbers here we stop'd: and first  
At Pallas' altar young Choræbus fell,  
Slain by the hand of Peneleus: there too  
Good Ripheus fell, of all our Trojan race 580  
The justest and the best: but heaven's high will  
To so much virtue yet deny'd success.  
There perish'd Hypanis and Dymas, slain  
Unhappy by their fellows; nor could now  
Thy piety supreme, O Pantheus, save, 585  
Nor Phœbus' mitre screen thy hoary head.  
Ye sad remains of Troy, ye funeral piles  
Of all my soul held dear, on you I call,  
Bear witness, on the fatal night that saw  
Your fall, if any chance of raging war, 590

If any Grecian dart Æneas shun'd;  
And if o'er-ruling fate had will'd my fall,  
My deeds deserv'd it well. Our little band  
Was here divided. Iphitus with me  
And Pelias went; the former slow with age, 595  
And Pelias by a wound Ulysses gave,  
To Priam's palace, summon'd by loud shouts.  
Our eyes a dreadful combat there beheld,  
As if no war elsewhere, no battling hosts  
Were to be found: so rag'd unconquer'd Mars, 600  
So thick we saw the Grecian bands ascend,  
Even to its summit, and the gate beneath  
Inviron'd by an iron shell of shields.  
Their scaling ladders to the walls are fix'd;  
The steps they mount: with the left hand their  
shields 605  
Objecting to our darts, while with the right  
Fierce and inflam'd, the battlements they seize.  
The Trojans too with adverse fury pull  
Down on their foes the towers and covering roofs  
Of houses: with these arms, in this extreme, 610  
In this impending ruin, thus they seek  
Themselves to save; and gilded beams, the pride  
An ornament of their forefathers, hurl  
Amid the foe. Others with brandish'd swords  
Possess, and guard the gates in close array. 615  
And here fresh ardour darting thro' my soul,  
I felt myself with eager longings mov'd  
The king to succour, to support his friends,  
And to the vanquish'd aiding vigour lend.  
There stood a postern, and a private door 620  
That join'd the monarch's palaces behind;  
Thro' this blind entry fair Andromache  
Was often wont, while Priam's kingdom stood,

With

With secrecy to pass, and grateful pay  
 Her duty to the royal pair, and bring 625  
 To his pleas'd grandfire young Astyanax:  
 Thro' this up to the battlements I swerve;  
 From whence the wretched Trojans vainly hurl'd  
 Their distant darts. There stood a lofty tower,  
 That from the roof, as on a precipice, 630  
 Appear'd to touch the clouds, whence Troy beneath,  
 The Grecian camp and fleet in prospect lay.  
 This we surrounded, cutting with our steel,  
 Where by corrosive length of time, the beams  
 Were most decay'd: then with huge labour heav'd, 635  
 Unloosen'd from its seat, the mighty weight,  
 And sent it down in thunder on the foe.  
 Dreadful it fell, impendent ruin drew  
 On all who stood below, and crush'd at once  
 Battalions with its fall. But others soon 640  
 Succeed into their room; tho' stones the while,  
 And every kind of missile weapons fly.  
 Before the porch, and in the outer gate,  
 Exulting, Pyrrhus stands, conspicuous far,  
 Amid the brazen splendour of his arms. 645  
 As when a snake, with noxious herbage swell'd,  
 That under ground, by winter's icy hand,  
 Had lain benumb'd, now with the spring renew'd,  
 His slough cast off, and burnish'd gay with youth,  
 Darts out to day, bears high his crested head. 650  
 To the sun's ray, his sleek enamell'd train  
 Sinuous involves, and darts his forked tongue.  
 Such Pyrrhus seem'd. With him huge Periphas,  
 And he, who wont to guide Achilles' car,  
 His 'squire Automedon. With these advance 655  
 The whole collected train of Scyrian youth,  
 And at our roofs destroying firebrands hurl.

Himself amid the foremost snatching up  
A battle-axe, breaks down the solid posts,  
And from their hinges rends the doors of brass. 660  
And now a beam cut down, and the firm wood  
Asunder split, a spacious breach is made;  
Thro' which, in distant view, th' interior courts,  
The spacious galleries, and each close recess  
Of Priam, and our antient kings are seen; 665  
And at the entrance guards, in armour sheath'd.

But lo! the inner rooms with loud laments  
Are fill'd, and mingled tumults; while the cries  
Of women thro' the vaulted roofs resound,  
And strike the distant skies; from court to court 670  
The wretched matrons wander, kiss the posts,  
And to the thresholds cling with strict embrace.  
Impetuous like his fire, young Pyrrhus on  
Pursues his course, nor bars nor guards suffice  
The torrent to resist. The gate is shook 675  
With frequent thunders of the battering ram,  
And from its tottering posts to distance falls.  
By force the way is won; and unrestrain'd,  
The Grecians enter, slaughtering whom they meet,  
And gorging all the palace with their troops. 680  
Not with such fury rages o'er its mounds  
A foaming river, when by mountain floods  
Swell'd, and surcharg'd, it deluges the plains  
And sweeps along the cattle, with their stalls.  
These eyes beheld! where raging Pyrrhus stood, 685  
All red with gore, and where the brother-kings  
Spread death around: beheld where Hecuba,  
Attended by her hundred daughters wept;  
And where, amid the altars Priam stain'd  
With his own blood those holy fires, himself 690  
Had hallow'd erst. Full fifty bridal rooms,



So great were once his hopes of long descent,  
Their doors with trophies and Barbaric gold,  
Proudly adorn'd, now tumble to the ground,  
And what escapes the flames the Grecians held. 695

Perhaps the monarch's fate you wish to know.  
When he the ruin of the town beheld,  
His very palace taken, and the foe  
Thro' each apartment spread, the hoary fire  
His armour, long disus'd, impatient sits 700  
Upon those limbs that trembled with their weight,  
Girds on his useless sword, and bent on death,  
Precipitates his steps amid the foe.

Within the palace, in its centre, stood  
A spacious altar, open to the sky, 705  
And near, an aged laurel, that o'erhung  
The sacred hearth, and with its shade embrac'd

His household gods; here Hecuba in vain,  
In vain her daughters here for refuge throng'd,  
Round these known altars, as a flock of doves, 710  
When the black tempest lowers, with speeding wing  
In crouds descend; so these, and closely press  
With strict embrace the statues of the gods.

But when she saw in youthful armour clad  
Th' unhappy king, O miserable mate! 715  
Most wretched of mankind, what rashness tempts

This vain essay of arms? Ah say, she cry'd,  
Ah whither rush thy steps? Far other aid,  
Far other champions this last hour requires,  
And were even he, my much lov'd Hector here, 720  
Not e'en his arm — At length submit to fate,  
This altar shall protect us all, or all  
Shall die together here. This said, she drew  
With trembling arms the full of days along,  
And plac'd him by her on the sacred seat. 725

When lo! from Pyrrhus' bloody sword escap'd,  
Polites, one of Priam's many sons,  
Thro' darts, thro' foes, the porticoes along,  
Wounded, and flying came, and gazing round  
Each empty hall. Him, with his mortal point, 730  
Pyrrhus pursu'd, o'ertook, and with his spear  
Press'd hard: and now escap'd within the view  
Of both his parents, prone to earth he fell,  
And pour'd out life thro' many a streaming wound.  
The fire at this sad sight, tho' compass'd round 735  
With death, could not refrain, nor check his rage;  
The gods, he cry'd, for this thy deed abhorr'd,  
For guilt like this (if any pity dwells  
In heavenly minds, that care for human things)  
Return upon thy head the meet reward, 740  
The retribution due to such an act:  
Thou who hast forc'd a parent to behold  
His murder'd son, and stain'd with filial blood,  
Barbarian as thou art, that parent's face.  
Not so Achilles, whom thy tongue belies, 745  
In boasting him thy fire, not so he dealt  
With Priam, tho' his foe, but blushing own'd  
The rights of men, the faith to suppliants due,  
Restor'd my breathless Hector to the grave,  
And me return'd in safety to my realms. 750  
Thus spoke the frantic fire, and speaking threw  
A feeble javelin, without force to wound,  
Rebounding from the sounding shield; it hung  
In va'n, and ineffectual on its boss.  
To whom stern Pyrrhus. Thou thyself shalt tell 755  
These dreadful deeds; shalt go the messenger  
To my great fire: forget not to relate  
How far the son degenerates from him.  
Now die. He said, and to the altars dragg'd,  
Trembling

Trembling and shuddering in his sons spilt blood, 760  
The wretched fire, whose hoary locks his left  
At once had seiz'd, while with his right he drew  
The flaming blade, and in the monarch's side  
Up to the hilt the mortal weapon plung'd.  
Such term had Priam's woes, this end for him 765  
Had fate reserv'd, but not till first his eyes  
Had seen his Troy in ashes; had beheld  
His Pergamus to its foundations shook.  
The mighty sovereign of fair Asia once,  
Whose sceptre stretch'd o'er many states and realms, 770  
Now lies expos'd, inglorious on the shore,  
A headless trunk, a body without name.  
Then first around me a dire horror spread,  
Aghast I stood; to my struck fancy rose  
My father's form, when I the king beheld 775  
Of equal age, by that inhuman wound  
His life exhaling: to my thoughts too rose,  
Thus long abandon'd to the chance of war,  
My lov'd Creusa, my Iulus' fate,  
And all the ruin of my ravag'd house. 780  
I look around to see what troops remain'd:  
But found my self alone, for all had fled;  
Worn out with toil, and flung themselves to earth,  
Or given their wounded bodies to the flames.  
Thus single as I stood, my eyes discern'd, 785  
Hid in a secret place, where rose the porch  
Of Vesta's temple, silent and alone,  
The fatal Helen: as I onward rov'd,  
And gaz'd on either hand, the fires supply'd  
Abundant light. And she who fear'd alike 790  
The rage of Trojans for their ruin'd state,  
Due vengeance from the Greeks, and from her lord,  
All a forsaken husband's rous'd revenge;

This common fury both of Greece and Troy,  
Unmark'd, had to these secret altars fled. 795  
My soul flam'd at the sight, and prompting rage  
Urg'd me my falling country to revenge,  
And with her impious blood her crimes atone.  
Safe and exulting shall this pest once more  
Revisit Sparta and her native clime? 800  
Once more return triumphant and a queen?  
House, husband, parents, sons in peace behold?  
Attended too by crowds of Trojan slaves!  
While Priam bleeds, Troy blazes, and her shores  
With Dardan blood so oft were wet in vain. 805  
Not so, for tho' no just renown attends  
A woman's punishment, nor praise can flow  
From such a conquest, yet it will be own'd  
The guilty wretch was justly doom'd to die:  
That for my slaughter'd friends 'twas due revenge. 810  
And it would ease my bosom to have quench'd  
The flame that rages there, by offering up  
A victim due to this departed state.  
Such thoughts revolving, hurried on by rage,  
Behold, and never seen so bright before, 815  
My gracious parent, thro' the shade of night,  
Stood obvious to my view, amid the blaze  
Of her own radiant beams, a goddess own'd:  
Such, and so glorious, as to heavenly powers  
She wont her self in all her charms to show. 820  
My hand she seiz'd, while from her rosy lips  
These soft sounds melted. What ungovern'd rage  
Alas! my son, has this deep anguish rais'd?  
Why thus transported? Whither is thy care  
Of me remov'd? Will not thy piety 825  
Consider first, where, bending under age,  
Thy sire Anchises is abandon'd left?



If still Creusa, if your common pledge  
Of love, Ascanius lives? Whom all the hands  
Of hostile Greece on every side surround; 830  
And now, but for my interposing care,  
By cruel fire or sword had perish'd all?  
Not Spartan Helen's hated form and face,  
Not Paris, oft reproach'd, the gods, my son,  
The gods all-unrelenting have o'erturn'd 835  
This mighty state, and laid your Troy in dust.  
Behold — For all the cloud that now obstructs  
Thy mortal sight, the humid mists that rise  
Before thy visual nerve, at once I chase,  
Nor thou refuse thy parent to obey. 840  
There, where your eyes these ruin'd piles behold;  
These stones around from stones asunder rent,  
Where, mix'd with dust, redounding wreathes of  
smoke

Rise surging to the sky, great Neptune there,  
Arm'd with his mighty trident, stands confess'd, 845  
The deep foundations of your city shakes,  
And in one total ruin overturns.  
There furious Juno, foremost of the band,  
The Scæan gate possesses, clad in arms.  
And now behold upon the highest towers, 850  
Where Pallas sits, refulgent in her cloud,  
And bearing high the Gorgon's dreadful head.  
E'en Jove himself suffices to the Greeks.  
New force and prosperous courage, and the gods.  
Rouses to arms against our fated race. 855  
Fly, fly my son, and end your useless toils.  
I will be ever with thee, guide thee on,  
And place thee safe beneath thy father's roof.  
She said, at once and vanish'd into night.  
Now, forms all-terrible appear to view, 860

Hostile to Troy, the forms of mighty gods :  
And now whole Ilium seems to sink in flames,  
And, from its lowest seat, Neptunian Troy  
O'erturn'd at once, one wide destruction shares.  
Such seems, on some aerial mountains height, 865  
An ash of antient growth, which country-hinds  
With frequent axes emulous assail,  
And labour to uproot: the tottering trunk  
Off nods, and threatening shakes its branchy head ;  
Till by subduing wounds, it groans its last, 870  
And rolls in wide-spread ruin to the plain.  
The deity my guide, I strait descend,  
And pass unhurt thro' flames and foes around :  
Safe in her care, the darts innoxious fly,  
The flames receding slope their pointed spires. 875  
But now, beneath my father's roof return'd,  
He, whom I purpos'd first, whom first I wish'd  
To bear in safety up the neighbouring hills,  
That father, who now saw his country lost,  
Refus'd to suffer longer life, or bear 880  
The ills of banishment. No: you, he cry'd,  
Whose blood flows warm and willing thro' your veins,  
Whose strength on its own firmness stands entire,  
Fly you ! for me, if heaven had meant my life  
A longer date, this seat heaven would have fav'd. 885  
Enough, alas ! too much it was to see  
One desolation, and to have surviv'd  
One taken city. You, my son, and friends,  
A last, and everlasting farewell take  
Of this poor corse ; then, every man begone. 890  
This hand the death I wish to find will give,  
Or else the foe in pity will inflict,  
Lur'd by the hope of spoil : to want a grave  
Is trivial loss. Already, much too long,

Hated

Hated by heaven, and useleſs to my ſelf, 895  
I linger here; from that ill-omen'd hour,  
When he, the king of gods and fire of men,  
Smote me, and blaſted with æthereal fire.  
He ſaid; and in his fatal purpoſe ſtood  
Inflexible: while, melting into tears, 900  
My ſelf, Creuſa, Iſlus, our whole houſe,  
Adjur'd him, in one common ruin mix'd,  
Not to involve us all, nor urge the fate  
Impending o'er our heads! but all in vain,  
Deaf, and unſhaken by our prayers he ſtood. 905  
Again I take up arms, again reſolve  
To meet my doom, and ruſh on inſtant death.  
For what remain'd? What other choice or chance?  
And could a father hope I ſhould withdraw  
And leave him here abandon'd and alone: 910  
Could ſuch a wiſh, ſo impious and abhorr'd,  
Fall from a father's lips? If nought of all  
This mighty city you would wiſh preſerv'd,  
And 'tis your fix'd reſolve, to periſh'd Troy  
You and your houſe to add; that gate to death 915  
Wide open ſtands: from ſtreams of Priam's blood  
Already ſhed, dire Pyrrhus is at hand;  
Who ſlew the ſon before his parent's face,  
And at the altar that ſad parent too.  
Was it for this, immortal mother, ſay, 920  
That thro' the miſt of flames and hoſtile darts  
Thy care preſerv'd me, thus at laſt to ſee  
Within theſe walls th' unſparing foe? my ſon,  
My hoary fire, my much lov'd ſpouſe deſtroy'd,  
And weltering in each other's ſtreaming blood? 925  
Arms, arms, my friends! this laſt of days calls forth  
The vanquiſh'd: yes, return me to the Greeks;  
The fatal fight permit me to renew:

This day we shall not all die unreveng'd.  
Again I gird my sword; again my shield 930  
Brace on my left, and forward rush to die.  
When on her knees, and twining round my limbs,  
Creusa hung, and to a father's eye  
His little son held forth: O, if to die  
You go, to all the dangers bear us too! 935  
But if some ray of hope arises still  
From taking arms, this mansion first defend;  
For in whose care is now your little son,  
Your fire, and she, once call'd your comfort, left?  
She said; and fill'd the house with loud laments. 940  
When lo! most strange to tell! a wondrous sign  
Was sudden seen, for from Iulus' crown  
A spiry light play'd lambent down his hair,  
And round his temples spread innoxious flames.  
Fear fell upon us, while we mutual shook 945  
His blazing tresses, and the sacred fire  
With water would have quench'd: but his glad eyes,  
Our common father raising to the stars,  
Spread forth to them his hands, and thus exclaim'd.  
O Jove omnipotent! if any prayers 950  
Incline thy will, now hear us, now behold  
Thy suppliants this one time with pitying eye:  
And if our piety has ought deserv'd,  
Father! assist us, and these signs confirm.  
Scarce had Anchises spoke, when from the left 955  
With sudden peal the bursting thunder roar'd:  
And thro' the shade of night a falling star  
Shot swift its radiant train, and pass'd athwart  
Above our heads, our future road to mark;  
We saw it clearly sink in Ida's wood, 960  
Diffusing light thro' all its furrow'd way,  
And spreading steams of sulphur wide around.

And,



And, now subdu'd, at once my father rose,  
Ador'd the gods, and hail'd this guiding star:  
Now, now, in me is no delay: where'er  
You lead, I follow. O my country's gods:  
Preserve this house, my grandson too preserve.  
This sign is yours, and Troy on you depends.  
I yield, my son; nor longer now refuse  
To go the glad companion of your flight.  
So spoke my fire: and now the crackling flames  
Along the walls are plainer heard; their tide  
Rolls nearer with augmented heat and force.  
And now, dear father, on these shoulders place  
Your aged limbs, their weight I can sustain,  
Nor think such load unpleasing: whatso'er  
Befalls, our common danger shall be one,  
And one our safety. Let Iulus walk  
My young companion; let my wife behind  
At distance, and with care my steps pursue.  
And you, my servants, mark these last commands.  
To such as this way leave the town, in front  
Appears a mount; an antient fane besides  
Of Ceres, now deserted, and at hand  
A cypress, by our fathers long preserv'd,  
And held in veneration. There we meet  
By different ways. But you, O father, take  
The holy ornaments, and household gods;  
For me to touch them, impious would be deem'd,  
From war, and recent slaughter just return'd,  
Till in the living stream I wash my stains.  
This said, a vest and lion's tawny skin,  
O'er my broad shoulders, on my bending neck,  
I spread, and gladly to my load submit.  
The boy Iulus, by my right embrac'd,  
His father follows with unequal steps;

My

My comfort far behind. Along we steal  
Thro' ways obscure, thro' unfrequented streets,  
And me, whom late, not showers of flying darts,  
Not Grecian bands, in adverse phalanx join'd, 1000  
Could terrify, each breath of air appals,  
Each lightest sound suspends, afraid alike  
For my young traveller, and my sacred load,  
Now to the gates my trembling steps approach'd,  
I deem'd each danger of my journey past; 1005  
When lo! the frequent tread of sounding feet  
Swell'd on my ear; and, looking thro' the shade,  
Anchises cries, fly, fly, my son: they come,  
I see their shields, I see their flaming arms.  
And here, I know not what malignant power 1010  
Depriv'd me of my reason; for while now,  
Thro' devious and uncertain paths I try  
To make my flight secure, I lost alas!  
For ever lost the partner of my love.  
Nor know what fatal error, whether tir'd 1015  
She stop'd, or erring lonely lost her way,  
Depriv'd me of her: but to these sad eyes  
She ne'er again appear'd. Nor did I look  
Behind me, nor reflect upon my loss  
Till we the hill, and sacred fane had reach'd 1020  
Of antient Ceres. There we met all safe,  
She, she alone was wanting to our hopes,  
And had deceiv'd her fire, her son, and me.  
Whom both of men and gods did not my rage  
Of grief accuse? or in that ruin'd town 1025  
What had my eyes more hard, more cruel seen?  
My son, my hoary fire, my household-gods  
I with my friends intrust, and safe conceal  
Within the hollow of a winding vale.  
Back I return, in shining armour sheath'd, 1030  
Resolv'd

Resolv'd to run all hazards, and thro' all  
The city roaming, every danger dare.  
And first the walls, the gate obscure, thro' which  
We had escap'd, my lonely steps explore ;  
Retread thro' nights dark shade the various paths 1035  
I trod before, and round attentive gaze.  
On each side solitude and horror reign'd,  
That terrify the soul ; thence home I pass,  
If chance, if any chance had hither led  
Her devious foot ; but there th' insulting Greeks, 1040  
Already masters, each apartment fill'd.  
And lo ! already by the winds inflam'd,  
Devouring fires had roll'd their blazing tide,  
And from the roofs rose surging up to heaven.  
Next Priam's palace, and the citadel 1045  
My search revisits, but in vain ; for there  
In its deserted portico's, where stands  
The sanctuary of Juno, Phoenix now,  
And dire Ulysses, as a chosen watch  
Brood o'er their prey. There, gather'd from all  
parts, 1050  
The wealth of Troy, the tables of the gods,  
Goblets of massy gold, and vestments gay,  
Robb'd from the burning temples, lie on heaps.  
Around, in long succession, helpless boys,  
And trembling mothers, sad and silent stand. 1055  
And yet even here, with heart-felt anguish struck,  
I dar'd to raise my voice, I dar'd to fill  
The streets with clamour, calling oft in vain ;  
In vain redoubling my Creusa's name.  
While thus I rov'd with fruitless, endless search, 1060  
Behold ! th' unhappy semblance, and the shade  
Of her I sought, arose before my eyes,  
But larger than the life. Amaz'd I stood,

My

My hair rose bristling, and my tongue was glu'd.  
While thus an airy voice essay'd to soothe 1065  
My labouring thought. Why, dearest husband, why  
Indulge this frantic toil? without the will  
Of heaven permitting, such events as these  
Arrive not. 'Tis not given thee hence to bear  
Creusa! that the sovereign power forbids. 1070  
Long exile, and a tract of seas immense  
Must be your fate; e'er on Hesperian shores  
Your feet shall touch, where Lydian Tyber rolls  
Thro' fruitful plains his gently winding stream.  
There better days, a royal bride; a throne, 1075  
Await you: cease your lov'd Creusa's fate  
With future tears to mourn. No son of Greece  
To his proud seat shall her a captive lead,  
Nor Grecian matrons see her live a slave,  
From Priam sprung, to Venus too ally'd. 1080  
Adieu! the mighty mother of the gods  
Detains me here: adieu! and long preserve  
A parent's fondness for our common son.  
She said; but while I wept, and wish'd to hold  
More converse with her, vanish'd into air. 1085  
Thrice round her neck I threw my clasping arms,  
Thrice from my touch the fleeting shadow fled,  
Like the light winds, like an unreal dream.  
Thus past the night, and now my friends forsook  
Again I seek, and wandering see combin'd 1090  
A flood of new companions; matrons, men,  
For flight prepar'd, a melancholy train;  
Themselves, their wealth committing to my care,  
And ready all to follow where I lead.  
And now on Ida's height the morning-star 1095  
Arising glorious usher'd in the day.  
Of all our gates the Greeks were now possess'd,

No



No hope of combat or assistance left,  
I yielded to my fate, replac'd my fire,  
And up the rough steep hill slow-rising climb'd.



# Æ N E I D.

## BOOK III.



**W**HEN now the gods in wrath had overturn'd  
The greatest power of Asia, Priam's house  
And people, who deserv'd a better fate;  
When from her towering height proud  
Ilium fallen

Was into ruin sunk, and on the ground  
Neptunian Troy from her foundations smok'd.  
Celestial auguries her sad remains,  
In exile doom'd to roam o'er desert shores.  
And first our fleet beneath mount Ida's shade,  
Close by Antandros, we begin to build,  
Uncertain where or how our toils would end.  
Our friends collected, scarce the summer's breath  
Had wak'd, when to the Fates Anchises bad

That

That we should spread our sails. With tears I leave,  
For ever leave my country's shores and ports, 15  
And fields where once was Troy. Into the deep  
Behold me borne an exile, with my friends,  
My son, my household, and the greater gods.  
Sacred to Mars, far off a country lies,  
Vast of extent, manur'd by Thracian swains, 20  
And in old time where stern Lycurgus rul'd ;  
To Troy, by right of hospitable ties  
And mutual intercourse, long bound in love,  
While fortune smil'd propitious on our state :  
Here first I stop, and on its winding shore 25  
The new foundations for a city raise,  
And from my self the people name anew :  
But with the fates averse ; tho' to the gods,  
And my celestial parent for their aid  
Upon our rising works, due sacrifice 30  
Was frequent offer'd, and to heaven's high king  
A snow-white bull was slain upon the shore.  
It chanc'd, a gentle eminence stood near,  
With cornel shrubs, and spiry mirtles crown'd.  
There, as I struggled from the soil to tear 35  
The living wood, and cover with its boughs  
My rustic altar, lo, most strange to tell,  
A dire portent my wond'ring eyes beheld.  
The shrub first from its mother earth up torn,  
Drops of black gore upon the ground distill'd 40  
And stain'd with sanguine dye. My blood ran chill,  
And all my limbs with sudden horror shook.  
Again, and of another I persist  
The stubborn roots to rend, if so I might  
The latent cause of that portent explore ; 45  
That other too the same black blood distill'd.  
Revolving various thoughts within my mind,  
The

The Sylvan nymphs, and mighty Mars who rules  
These Thracian fields, I supplicate with prayer,  
This dreadful sign propitious to avert, 50  
Or in our favour turn. But when a third,  
Exerting greater force, and on my knees  
I strove from earth to tear — Shall I proceed,  
Or sink the tale in silence? hark! a sound,  
A mournful groan from under-ground is heard. 55  
Why, why Æneas tear a wretched corse?  
O spare the buried dead, O cease to stain  
These pious hands with blood: no stranger I,  
But born in Troy, nor from a senseless trunk  
Are forc'd these sanguine drops. O fly at once 60  
These cruel shores, this land of avarice.  
For I am Polydore. A steely shower  
Of darts transfix'd me here, and taking root,  
Sprung up in this large crop of pointed reeds.  
With dubious horror all my soul possess'd, 65  
I stood amaz'd, my hair rose bristling up,  
And to my palate cleav'd my speechless tongue.  
This Polydore his wretched fire of old  
Had with a mighty mass of treasure sent,  
Here, and in secret by the Thracian king 70  
To be brought up, when first he saw besieg'd  
His capital, and fear'd the fall of Troy.  
This monster, when the Dardan power was broke,  
And fortune sought her foes, their conquering arms,  
And Agamemnon's standard then espous'd, 75  
Broke every sacred tie; th' unhappy youth  
Slew merciless, and kept by force his gold.  
Accursed thirst of gold, by thee allur'd  
What monstrous crimes will mortals not attempt!  
Recover'd of my fright, first to my fire, 80  
Then to my people's chiefs, the dread event

I tell

I tell with horror, and their voices ask.  
 One thought was that of all, this impious land  
 To leave at once, where hospitable rights  
 With cruel violation are profan'd, 85  
 And to the south wind spread our swelling sails.  
 We therefore first the funeral honours pay  
 To Polydore anew, upon the hill  
 Heap'd loads of earth, and to his manes rear'd  
 Due altars, hung with cypress wreaths around. 90  
 The Trojan matrons, with dishevell'd hair,  
 Their wonted circle form: of tepid milk,  
 And blood of victims, foaming bowls we bring;  
 His ghost within the sepulchre compose,  
 And with loud voices bid the last farewell. 95  
 Then, soon as we dar'd trust the watry plain,  
 Soon as the winds its face unruffled left,  
 And gentle murmuring Auster call'd to sail,  
 Their ships the sailors launch, and croud the shores,  
 Borne from the port, the lands and towns we leave, 100  
 Gradual receding, lessen to the sight.

Far in the Ægean sea an island lies,  
 To Doris, mother of the green hair'd nymphs,  
 And Neptune, sacred, a delicious spot;  
 This, while it floated round the seas and shores, 105  
 Apollo fix'd, with Mycone's high cliffs,  
 And Gyaros; and gave to be rever'd  
 Immoveable, and every wind defy.  
 Hither we come, here in her safe recess  
 An ample bay our weary limbs receives: 110  
 We land, and hail Apollo's sacred town.  
 King Anius here, at once the king of men,  
 And priest of Phœbus; with his ensigns grac'd,  
 The fillet, and the sacred laurel, came  
 To bid us welcome, and his antient friend, 115

Anchises,



Anchises, glad acknowledg'd. Our right hands  
We hospitably join, and seek his roof.  
An antique temple of the god was near;  
I offer'd there my prayers: propitious grant,  
Thymbraean power, some fix'd abode at last, 120  
Some city to thy weary votaries grant,  
A stable seat, a propagated race;  
O save this second Pergamus to Troy,  
And spare these sad remains, that have escap'd  
The Grecians, and Achilles' ruthless sword. 125  
Whom shall we follow? Whither go? Where fix  
Our future seat? O gracious parent give  
Some sign prophetic, and into our breasts  
With thine illuminating ray descend.  
Scarce had I spoke, when suddenly the floor, 130  
The laurel of the god, the mountain round,  
Seem'd all to tremble: From behind the veil  
A sound like thunder issued, and to view  
Stood every secret mystery disclos'd.  
Prone on the ground we fell, while thus a voice 135  
Our ears assail'd. Ye hardy Trojan race,  
That soil original, from which you sprung,  
That very soil shall in her fertile lap  
Receive you back: your antient mother seek.  
Æneas' race from thence shall stretch their sway 140  
Wherever earth extends, or ocean flows,  
And their sons sons, and who from them shall spring.  
Thus Phœbus: and at once tumultuous joy  
Fills every breast, while every tongue inquires  
Where rise those walls, and whither Phœbus sends 145  
His wandering votaries, or returns them home.  
My father then, revolving in his mind  
The tales of antient men, O peers, he cry'd,  
Attend and learn from me your future hopes.

The

The island Crete, the isle of mighty Jove,  
In mid-sea lies, from whence our nation draws  
Their first original, and Ida's hill;  
An hundred cities there, and fertile realms  
The Cretans rule; whence Teucer our great fire,  
If what I heard, I yet remember right,  
First wasted to the fam'd Rhætean shores;  
Chose there his place for regal residence.  
Ilium as yet was not; nor yet was rais'd  
The citadel of Pergamus, they dwelt  
In depth of vallies. Hence came Cybele,  
Protectress of the mountains, hence her rites  
And Corybantian brags, and Ida's grove.  
Hence to her sacred mysteries preserv'd  
Inviolable secrecy: and yok'd,  
Submissive to her car, her lions draw  
Their mighty mistress. Therefore come, my friends,  
And let us follow whither heaven commands.  
The winds appeas'd, seek we the Gnosian shores.  
Nor will our course be long, if Jove assist,  
In three days hence we reach the Cretan shores.  
He said, and at the altars of the gods  
Slew the due victims. First a bull to thee,  
Great Neptune, and to thee another bull,  
Bright ruler of the day; to winter then  
A sable ewe, and to the favouring powers  
Of gentle zephyr offer'd up a white.  
There runs a tale, that, from his father's throne  
Idomeneus expell'd, the realm had left,  
And that the Cretan cities, lands and shores  
Deserted were, and emptied of our foes.  
Ortygia's port we leave, and o'er the main,  
Borne with expanded sails, we range the hills  
Of Naxos, loud resounding with the shouts  
Of Bacchus' votaries; while Paros too,

Olearon,

Olearon, Donyfa's verdant cliffs,  
And spread thro' all the deep, the Cyclades,  
And seas, with frequent islands interspers'd.  
The sailors, all with emulating strife,  
Their voices raise. Our friends advise to steer  
In quest of Crete, and our progenitors.  
Full from the stern a gale impells us on,  
And safely wafts us to the antient shores  
Of the Curetes. There, so long desir'd,  
A city, I with fond impatience raise,  
Pergamea call'd: the people with this name  
Delighted, I exhort to love this seat,  
And for defence a citadel to build.  
Our navy on the smooth dry strand secur'd,  
While now the youth on Hymeneal rites,  
And tasks of rural labour were employ'd,  
A stable form of government I found,  
And each man to his habitation fix.  
When lo, from an infected quarter of the sky,  
A putrid vapour came, and spread around  
A deadly year, on men, on trees and brutes.  
They leave the chearful light of day, or drag,  
Feeble and faint, their wearied bodies on.  
Then Sirius rose the steril fields to burn;  
The grass is parch'd, the sickly crops deny  
Due sustenance alike to beast and man.  
Again recourse to Phœbus' oracle  
My fire advises, and the deep once more  
Re-measuring, to implore his gracious help,  
'To know what end may terminate our toils,  
Whither to steer our course, and where obtain  
Aid from those evils which pursue us still.  
'Twas night, and sleep had clos'd all eyes on earth.  
When lo, the sacred statues of the gods,

And

And household powers, which I had brought from  
Troy

Snatch'd from the general conflagration there, 220

Where the full moon pour'd in her silver rays

Bright thro' th' inserted windows, all disclos'd,

Thus spoke, and sooth'd the sorrows of my breast.

What, if you seek Ortygia, Phœbus there

Will tell, he tells you here, and sends us too, 225

All-unsollicit'd, beneath your roof.

We who, when Troy was wrapp'd in fatal flames,

Thee and thy fortunes follow'd, in thy fleet

Measur'd the swelling deep; these very powers

Will to the stars thy future sons exalt, 230

And to thy city grant imperial sway.

Thou mighty walls for mighty powers prepare,

Nor shun the tedious toil thine exile brings.

Now must you change your seat; not these the  
shores,

Apollo means you, nor this Cretan soil. 235

A place there is, by Greeks Hesperia nam'd,

An antient land, of fertile soil, and great

In fame of war, which once th' Oenotrians till'd;

Which now, so runs the fame, their sons have call'd

Italia, from their mighty leader's name. 240

There is our stable home; Iäsus thence

And Dardanus arose, and from that prince,

Well known to fame, our origin we draw.

Awake, arise, these tidings to thy fire,

The full of days, these certain tidings bear; 245

Seek Coritus, th' Ausonian plains explore,

For Jove to you this Cretan land denies.

Struck at this sight, astonish'd at these sounds,

For this was not a dream, their forms I saw,

Their tresses veil'd, and looks in open view.) 250

Sudden



Sudden I felt o'er all my body run  
A chilling sweat: I started from my bed,  
And raising high to heaven my hands and voice,  
I to the Lares on the sacred hearth  
Pure offerings burn, and fill'd with perfect joy, 255  
Strait to my fire the vision seen relate,  
And all the mystic scene in order tell.  
Th' ambiguous race he own'd, and double line  
Of our forefathers; own'd himself deceiv'd  
By modern names to antient places given, 260  
Then thus went on. My son long exercis'd  
By Troy's dire fate, Cassandra did alone  
These Truths foretell. I recollect it now,  
That she has oft declar'd those distant realms  
To us foredoom'd, has oft Hesperia nam'd, 265  
And often Italy. But who would then  
Believe, that we should reach those shores unknown,  
Or who would credit what her lips foretold.  
But let us bend to Phœbus, and thus warn'd  
Now follow better counsels. We with joy 270  
All hear, and pay Obedience to his words.  
This settlement we also quit, some few  
Behind us leave, and once more spread our sails,  
And once more plough main ocean with our fleet.  
The deep now gain'd, and when no more the land 275  
Appear'd, but all around was sea and sky;  
Then over head a dusky cloud arose,  
Pregnant with night and tempest, while the sea  
More dreadful by the spreading darkness grew.  
At once the winds heave up the waves, at once 280  
Huge billows rise, and toss us, scatter'd wide,  
O'er ocean's breast immense. Deep clouds involve  
The light of day, and ravish from our eyes  
Heaven's azure face, whilst from the bursting clouds

Redoubled lightnings flash their fatal fires.

285

Wide from our course we drive, and blindly roam

As the winds list. E'en Palinurus self

No longer day from night can now discern,

Nor knows what way his devious course to shape.

Thus three uncertain days, in thickest gloom,

290

We wander wide, as many starless nights.

But when upon the fourth returning morn

The land at length appear'd, the mountains seem'd

To rise at distance, and their curling smokes

Ascended round; our sails we drop, and rise

295

Incumbent on our oars; the sailors now

Quick turn the foam, and sweep the cerule wave.

Escap'd this peril, first the Strophades,

For so the Greeks two little islands name,

That in the great Ionian sea arise,

300

Receive me first; where fell Celæno reigns,

And other harpies dire, since Phineus first

Excluded them his house, and social board.

Monsters more foul are not; nor other pest,

Or anger of the gods, more deadly fell,

305

Ne'er from the depth of Stygian darkness rose.

These birds the faces of young virgins wear,

But their redounded food offensive smells;

Their hands are arm'd with claws, their faces spare

Are with consuming hunger ever pale.

310

Here as we made the wish'd-for port, behold

Fair droves of oxen, herds of shaggy goats,

Without a keeper roam along the fields.

Upon th' attack we rush, and call the gods,

E'en Jove himself, in partnership of spoil;

315

Then on the winding shore our couches raise,

And gladly feast upon the rich repast.

When suddenly with dreadful flight descend

The

The harpies from the mountains, beat their wings  
With sounding clangour, seize our food prepar'd 320  
And all contaminate with touch impure.  
While direful screams the noisome stench pursue.  
Again, within a long recess, beneath  
A hollow rock, deep shaded round with trees,  
We raise our tables, and our fires relume. 325  
When from a different quarter of the sky,  
And secret lurking holes, the clanging croud  
Again their prey with crooked claws surround,  
Again our viands stain with lips obscene.  
Then to my friends I call their arms to take 330  
And war with this detested nation wage.  
Those orders they obey, beneath the grass  
Their swords dispose, and hide their shields unseen,  
When therefore they, descending to the shore,  
The wonted clangor rais'd, Misenus then 335  
From his high watch-tower the loud signal blew  
By trumpets sound; on them my soldiers fall,  
Try this unusual warfare, and essay  
These birds obscene with stroke of sword to wound,  
But no impression could the trenchant steel 340  
Make on their feathers, nor with keenest point  
Transpierce their bodies: back again to heaven  
They mount with flight precipitate, and leave  
Their prey half-eaten, and the same foul stench.  
Celæno all alone, from a steep rock, 345  
Ill-boding prophets, these words pronounc'd.  
War ye with us for these our oxen slain,  
And slaughter'd steers, O Trojans? Is it war  
For such base ends? And do you seek to drive  
A guiltless race from these their native realms? 350  
But listen, and this awful warning mark,  
What Jove, almighty fire, to Phœbus' self,

And he, that Phœbus, to my ear reveal'd,  
I greatest of the furies, now disclose.  
To Italy you steer, and favouring winds 355  
Shall waft you to that Italy you seek:  
But there the promis'd town you shall not raise,  
Nor gird with walls, till first constraining want,  
And hunger dire, compel you to devour  
Your half-eat tables, for this deed unjust. 360  
She said, and vanish'd instant on the wing  
Into the neighbouring wood. Congealing fear  
Chill'd each man's blood, and sadden'd every heart;  
Nor longer now from arms, but vows and prayers,  
They bid me hope good fortune; whether these 365  
Are goddesses, or foul ill-boding birds.  
Here good Anchises, standing on the shore,  
With hands uplift, the greater gods invok'd,  
And order'd them due honours. Yet, ye powers,  
Avert these threaten'd ills, this dire mischance, 370  
And, merciful your selves, the pious guard.  
He then commands the cables to be cut,  
And all the yards unloos'd. The southern blast  
Distends our sails, and o'er the foaming wave  
Fast fly our ships which way the wind directs, 375  
And watchful pilot guides our steady course.  
And now appears, as rising from the waves,  
Woody Zacynthos, rugged Neritos,  
Dulichium and Samé, but we shun  
The rocks of Ithaca, Laertes' realm, 380  
And curse the land that fell Ulysses nurs'd.  
Next open to our view the stormy hills  
Of Leuca's isle, and what all sailors dread,  
Apollo's fane. Fatigu'd that place we gain,  
And to the little city slow proceed. 385  
Cast from the prow, we fix our anchors fast,

And



And moor our batter'd ships. Thus having reach'd  
The land, so long unhop'd, to mighty Jove  
We pay due sacrifice, whilst with our vows  
The holy altars blaze, and Ilian games 390  
Are celebrated on these Actian shores.

Our youth, their naked bodies, suppled well  
With flowing oil, their country's games perform;  
It glads us to have 'scap'd so many towns  
Of Grecian foes, and thro' surrounding bands 395  
That fought our ruin, to have won our way.

Mean time the sun his mighty annual round  
Had now revolv'd, and icy winter's breath  
With northern blasts had ruffled ocean's face.  
And here an ample shield of hollow brass, 400  
Oft by great Abas worn, high on the posts  
I fix, and thus the great exploit record.

These arms Æneas from the conquering Greeks.  
I then command our ships to leave the port,  
And bid the rowers to their seats. Their oars 405  
All-emulous they ply, and plough the deep.

Anon Phæacia and her airy towers  
Are lost to sight, and close we range the shores  
Of fam'd Epirus, make with favouring gales  
The safe Chaonian port, and thence ascend 410  
Thy streets, Buthrotus, seated fair and high.

Here news incredible first reach'd my ears:  
That Trojan Helenus o'er Grecian towns  
Now reign'd supreme, of Pyrrhus' queen and throne  
Possess'd; and that the fair Andromache 415  
Again was wedded to a Dardan prince.

Amaz'd I stood, my bosom all on fire  
The hero to embrace, and from his lips  
This wond'rous chance, these great events to learn.  
I quit the shores and hasten to the town. 420

That day by chance, within a sacred grove,  
Adjoining to the walls, and on the banks  
Of a new Simois, the queen perform'd  
A solemn and sepulchral sacrifice.  
Of verdant turf two altars she had rais'd, 425  
And consecrated, and an empty tomb  
Had rear'd between, sad sources of her grief.  
There, with funereal gifts and loud laments,  
'The manes of great Hector she invok'd.  
But when she saw me slow advance, and knew 430  
'The Trojan arms around, frantic with grief,  
And at these awful wonders terrify'd,  
She stiffen'd as she gaz'd, the vital heat  
Her limbs relinquish'd; down she fell, and scarce,  
After long interval, recovering, spake: 435  
Dazzle my eyes, O goddess-born? Or comes  
A real form, a real messenger?  
Art thou alive? Or if the genial light  
Of life is fled, where is my Hector too?  
She said: and pour'd a flood of tears, and till'd 440  
With mournful wailings all the place around.  
Scarce to the mournful queen could I reply  
Confus'd, and in these interrupted words.  
I live, 'tis true, and drag that wretched life  
Thro' a long line of woes. Your doubts dismiss, 445  
For what you now behold, is real all.  
Ah say what chance first waited you, depriv'd  
Of such a noble husband, or at length  
What equal fortune smiles on you again?  
For Hector, or for Pyrrhus, flow these tears? 450  
With look declin'd, and in a fainter tone  
She thus reply'd. O bless'd beyond the rest  
Of Priam's virgin-daughters, doom'd to die  
Beneath the walls of Troy, and at the tomb

Of our worst foe ! She felt no servile lot,  
Nor as a captive shar'd the haughty bed  
Of any conquering master. We alas !  
Who saw our country ruin'd, who endur'd  
The toils of various voyages, at last  
Were humbled into servitude, and bore  
The pride of Pyrrhus, insolent with youth  
And high descent, even fertile to our shame.  
He afterwards deep smitten with the love  
Of Leda's daughter, fair Hermione,  
And Spartan marriage-rites ; me, as his slave,  
To Helenus, another slave, transferr'd  
In wretched wedlock : but Orestes, fir'd  
To madness, for his ravish'd bride, and stung  
By all th' avenging furies of his crime,  
Dispatch'd th' unwary monarch, (too secure,  
Before the altars of his country-gods.  
Then by the tyrant's death, of these his realms  
A part became the share of Helenus ;  
Who all the land, from Trojan Chaon, nam'd  
Chaonian, and built on these fair hills  
The Trojan towers. But say, what winds, what fates,  
Have hither borne Æneas ? Tell what god  
Hath landed you unconscious on our shores ?  
Your youthful son Ascanius where is he ?  
Exists he still, and draws the breath of life ?  
Quem tibi jam Troja —  
Say, does he still for his lost parent grieve ?  
Or fir'd with antient worth, or manly aims,  
Makes he his father's and his uncle's fame  
The glorious model of his future deeds ?  
Thus spoke she, and a flood of tears in vain  
Shower'd from her eyes. When, issuing from the  
walls,

The Trojan hero, Helenus advanc'd,  
With fair attendance grac'd; his own he knew,  
And to his city led them joyous on, 490  
And all the while his interrupted words  
To tears of pleasure gave repeated way.  
Onward I move; and own his little Troy,  
His Pergamus, that counterfeits the great,  
With a dry channel after Xanthus nam'd, 495  
And kiss the posts of his new Scæan gate.  
My Trojans too the social town enjoy,  
Whom in his ample hall the king receiv'd;  
Bid serve the gifts of Bacchus to the train,  
And then a rich repast in massy gold. 500  
And now one day, and now another pass'd,  
The winds invite us forth, the blustering south  
Swells out our sails. I then the prophet thus  
Accost, and ask to know my future fate.  
O Trojan-born! Interpreter of gods! 505  
Who feel Apollo's influence, who know  
The Tripod, Clarian laurels, and the stars;  
The chaunt of birds, the omen of each wing  
That flits thro' air; arise, explain my doubts,  
For all the sacred oracles of heaven 510  
Persuade my voyage, and bid me boldly seek  
Fair Italy, and realms for me reserv'd.  
Celæno only, that dire harpy, sung  
Ill-omen'd terrors, (dreadful to relate)  
Denounc'd impending wrath and meagre want. 515  
What perils shall I first escape? And how  
By proper care such mighty toils surmount?  
Here Helenus — but first as sacred rites  
Enjoin, fair heifers offer'd up, to gain  
The favour of the gods, and from his head 520  
The sacred wreath unbound, then by the hand  
led



Led me suspense, and reverently fill'd  
With awe, O Phœbus! to thy holy fane.  
A moment pausing, from his lips divine  
These oracles pour'd forth. O goddess-born! 525  
That by all greater auspices you plough  
The deep is clear and manifest; so wills  
The king of gods, so has dispos'd the fates,  
And thus the mighty series runs decreed.  
Of many things a few I will reveal; 530  
That you more safe, the hospitable seas  
May traverse, and at length in quiet gain  
Ausonia's ports. The fates forbid me more  
To know; and Juno farther to disclose:  
First, Italy, which you surmise so near, 535  
And, ignorant, at once attempt to reach,  
A passage, long and difficult, divides  
Far from your hopes, a length of many seas  
Still interposes; for your oar must first  
Bend frequent in the rough Trinacrian wave; 540  
Your fleet must next Ausonian seas explore,  
Th' infernal lakes, and Circe's magic isle,  
E'er you can safely build your destin'd town.  
The signs I will unfold: 'tis yours with care  
To keep them treasur'd in your secret mind. 545  
When on the margin of a silent stream,  
To you suspense, and anxious for your fate,  
Shaded by elms a bristly sow appears,  
By thirsty young environ'd on the ground,  
All white herself, as white her numerous brood, 550  
Pressing her dugs, your city there shall be,  
Of all your fated toils the certain rest.  
And you the threaten'd famine cease to dread:  
The fates a way will find, and to your aid  
Apollo, right invok'd, will present be. 555

But all these lands, and this Italian coast,  
Which nearest lies, and which our ocean laves,  
Avoid: perfidious Greeks possess them all.  
Narycian Locrians here have fix'd their seat,  
And these Salentine plains, Idomeneus, 560  
Native of Lyctis, with arm'd soldiers fills.  
There small Petilia Philoctetes guards,  
The Melibæan chief. But when your fleet  
Shall ride secure beyond these hostile seas,  
And you your vows shall at rais'd altars pay: 565  
Beneath a purple veil your head conceal,  
Lest any hostile face should intervene  
Amid the sacred fires, that to the gods  
You kindle, and the omens discompose.  
This form of sacrifice let all your friends, 570  
This let yourself be constant to retain;  
In this religion, to remotest times,  
Let your chaste sons for ever persevere.  
But when to fair Sicilia's shores the winds  
Have borne your navy, and Pelorus' straits 575  
Shall widen to the view, then steer your course  
Full to the left, steer circling wide and large  
Still to the left: the right with care avoid.  
These places fame reports, convuls'd and torn  
By mighty earthquakes, (for such changes oft 580  
Can force, and length of wasting age produce)  
Asunder parted, when each land before  
Was one: in rush'd th' invading sea between  
And rent from Sicily th' Ausonian land  
For ever; washing with a narrow frith, 585  
Cities and lands, that late contiguous lay,  
But each now parted by its proper shore.  
Scylla the right besieges, and the left  
Implacable Charybdis, who absorbs

Thrice

Thrice in her gulph voraginous, the waves, 590  
And thrice respouts them in the face of heaven.  
But in blind lurking holes, a den confines  
The dreadful Scylla, who her jaws extends  
And drags on fateful rocks the passing ship.  
A human face, a virgin to the waist, 595  
Of beauteous bosom first appears to view ;  
Her nether parts, a huge leviathan,  
To wombs of wolves, and tails of dolphins join'd.  
'Tis safest, tho' less speedy, to survey  
Pachynus' utmost cape, and circumscribe 600  
A tedious winding course, than once behold  
Mishapen Scylla, in her cavern vast,  
And rocks, resounding with her sea-green dogs.  
Yet more, if to the prophet any share  
Of prudence falls, if he may claim belief, 605  
And if Apollo truly lights his mind,  
One thing, O goddess-born, one thing I give  
In strictest charge, and urge it o'er and o'er :  
Revere, adore, with humblest vows and prayers,  
Great Juno's potent deity, to her 610  
Due hymns address, and with a vot'ries gifts  
Subdue the mighty queen : so shall at length  
Thy piety victorious, having left  
Trinacria, find the wish'd Italian shore.  
When wafted thither, you shall first approach 615  
Cumæa's city, and the sacred lakes,  
And sounding thro' its wood, Avernus' stream ;  
There a mad prophetess thou shalt behold,  
Who, from a cavern'd rock, the future sings,  
And words, and names, commits to gather'd leaves. 620  
Whate'er the virgin on those leaves inscribes,  
In order she digests, and in her grot  
Leaves them recluse. They undisturb'd remain,

Each in its place, nor from their order change:  
But if a breath of air the hinges turn, 625  
And the gate opening, moves these tender leaves,  
No care she takes, her prophecies dispers'd,  
And sitting round the cave, to recollect,  
Or range again in order, those who wait,  
Unanswer'd go, and curse the Sybil's grot. 630  
Here, let not some delay too harmless seem,  
Even tho' your friends should chide, and fav'ring  
winds

Would force you out to sea, expanding all  
Your willing sails. No, let not these prevent  
Your visit to the prophets, find out 635  
Her cell, adjure her to disclose your fate,  
And willingly unseal her sacred lips.  
She then the people, and the future wars  
Of Italy; how every toil to shun,  
Or manly bear, spontaneous will explain, 640  
And, honour'd thus, will make your course secure.  
Thus far it is permitted me to tell,  
And warn you of your fate. Instructed go  
And by your deeds raise a new Troy to heaven.  
When thus the seer benevolent had spoke, 645  
He order'd gifts of ivory and gold  
Forthwith to be convey'd aboard the fleet,  
And piles of silver stow'd; and vases rare  
Of Dodonæan brass; a coat of mail,  
Thick sow'd with rings of triple-plaited wire 650  
Of gold; a casque, refulgent, with its crest  
Of waving plumes; the arms which Pyrrhus wore.  
Anchises too has gifts: he horses adds,  
And pilots, and fills up the rowers banks,  
And furnishes my train with arms complete. 655

Anchises



Anchises then the warning signal gives  
For all the fleet to bend their ample sails;  
That when the wind may favour, no delay  
Should intervene. Whom thus Apollo's priest  
With great respect accosts. Anchises, O! 660  
Deem'd worthy of the queen of beauty's love!  
The care of heaven, twice snatch'd from Trojan  
flames;

Behold th' Ausonian land, with all your sails  
This make, but still beyond this nearest coast  
You must proceed: that part of Italy 665  
Lies distant, which Apollo's oracle  
Points out. Go, happy in the piety  
Of such a son. But why the time protract,  
And by discourse th' auspicious breezes lose.  
Nor less afflicted at our last farewell 670  
Andromache, brings vests of gold brocade  
Of various figures, and a Phrygian cloak,  
As presents to Ascanius, suitable  
To her high dignity, and gifts besides  
Wrought in her loom, and thus the princess speaks. 675

Take these my child, which of my handy-work  
May monuments remain, and testify  
Andromache's eternal love, the wife  
Of Hector; take these presents, the last proofs  
Of our affection. O! sole image left 680  
Of my Aftyanax! his eyes, his hands,  
His countenance the same, and would have now  
Flourish'd in equal bloom of youth with thee.  
Departing after this, tears gushing forth,  
I thus address'd them. Happy may you live, 685  
Whose fortune is already made, but we  
From past to future perils still are doom'd:  
Rest you have earn'd; no seas for you to plow,

Nor

Nor, still retreating back, Ausonian fields  
 To be fought out. You see th' effigies 690  
 Of Troy and Xanthus, which your hands have made,  
 With better auspices I hope, and less  
 To Greece obnoxious. If, at Tyber's stream,  
 And fields by Tyber wash'd, I e'er arrive,  
 Or shall the destin'd walls uprear'd behold; 695  
 Cities, and neighbouring states, by blood allied,  
 Here in Epirus, in Hesperia there,  
 Their sufferings past the same, and Dardanus  
 Progenitor of both, we will of each  
 One Troy in minds and interests make, this care 700  
 Sacred to our posterity remain.

Then to Ceraunia's neighb'ring hills we sail,  
 From whence the way, and shortest course by sea  
 To Italy. Mean time the setting sun  
 Immerges swift, and rising vapours hide 705  
 The mountain tops. Close by the ocean wave,  
 Upon the verge of the long wish'd-for land  
 We lie, our oars distributed by lot,  
 And, scatter'd wide along the barren shore,  
 Our bodies we refresh, till dewy sleep 710  
 Upon our wearied limbs his balm distills.  
 Night had not measur'd half her dark career,  
 Conducted by the hours, when from his bed  
 Springs Palinurus, every wind explores,  
 And the true point discovers by his ear. 715  
 Each star slow rolling in the silent heavens  
 He marks: the cloud-compelling Hyades,  
 Arcturus; and the Great and Lesser Bear,  
 And, arm'd with gold, Orion he surveys.  
 When thus he saw to fix'd serenity 720  
 The face of heaven concur, he from the poop

The

The signal gives : our tents we strike, attempt  
Our voyage, and our ample sails expand.

And now Aurora's blush the stars dispell'd,  
When the low plains of Italy, and hills 725

More distant we discern : first Italy

Achates cries, and Italy the rest

Repeating loud, with joyful shouts salute,

Anchises, standing on the lofty stern,

A bowl capacious crown'd, and fill'd with wine, 730

And call'd upon the gods. Ye gods who rule

Earth, air and tempests, favourable aid,

And grant a prosperous course. The wish'd-for gales

Increase; the harbour opens nearer now

And on the citadel Minerva's fane

Appears. The sailors furl the sails, and turn 735

The prows direct to shore. From th' eastern wave

The port declining bends into an arch :

Rocks interpos'd foam with the briny surge :

The port itself lies hid. In form of towers 740

High rocks on either side their arms extend,

And form a double wall, and from the shore

The temple flies. Here, pasturing at large,

Four horses, the first omen, I beheld,

White as the drifted snow ; Anchises cries, 745

War, hospitable land, do you denounce ?

Steeds are equipp'd for war : these animals

Threaten impending war. But since they wont

To draw the chariot, and together yok'd,

Bear equal reins, we yet, says he, may hope 750

For peace. Then we the awful power invok'd

Of Pallas, whose high temple first our course

Directed safe, our heads inwrapp'd in veils ;

And, as enjoin'd by Helenus, which point

He chief enforc'd, we all the honours bid 755

To

To Argive Juno, with due rites perform.  
Our vows in order thus discharg'd, we shift  
Our spreading yard-arms to the wind, and leave  
Th' abodes of Grecians, and suspected fields.  
Far hence Tarentum's bay is seen, if fame 760  
Say true, from Hercules renown'd: oppos'd  
Lacinian Juno's temple rears its head,  
And Caulon's towers, and Scyllacæum's rock,  
The dread and bane of mariners and ships.  
Trinacrian Ætna is descry'd from hence 765  
Far distant; and the loudly roaring sea,  
With fury beating on the shatter'd rocks,  
And breaking sounds confus'd along the shore,  
Aloof we hear. The shallows smoking boil,  
And from the lowest deep upwhirl the sands. 770  
This is Charybdis sure, Anchises cries,  
And Helenus these dreadful rocks foretold.  
Escape, O friends! arise upon your oars!  
The mandate all obey: his sounding prow  
First Palimurus to the larboard veers, 775  
To left with oars and sails the whole fleet ply.  
The swelling surge now mounts us up to heaven,  
And, now again subsiding, headlong down  
We plunge, to hell's abyfs. Three times the rocks  
Forth from their sounding caverns roar'd aloud, 780  
And thrice we saw the dashing foam ascend  
And wet the stars. Mean while, fatigu'd, the wind  
Forsook us with the sun, and ignorant  
Of our true course, we make Cyclopean shores.  
The port itself from all access of winds 785  
Secure, and large: but Ætna thunders near  
With dreadful desolations; and sometimes  
Clouds black as night it belches to the skies,  
With glowing coals and sulphurous winds sublim'd,



And fiery globes disgorg'd, which strike the stars. 790

Sometimes its entrails, in eruptions dire,

And massy rocks the roaring hill displodes,

With molten stones; that bursting from its womb,

Roll thro' the air in waves of torrent fire:

Up from its lowest depth it works, and boils. 795

Enceladus the giant, fame reports,

Here thunderstruck, beneath th' enormous weight

Of ponderous Ætna lies oppress'd, and thence

Thro' each rent cavern breathes sulphureous flames;

And ever as he turns his weary side, 800

Convuls'd by earthquakes, all Trinacria shakes,

And pitchy smoke obscures, and blots out day.

All night infernal prodigies we bore,

Shelter'd by woods, nor from what cause the noise

Proceeded, knew; for neither light of stars, 805

Shot thro' the gloom, or in serener sky

Appear'd, but dark impenetrable night,

With intervening clouds the moon conceal'd.

And now the day with orient beam arose,

And from the heavens Aurora's blushing ray 810

Dispell'd the shades of night; when from the woods

An uncouth figure of a man unknown,

A living skeleton, and in his garb

Wretched and vile came forth, and towards the shore

His arms, in supplicating posture, stretch'd. 815

Attentive we behold; a sordid filth,

Long beard, and tatter'd covering, tack'd by thorns:

In all besides a Greek, and erst in arms

Sent against Troy, among his country's troops.

But when at distance first our Dardan garb 820

And arms he view'd, all trembling with the sight

Transfix'd he stood, by sudden fear restrain'd:

Then headlong to the beach, with prayers and tears,

He

He flew. By all the stars, by all the gods,  
And by this vital air of heaven, remove, 825  
O Trojans! I conjure you, bear me hence;  
'Twill be sufficient to whatever clime,  
Or unknown region. Of the Grecian fleet  
Myself I own, and Troy with hostile arms  
Confess to have attack'd. If for this crime 830  
Death only can atone, in pieces tear,  
And plunge my mangled carcase in the deep;  
For if I perish by the hand of man,  
I perish then contented. Having said,  
He on his knees, my knees embracing, hung. 835  
His country, parents, what calamity  
Oppress'd him now, we urge him to declare.  
My fire Anchises, without more delay,  
His hand presented to the trembling youth,  
And by that sacred pledge confirm'd his mind. 840  
He then at length, his fear dismissing spake.

From Ithaca's maternal soil I came,  
Companion of Ulysses' wretched fate,  
My name is Achemenides; to Troy  
By Adamastus' indigence, my fire, 845  
Compell'd I went (O had that indigence  
Remain'd) my friends whilst with their fear confus'd,  
Flying from cruel mansions, left me here  
Forgetful in the Cyclop's cave. A den  
Horrid with mangled limbs and gore; within 850  
Gloomy and vast. He towering strikes the stars:  
O! such a plague ye gods expel from earth!  
Of difficult access, in manners rude;  
His food, the blood and limbs of wretched men.  
My self beheld by his gigantic hand 855  
Two of our number seiz'd, and on the stones  
Impetuous dash'd, while he lay stretch'd supine

Within

Within the cave; the pavement stream'd with blood:  
I saw him grind their limbs, distilling down  
Black blood, the sinews quivering in his teeth: 860  
Not with impunity this act indeed  
Inhuman pass'd, nor patiently was borne,  
Nor did Ulysses his great name forget.  
For strait so soon as with this banquet gorg'd,  
And drench'd in wine, with ample neck reclin'd, 865  
The Cyclop lay along the cave, stretch'd out  
Immense, and casting up amid his sleep  
Wine, blood, and indigested morsels mix'd;  
The powers divine addressing, and our parts  
Assign'd by lot, we all upon him rush 870  
At once, and with a weapon sharp transpierce  
His monstrous eye, which single lay conceal'd  
Beneath his cloudy front, in magnitude  
Large as the Grecian shield, or solar orb:  
And glad at length our slaughter'd friends aveng'd. 875  
But fly, O wretched Trojans! fly, and cut  
Your cables from the shore. For as in bulk  
Gigantic, Polypheme, and manners rude,  
Collects the fleecy flocks, and milky streams  
Draws from their udders, in his hollow cave; 880  
A hundred other Cyclops, dire as he,  
This winding coast inhabit, all along,  
And on these lofty mountains wandering rove.  
Thrice now the moon with light her crescent horns  
Has fill'd, since in the woods amid the haunts, 885  
And dens of beasts of prey, my life I drag,  
And from the rocks the Cyclops vast behold,  
And tremble at their voice, and footsteps sound.  
The trees, spontaneous, stony cornels yield,  
And berries, which with herbs pluck'd by the root, 890  
Afford me miserable sustenance.

Surveying

Surveying every object within ken,  
 When first the fleet, directing to this shore,  
 Its course I saw; to it myself I bound  
 Whatever it should be: this impious race 895  
 Sufficient to have 'scap'd. By whate'er death  
 Rather do you this wretched life destroy.

He scarce had spoke, when on the mountain top,  
 Amid his flocks, and like a moving tower,  
 The shepherd Polypheme himself we saw, 900  
 And to the well-known shores advancing slow.

A monster horrible, deform'd, huge, blind.  
 Stript of its boughs, a pine his hand directs,  
 And steps assures, his fleecy flocks attend,  
 The solace of his woe, his sole delight. 905

When he the deeper waves and sea had reach'd,  
 From his quench'd orb the fluid gore he wash'd,  
 Grinding his teeth amid deep sighs, and walk'd  
 Thro' the mid sea, not reaching to his sides.

We trembling haste our flight, the suppliant 910  
 Deservedly receiv'd, and silent cut

The rope, and bending to the oar, the seas  
 With emulating strokes divide. He heard,  
 And turn'd his footsteps at the noise. But when

He found he could not seize us in his gripe, 915  
 Nor ford in his pursuit th' Ionian waves;

A deafning cry he rais'd, with which the sea  
 And all the waters trembled, Italy

To her foundations shook, and Ætna's mount  
 Thro' all her winding caverns bellow'd loud. 920

But from the woods and mountains, all the race  
 Of Cyclops, rous'd, croud to the ports, and fill

The winding shores. In vain, with threatening eye,  
 Th' Ætnean brethren standing we behold,

With statures reaching to the vault of heaven. 925  
 Horrid



Horrid assembly! so th' aerial oaks,  
Or spiry cypresses, Jove's lofty wood,  
Or chaste Diana's grove, with towering tops,  
Conspicuous stand. Our fear impels us now  
Precipitate to tack about, and steer 930

What course the winds should favourable grant.  
But Helenus's admonitions warn  
Between Charybdis not to keep our way,  
And Scylla, on each side, short boundary  
'Twixt life and death, 'tis fix'd back to return. 935

That instant Boreas, opportunely sent;  
Springs from Pelorus' narrow point. I pass  
Pantagia's rocky mouths, Megara's bay,  
And Tapsus low. These wander'd coasts before  
Now, Achemenides, retracing, shows, 940  
Companion of Ulysses' wretched fates.

In the Sicanian bay an island fronts  
Plemmyrium's surgy shore, and call'd of old  
Ortygia. Fame reports beneath the sea  
That Alpheus, hither brought by secret ways, 945  
From Elis, and his waters mixt with thine,  
Runs, Arethuse! into Sicilian seas.

The deities most powerful of the isle  
We worship as commanded: thence I pass  
Of stagnating, Helorus' the rank soil: 950  
Next by Pachynus' high projecting rocks  
We glide; and Camarina, by the fates  
Never allow'd to be remov'd, appears

At distance great, and the Geloan fields,  
And spacious Gela, from its river nam'd. 955  
Hence Agragas, renown'd for generous steeds,  
Proudly displays her long and stately walls;  
And thee, Scelinus, fam'd for palms, the wind  
Favouring our course, I leave; then cautious steer

Thro'

Thro' Lilybeian shoals, and cover'd rocks.  
 From hence the undelightful shore, and port 960  
 Of Drepanum receives me. Toft about,  
 Escap'd so many hazards of the deep,  
 Alas! my father, solace of all care  
 And accidents, Anchises, here I lose;  
 Here best of fathers, you your wearied son 965  
 Desert; ah; snatch'd in vain from perils great.  
 Nor Helenus the seer this grief foretold,  
 Amid so many dreadful things denounc'd,  
 Nor Harpy dire. My final labour this,  
 Of all my voyages this the bound. The gods 970  
 From hence departing, led me to your shores.

Æneas thus himself, attentive all,  
 His fates related, and his wanderings told,  
 Silent at length, here ending, he repos'd. 974



# Æ N E I D.

## B O O K IV.



UT smote already with love's deadly dart,  
Deep thro' her veins diffus'd, th' unhappy  
queen

Feeds the soft wound, and wastes in secret  
flames.

Oft to her mind the hero's noble deeds,  
And noble birth arise: his looks, his words 5  
Remain profoundly on her heart engrav'd;  
And grief denies her limbs their due repose.

Next morning's ray had purg'd the humid earth  
With Phœbus' lamp, and chas'd the shades away,  
When thus the love-sick mourner, ill at ease 10  
Her friend and sister hail'd. What visions dark,  
What dreams, my dearest sister, terrify

This breast irresolute? Who is this guest?  
This wond'rous stranger cast upon our shore!  
What grace adorns his form! how great of soul! 15  
And how intrepid in alarms of war!  
I well believe, nor is the fancy vain,

His

His race is from the gods. Fear ever proves  
A base-born mind. By what relentless fates  
Has he, alas! been tried! what battles prov'd, 20  
What wars exhausted has his story told!  
Were not my mind irrevocably fix'd  
Against a second union of my hand,  
Since my first love deceiv'd me by his death;  
Were Hymen's torch not odious in my eye, 25  
To this, this only fault I might descend.  
Anna, for blushing I will own the truth,  
Since my Sichæus, by a brother's hand,  
Stain'd with his blood his own domestic gods,  
This man alone has touch'd my secret sense, 30  
Has shook my wavering mind: again I feel,  
Again confess, my former flame reviv'd.  
But first may lowest earth wide-opening yawn  
To swallow me, or Jove's almighty arm,  
With darted thunder, strike me to the shades, 35  
Pale shades of Erebus, and night profound,  
E'er thee, bright chastity, I violate,  
Or wander devious from thy sacred laws.  
He who by love's soft bond first made me his,  
Has borne that love away: and let him still 40  
Retain, and keep it sacred in his tomb.  
She spoke, the tears adown her bosom shower'd.  
Anna replies. O to thy sister's heart  
Dearer than light itself, will you alone  
Thus wear away your youth in endless grief; 45  
Nor know the gifts of Venus, nor the joys  
That children bring? O can you still believe  
That these are cares which touch the sleeping shade;  
Or grant they did: and that no lover's vows  
Could chafe before these sorrows from your breast. 50  
No chief of Lybia, or of Tyre; nor those

Whom



Whom Afric, rich in triumphs, calls her own;  
Jarbas first, and other laurel'd heads,  
All these rejected, will you combat still  
A love that pleases, while it pains your heart? 55  
Nor once reflect in what a state you stand?  
Nor by what neighbours hemm'd on every side?  
Gætulian cities here, a daring race,  
Invincible in war; Numidians too,  
Untam'd and fierce; with all the dreary tract 60  
Of quicksands dry and desolate. Beyond  
A region which no showers from heaven refresh,  
And wild Barcæans raging far and wide.  
Why should I name the war impending now  
From Tyre, and your inhuman brother's threats. 65  
My thoughts assure me that the gods themselves,  
And favouring Juno, brought this Trojan fleet.  
From such an union how renown'd will rise  
Your city, and how wide your reign extend;  
The Teucran arms assisting, to what height 70  
Your fame will grow, and how diffusive spread!  
Mean time with due oblations render heaven  
Propitious to your wish, then give a loose  
To hospitable rights, and frame pretexts  
Long to detain, and please your godlike guest; 75  
While winter, while Orion's rainy star  
Tempest old ocean, and the fleet confine.

Her mind already kindling into love,  
This speech inflam'd; confirm'd her dubious mind  
With hope, and every bar of shame remov'd. 80  
First to the temples hastening, there they beg  
Heaven's favour, and, as wonted rites demand,  
To Ceres, who first gave to mankind laws,  
To father Bacchus, and to Phœbus, slay  
Selected lambs, but chief at Juno's shrine, 85

Goddess of marriage-rites, their offerings heap.  
 The beauteous Dido in her right hand bears  
 Aloft the sacred cup, and pours the wine  
 Amidst a milk-white heifer's bending horns.  
 Or pacing slow and solemn round their shrines 90  
 Visits each statue of the gods rever'd:  
 Renews the day with gifts, and hovering o'er  
 Their smoaking entrails, seeks, with curious gaze,  
 Her future fate to learn from victims slain.  
 Ah ignorance of prophets! what avail 95  
 All vows, or fanes to heal a love-sick mind.  
 The soft consuming flame has deeply pierc'd  
 Her inmost marrow, and the silent wound  
 Lives, and bleeds fresh within her smitten breast:  
 She burns, th' unhappy queen, and frantic roves 100  
 O'er all the city. Thus a stricken hind,  
 Whom, unsuspecting harm, the hunter's shaft  
 In Cretan groves hath pierc'd, and in the wound  
 Unconscious left the winged steel, for ease  
 Flies wand'ring thro' Dictæan woods and wilds; 105  
 In vain, the deadly shaft is in her side.

Æneas now she leads around her walls,  
 And, as they walk, with ostentation shews  
 Her growing city and Sidonian wealth.  
 She tries to speak; but, fault'ring in her speech, 110  
 Stops short: and now once more, as day declines,  
 Renews the banquet, with impatience fir'd  
 Again to hear the fate of ruin'd Troy,  
 And hangs again upon the speaker's lips.  
 Her guests now gone, and when the moon obscure 115  
 Witholds her light, and setting stars invite  
 To soft repose, the solitary queen  
 Walks weeping thro' each empty room, and throws  
 On his forsaken couch her weary limbs.

Him

Him absent, absent she both hears and sees. 120

Or, smitten with the father's image holds

And presses young Ascanius to her breast,

If thus she may her mighty passion sooth!

No more her rising towers ascend, no more

The youth are train'd to arms, or harbours dug, 125

Or ramparts built, the town's defence in war:

Each work lies interrupted or forgot;

Walls of stupendous fabric, and machines,

That late uprais'd their threat'ning height to heaven.

Struck with this deep disease when Juno found 130

Th' unhappy queen, and that her honour fell

Before its rage, the Venus thus address'd.

Uncommon fame and ample spoils you gain,

You and your boy, a memorable name,

And mighty! If one woman by the wiles 135

Of two such deities is thus subdu'd!

I know these walls of Carthage, this abode

Is still your object of surmise and dread.

But say, what period hope you, or what term

To such a mighty strife? were it not best 140

A league eternal, and the firmest bands

Of marriage now to make? you have at last

All that your soul has wish'd. She burns in love,

Th' enamour'd queen, and deep thro' all her frame

Has drunk the poison by your arts infus'd. 145

Then be the people one, and let us guide

With equal favour their according hearts.

Why let her serve a Phrygian lord, and give

Her Tyrians as in dower to you and him.

The queen of love reply'd (for well she knew 150

Saturnia's arts, and that she would transfer

Th' Italian empire to her Lybian shore)

Who would such terms reject, or madly choose,

With you contending, to protract the war,  
Would fortune but assist, the hop'd event 155  
To bring about ? but still my anxious thought  
Suspended hangs, if Jupiter intends  
Your Tyrians and my Trojans should be one,  
Approves their mixture, and the league propos'd.  
'Tis yours, his favour'd consort, to explore 160  
His secret will. Proceed ; I second you.  
To this imperial Juno made reply.  
That labour shall be mine. Now list, and learn  
By what sure means, what most imports us both  
May be perform'd. Soon as to-morrow's sun 165  
With early rays unveils the shaded globe,  
Æneas, and with him the mournful queen,  
Will seek with hound and horn the Sylvan chace.  
O'er them, while all the rest pursue intent  
Their sport at speed, and with their nets surround 170  
The pathless wilds, I from on high will pour  
A turbid storm of mingled hail and rain,  
And with loud thunders shake the trembling sky.  
Hid in o'erwhelming night th' attendants all  
Shall fly dispers'd : while in one shelt'ring cave 175  
The queen and Trojan leader meet by chance.  
I will be there, and if your will resolv'd  
Now seconds mine, this union shall be firm,  
And she his own by hymeneal rites.  
Assenting Venus grants the queen's request, 180  
And inly smiles at her detected arts.  
Mean while Aurora rising left the main ;  
And with her spreading beam a chosen band  
Rush thro' the gates, all arm'd with hunting spears,  
With nets and toils. Massylian horse attend 185  
With all the fine sagacity of hounds.  
While rang'd before the gate, the Tyrian lords

Their



Their queen impatient wait, whom other cares,  
The cares of dress retard. Her courser, deck'd  
With gold and purple trappings, paws the ground, 190  
And neighing proudly champs his foaming bit.  
Now forth she comes at length, with all her court  
Surrounded. Her Sidonian vest a fringe  
Of crimson border'd round; her quiver gold;  
Her hair with gold bound up; a golden clasp 195  
Close to her bosom binds her purple gown.  
Her Tyrian nobles, and Iulus too  
Exulting, march along: but first and chief,  
With charms superior came Æneas on,  
And join'd the joyous band. As when the streams 200  
Of Xanthus, and the wintry Lycian wild  
Apollo for his native soil forsakes,  
For Delos, and renews the choral dance:  
Around his altars Cretans, Driopes,  
And painted Agathyrsi mingling roar. 205  
He on the height of Cynthus graceful walks,  
His flowing tresses with a laurel wreath  
Surrounded soft, and breaded up with gold:  
The sheaf of arrows on his shoulders sound.  
Not with less beauty or inferior grace 210  
The leader of the Trojans mov'd along.  
No sooner had they reach'd the mountain's height,  
And rough recesses of the Sylvan game,  
Then lo! the wild goats from their rocky haunts  
Here bounding fly: there, hid in clouds of dust 215  
Their hills forsook, th' affrighted deer are seen  
In rapid speed to scour along the plain.  
But young Ascanius in the vales below,  
Proud of his stately courser, in the chase  
Now these, now those outrides, and ardent longs, 220  
Amid these timorous herds, to see appear

The foaming bear, or from his hilly couch  
The yellow lion in his rage descend.

Mean while a mighty murmur o'er the sky  
Foreboding ran: and, mixt with drifting hail, 225  
A storm of rain ensues. The Tyrian train,  
And Trojan youth, with Venus' grandson, fly  
Amaz'd, confus'd, for shelter o'er the fields.  
Whole rivers from the mountains pour amain.  
By chance the Tyrian queen and Trojan chief 230  
Found the same shelt'ring cave: earth first, and she,  
Great Juno, who presides o'er marriage rites  
The signal gave: heaven too with lightnings shone,  
Acknowledging their nuptials, and the nymphs  
On distant mountains rais'd assenting shrieks. 235  
That day, that fatal day, of numerous woes,  
And of her ruin was the primal cause.  
For, not restrain'd by consciousness of guilt,  
Nor reputation, Dido now no more  
A stol'n amour, but marriage names her act, 240  
And covers with that specious name her crime.

Now fame thro' Lybia's populous cities runs,  
Than which no mischief lives of swifter wing;  
Who gains by motion vigour, and new strength  
From travelling obtains: tho' small of size 245  
At first thro' fear, she quickly towers aloft,  
Her foot on earth, her head amid the clouds.  
This her last labour parent earth, 'tis said,  
Offended with the powers above, produc'd;  
Sister of Ceus and Enceladus: 250  
Of foot and wing most formidable swift;  
A monster horrid, huge! the plumes, that deck  
Her wond'rous form, not more in number are  
Than her still wakeful eyes that grow beneath,  
Most strange to tell! or than her talking tongues, 255

Or

Or opening mouths, and ever-listening ears.  
By night, thro' heaven's mid region, and the shade  
Of earth, she buzzing flies, nor ever sleep,  
With its soft slumberous weight, can close her eyes.  
Perch'd on the summit of some tower, by day, 260  
Or royal dome, she sits at constant watch,  
And mighty cities scares with panic fears.  
Alike tenacious she of right and wrong,  
Of truth and falsehood; makes it her delight  
The people's minds with various tales to fill, 205  
And things undone or done alike reports.  
That great Æneas, sprung from Trojan blood,  
Was by fair Dido chosen for her lord,  
And now, the winter long, they sleep their souls  
In pleasure's melting luxury, nor once 270  
Of their high stations think, but give the reins  
To lustful dalliance. This the shameless power,  
Detractions goddess, widely spread around.

To king Iarbas first she bends her course,  
With tales disturb'd him, and his rage inflam'd. 275  
From Ammon, and a nymph compress'd by force,  
Fair Garamantis, he his birth deriv'd.  
Thro' his wide realms a hundred stately fanes,  
A hundred altars he to Jove had rear'd,  
And fires eternal, and perpetual guards 280  
Had consecrated. Blood of victims slain  
Fatten'd the soil; the porches smil'd with flowers.  
Well nigh distracted at the bitter news,  
And fir'd to madness, he, as fame relates,  
Before the altars, and amid the shrines 285  
Of present powers, with hands to heaven uprais'd,  
A suppliant, thus the king of gods address'd.  
O Jupiter omnipotent, to whom  
The nation of Maurusia at their feasts,

On sumptuous beds reclin'd, libations pour 290  
Of Bacchus' choicest gifts — O hast thou seen  
These shameful deeds? or when thy red right arm  
The thunder darts, say, father! do we dread  
Thy power in vain? and are our souls appall'd  
By blind unmeaning fires, and empty sounds? 295  
A female fugitive, upon our coasts,  
Yon paltry city purchas'd with her gold,  
Was suffer'd here to build; we gave her lands  
To cultivate, and our own terms prescrib'd.  
Yes, she, disdainful of my proffer'd love, 300  
This new Æneas, partner of her throne,  
And of her bed receives: and he forsooth,  
This second Paris with his eunuch-train,  
A Lydian mitre ty'd beneath his chin,  
His hair with odours dropping, now enjoys 305  
The ravish'd spoil; while I your altars heap  
With gifts in vain, and boast an empty name..

While thus he pray'd, and grasp'd his altars, him  
Th' almighty heard; and his paternal eye  
Full on the city, and the royal pair, 310  
Forgetful of their better fame he turn'd:  
Then Hermes thus bespoke, and gave in charge  
His sovereign will — Go, son of Maia, go,  
The zephyrs wake, and on the wing descend;  
The Dardan leader, that now lingering wastes 315  
His hours at Carthage, and those nobler realms  
The fates have destin'd him with ease forgets,  
Address, and swiftly my great message bear.  
Not such a son, nor lost to shame like him,  
His beauteous mother promis'd; nor for this 320  
Twice rescu'd him from hostile Grecian arms:  
But one who should prove equal to the weight  
Of sovereign power, and fair Hesperia rule,

With



With etupire big, and raging now for war:  
One who might truly prove his high descent 325  
From Teucer's noble blood, and last reduce  
Beneath his guiding laws a world subdu'd.  
Tell him, that if no spark of glory fires  
His bosom to accomplish such high deeds,  
Nor for himself to work out such renown, 330  
Why should he to his son, Ascanius, grudge  
The Roman towers? what is it here he plans?  
What hopes he here amidst a hostile race,  
Nor his Ausonian progeny regards,  
Nor fair Lavinia's realm? This is the sum; 335  
So let him fail, bear you our high behest.

He said: and Hermes, to his fire's command  
Obedient, first the sandals on his feet,  
Those golden sandals ty'd, that with wing'd speed  
Bear him sublime o'er ocean, and o'er earth, 340  
Impetuous as the whirlwind's rapid wing.  
His rod he seizes next, of power to call  
From hell the bloodless ghosts; and others send  
To Tartarus profound. It slumbers gives  
By turns and takes away; and eyes in death 345  
Already cold and fix'd, again unseals.  
Provided thus he drives the winds, and sails  
The turbid clouds along. Now in mid flight  
The summit and the lofty sides he sees  
Of rocky Atlas, who the sky sustains: 350  
Of Atlas, round whose piny head is spread  
A constant night of vapours black and deep.  
With winds too and with frequent rains assail'd:  
Perpetual snow involves his shoulders broad;  
His horrid beard is rough with rigid ice, 355  
And from his hoary chin huge torrents roll.  
Here first on equal wing Cyllenius pois'd

Alights : hence, plunging headlong towards the sea  
His flight precipitates : as when a bird,  
Around the shores, around the fishy rocks 360  
Skims on his level wing ; so Hermes now,  
Descended from his mother's aged fire,  
Flies, softly borne along 'twixt earth and heaven,  
And cuts the winds and Lybia's sandy shore.  
And now the Tyrian hurts his feather'd feet 365  
No sooner touch'd, than he Æneas found  
Planning new towers, or changing houses built ;  
His sword, with yellow jasper starry-bright,  
Hung useless on his thigh ; and glowing deep  
With Tyrian purple, from his shoulders fell 370  
A splendid mantle, intermix'd with gold ;  
Work'd by fair Dido, and her liberal gift.  
The god attacks him — Art thou building here,  
Uxorious man, these Carthaginian walls ?  
This rising town ? ah ! of your own affairs, 375  
Of your own empire, all unmindful grown !  
The king of gods himself, the power whose nod  
Shakes earth and heaven, has sent me from his throne,  
Has bid me bear to thee his high commands.  
What art thou planning ? with what airy hopes 380  
Thy leisure wasting in this Lybian land ?  
But if no glory from illustrious deeds  
Can wake thy soul, nor for thy own renown  
Such noble labours thou wilt undertake ;  
Yet turn thy thoughts upon thy rising son, 385  
Thy heir, Iulus, to whose hopes are due  
Th' Italian empire, and the Roman world.  
'Thus having spoke, at once from mortal fight  
Cyllenis fled, and melted into air.

Æneas at the vision stood aghast ; 390

His hair with horror bristling, and his voice

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of sound and utterance. Deeply struck  
At this high warning, and the will of heaven,  
He burns impatient to be gone, and leave  
Th' intoxicating softness of this land. 395

What can he do, or with what blandishments  
Attempt alas! the queen's suspicious rage  
Gradual to sooth? or where his tale begin?  
His varying mind, within itself at war,  
Takes different sides, and rolls from thought to  
thought. 400

To him long pondering, this appears the best.  
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus bold,  
His chosen friends, he summons: bids them strait  
The fleet prepare in silence; to the shore  
Call down their fellows, and their arms prepare, 405

But of this sudden change the secret cause  
With care conceal: and he himself mean while,  
(Since gracious Dido nothing yet suspects,  
Nay thinks their loves indissolubly firm)  
Each kind access would try, attentive watch 410

The softest hour of speech on such a theme;  
And every art attempt of fit address,  
At once, and joyful all obey his will.

The queen (for who a lover can deceive)  
His fraud foresees and meditated flight, 415  
Her fortune fearing most, when most serene.

The same malicious fury to her ear  
Had brought the close equipment of their fleet,  
And that they stood prepar'd in haste to sail.

Now wild of soul she rages, now inflam'd, 420  
Roars a mad Bacchanal thro' every street;

Like these excited by the sacred rites  
Perform'd triennial to the god of wine,  
When mount Cytheron yells with nightly shouts.

At last her lover thus the queen upbraids. 425  
Perfidious! couldst thou hope from me to hide  
So great a crime? and thus by stealth escape  
From these my realms? that, nor thy plighted faith,  
Nor my true passion, nor the sad extreme  
On which thou seest a dying lover forc'd, 430  
Could hold thee here? but now, while wintry signs  
Prevail thro' heaven, your navy you prepare  
Inhuman! and are now, amid the rage  
Of northern blasts, on fire to dare the deep?  
What? if thou wert not bound for foreign shores 435  
And seats unknown; did antient Troy still stand,  
Say, wouldst thou seek that Troy thro' stormy seas?  
And risque the present horrors of the main?  
Me dost thou fly? — O by these streaming tears,  
And by thy own right hand (since these are all 440  
That to the wretch before thee now remain)  
O by our loves and hymeneal rites,  
If aught from thee my tenderness deserves,  
If e'er my grace was pleasing to thy soul,  
Have pity on my falling house, and yet, 445  
If prayers may yet have place, O let me beg  
That you would change this desperate resolve.  
For you alone the Lybian nations round,  
And tyrants of Numidia, nay my own,  
My own offended Tyrians hate my name. 450  
Yet more, for you I have shook hands with shame;  
That better fame, which rais'd me to the stars,  
Is gone, is lost for ever. Thou, my guest,  
Since for the husband that sole name remains,  
Say, canst thou thus forsake a dying queen? 455  
Why should I live till that destroying hand,  
Who slew his brother, lay these walls in dust?  
Or till Iarbas drag me hence a slave?

O that



O that at least, before thy cruel flight,  
Some young Æneas, offspring of our love, 460  
And image of his fire, with me remain'd,  
To play around my knees, I should not then  
Believe myself all ruin'd, all forlorn.

She said, But he, by Jove's high will compell'd,  
His eyes kept stedfast on the ground, and strove 465  
Within his breast his anguish to suppress.

Then thus in brief. The various favours heap'd  
Abundant on my head, which you, O queen,  
At large recount, I never will deny,  
Nor on the giver think, but with delight, 470  
While memory or life itself is mine.

My just defence is short. I never hop'd  
My meditated voyage to conceal,  
Which you pretend a flight; nor ever feign'd  
The torch of Hymen, nor beneath his yoke 475  
To bind myself by matrimonial ties.

Had fate permitted me to lead my life  
By my own wish, and sooth my many woes  
By my directed choice, the walls of Troy,  
And lov'd remains of my forefathers then 480  
Had claim'd my foremost care: then Priam's walls,  
And fallen Pergamus had been restor'd.

But Phœbus now, and Delphic oracles  
To Italy command my speedy way,  
My love is there, and there my country plac'd. 485

If you Phœnician-born, these rising walls,  
This Lybian city here with pleasure fix,  
Why should you grudge to us, from Troy deriv'd,  
Our destin'd seat in fair Ausonia's soil?

Or think our search of foreign shores unjust? 490  
My father's ghost, as oft as humid night  
Descending, bids the starry host appear,

Warns

Warns me in dreams, and with stern aspect frights.  
 My son too rises to my anxious thoughts,  
 That dearest child, whose hopes by loit'ring here 495  
 Of promis'd empire I too long defraud.  
 And now, but now, th' interpreter of heaven,  
 Dispatch'd by Jove himself, (whose deities  
 I invoke in witness to this truth)  
 Brought me thro' fleeting air the high behest. 500  
 I saw the god, in open light reveal'd,  
 Enter these walls: his voice too struck my ears.  
 Then cease, fair queen, with vain complaints like these  
 Yourself and me to vex: I do not seek  
 That Italy by choice. While thus he spoke, 505  
 Averse with silent anger and disdain,  
 Rolling her eyes around, she run him o'er  
 From head to foot, then thus indignant spoke.  
 No goddess was thy mother, nor art thou,  
 Perfidious! from high Dardanus deriv'd, 510  
 But, rough with flinty crags, rude Caucasus  
 Produc'd thee, and Hyrcanian tigers nurs'd.  
 For why should I my wrongs dissembling hide?  
 Or why myself to greater scorn reserve?  
 Did he once bend his eyes? could all my tears 515  
 Force from that rigid breast one pitying groan?  
 Has one soft drop descended from his cheek?  
 Or kind compassion sooth'd a lover's pain?  
 To which of these barbarities is due  
 The brutal preference? nor almighty Jove, 520  
 Nor Juno's self with equal eye regards  
 These horrid crimes. Fair faith is no where found.  
 Driven from his home, this starving fugitive,  
 Fool that I was, I hospitably lodg'd;  
 I took him in a partner of my throne: 525  
 His shatter'd fleet restor'd, his friends from death  
 Redeem'd

Redeem'd — Ah! whither does my fury drive!  
And now Apollo's oracle, and now  
The Lycian lots; now sent from highest Jove,  
Th' interpreter of gods, their dire commands 530  
Brings to his ears — O doubtless 'tis a task  
For heavenly powers, and they with cares like these  
Disturb the fair tranquillity of heaven!  
I nor detain thee, nor thy tale refuse.  
Go seek out Italy, pursue her realms 535  
Thro' winds and waves; but if heaven's justice aught  
Can yet perform, my vengeance will o'ertake,  
I hope at least, th' offender in mid seas,  
Dash'd on the hidden rocks; while oft he calls,  
And calls in vain on absent Dido's name. 540  
Tho' absent, arm'd with black avenging flames,  
I will pursue thee, and when chilling death  
Hath parted from these limbs the flying soul,  
My ghost in every place shall haunt thy steps.  
Yes impious wretch my wrongs shall be aveng'd; 545  
And fame shall sound it to my shade below.

She ended here abrupt, and sick of life,  
Flies heaven's fair light, impatient of his look;  
She leaves him lingering yet to plead his cause,  
And meaning still a thousand things to say. 550  
Th' attendants, as she faints into their arms,  
Sustain, and lay her on the marble couch.

But good Æneas, tho' he much desires  
By lenient speech to sooth the mourning fair,  
And calm her sorrows with the kindest sounds, 555  
Tho' deeply sighing, and thro' all his frame  
Shook by the tempest of all-powerful love,  
Yet heaven's high will he not the less obeys,  
Nor less his fleet revisits and repairs.  
Now all at once the Trojans urge their work 560

With

With ardent aim, and all at once their ships  
 Launch eager on the main: the keels, with pitch  
 Well smear'd, now swim at large, while all around,  
 Studious of flight, the sailors leafy oars,  
 And planks unfashion'd bear from neighbouring  
 woods.

565

Crouds pour on crouds thro' every street and gate.

As when some well-stor'd granary of corn,

Laborious ants, of winter provident,

Invading rob, and bear into their stores:

O'er all the plain the black battalion swarms,

570

And, thro' the narrow path their feet had worn

Along the grass, bear off their plunder'd prey:

A part the heavier grains push slow along,

Roll'd with their shoulders; while a part urge on

Their loit'ring troops, and punish all delay:

575

The path entire glows fervent with their toil.

What then O Dido, what were then thy thoughts

At sight of this! what home-felt sighs burst forth!

When from the turrets height thine eyes beheld

In one wild hurry all the crouded shore,

580

And all the main in deep commotion mix'd!

Relentless love! to what are mortal breasts

Impell'd by thee? Again she is reduc'd

To melt in tears away, again to try

The moving force of prayer, and humbly bend

585

Her pride of soul to love's imperious power;

That no resource, no remedy be left

Untry'd, and she, unhappy, die in vain.

Anna, thou seest what preparation swarms

O'er all the shore; and how they croud around

590

On every hand; e'en now their sails invite

The lingering gales; and with exulting haste

The mariners with garlands crown their ships.

A blow



A blow so fatal, could I have foreseen,  
I could have borne it! O this only boon, 595  
This last request, my dearest sister grant:  
For he, perfidious as he is, was wont  
To reverence thee, and trust with thee alone  
The secrets of his breast, thou only know'st  
Each kind approach that opens to his soul, 600  
And every softer season of address.  
Go then, and bend before this haughty foe;  
Intreat him humbly, tell him with thy tears,  
I ne'er, assistant to the arms of Greece,  
At Aulis swore the overthrow of Troy; 605  
I sent no fleet to Pergamus, nor e'er  
His father's ghost with impious hand disturb'd.  
Why then should his relentless ear deny  
Attention to my griefs? why all this haste  
Untimely? let him to a wretched queen, 610  
A dying lover, grant this last request:  
Let him but wait a better time for flight,  
And favouring winds. I now no more reclaim  
Our former nuptials: those he has betray'd;  
I wish not to deprive him of the realm 615  
He hopes in Italy; I only beg  
A little time, an interval from woe,  
A short recess from love's tormenting rage;  
Till fortune has subdu'd me to my griefs.  
This latest boon I crave; with pity hear 620  
Thy sister's sorrow: this one grace obtain'd,  
From farther cares my death shall set thee free.  
Thus pray'd she weeping; and these moving tears  
Her grieving sister to the hero bore.  
But he by all unmov'd, to prayers and tears 625  
Insensible remain'd. The fates withstand,  
And heaven itself shuts up his kinder ear.

As

As when from Alpine summits northern blasts  
Contending strive, which foremost shall uproot  
A mighty oak, more vigorous grown by years, 630  
With fierce assailing blasts; on every side  
The storm roars loud, and from each shatter'd branch  
The ground beneath with leaves is deeply strew'd:  
Fast to its rock th' assaulted tree adheres;  
For high as towards the clouds it towers aloft, 635  
So deep to hell its roots profoundly shoot.  
No less the Trojan with repeated plaints  
Is buffeted, and feels th' invading storm.  
Yet still, his soul unmov'd, tears flow in vain.

Then, shuddering at her fate, th' unhappy queen 640  
Calls loud on death, and loaths the light of heaven.  
To aid her fatal purpose she beholds,  
Dreadful to tell! as her unsparing hand  
Due offerings on the fuming altars laid,  
The sacred liquor blacken into mud, 645  
And wine pour'd forth convert to blood obscene.  
This sight, this prodigy of dire portent,  
To none, not even her sister she disclos'd!  
There rose besides within her palace walls  
A marble temple to her former lord, 650  
And long by her in highest honour held,  
With snow-white fleeces crown'd and festal flowers.  
From hence, when night involves the world in shade,  
Are voices heard, low whispering, as the call  
Of dead Sicheus; while on some high tower 655  
The solitary owl her funeral song  
Screams sad, and spins into a length of woe.  
Yet more; the oracles from prophets old  
With fearful warnings harrow up her soul.  
Æneas too, in threatening posture seen, 660  
Pursues her thro' her dreams; while still alone,

While

While still abandon'd to herself she seems,  
A long, long way walks solitary o'er,  
And seeks her Tyrians on a desert land.  
As when distracted Pentheus in his rage, 665  
Troops of pursuing furies at his heels,  
A double sun, and twofold Thebes beheld.  
Or as, upon the tragic scene display'd,  
Orestes from before his mother flies,  
With firebrands arm'd, and black and threat'ning  
snakes, 670  
Whilst vengeful furies guard and bar the door.

When therefore by despair and grief subdu'd,  
She form'd her mortal purpose, fix'd to die,  
The time, the manner, she in secret laid;  
And thus bespoke her sister; while her aim 675  
With care she hid, and hope seren'd her brow.  
Joy, give your sister joy, who late has found  
A way to bring him back, or from his chains  
For ever to set free a lover's heart.

Where the sun sets, and utmost ocean ends,  
The farthest bounds of Æthiopia lies;  
There mighty Atlas on his shoulders bears  
Heaven's axis, starr'd with ever-burning lights,  
From thence a priestess, of Massylian race,  
Who watch'd th' Hesperian temple, who prepar'd 685  
Food for its dragon, and with care preserv'd  
The golden apples of the sacred tree,  
Infusing liquid honey in his cates,  
And poppies slumberous juice, was pointed out  
To my regard. And she each love-sick mind, 690  
If such her pleasure is, by power of song  
Now promises from all its pangs to free,  
Or others plunge alike in bitter cares.  
'Tis hers to stop the headlong current's force,  
And retrogade the stars: beneath her feet 695

The

The ground is heard to groan, and from their hills  
At her command the mountain-ash descends.  
By heaven, and by thy dearest self I swear,  
O sister! that reluctant I address  
Myself to magic arts. But go, erect, 700  
With silent secrecy, a funeral pile  
In open air, but most retir'd from view:  
There place those arms the traitor left behind  
In my apartment; and the nuptial bed  
On which I was undone, above them lay. 705  
The priestess bids, commands me to destroy  
Each relique of this execrable man.  
She said no more: but all at once her face  
A deadly pale o'erspread. Yet not for this  
Suspected Anna that her sister's thought, 710  
Pretending sacred rites, was fix'd on death;  
Or that such fury had possess'd her soul,  
Nor dreading worse than when Sicheus dy'd;  
Officious she obeys the queen's commands.  
But Dido, in her inner court, and plac'd 715  
Beneath the cope of heaven, a mighty pyre  
Erects, of pitch trees, and cleft oaks compos'd;  
Surrounds the place with garlands, and above  
Crowns with funereal wreaths. On these she lays  
His clothes, the sword behind him left by chance 720  
And in his bed his image; all prepar'd  
To meet the dreadful future. Altars round  
Rise frequent; whilst, with loose dishevell'd hair,  
The priestess thundering calls three hundred gods,  
Chaos and Erebus, the triple form 725  
Of Hecate, or Dian's threefold name;  
Water, pretended from Avernus' lake,  
She pours abroad, and brings, by moon-light mow'd  
With brazen sickles, herbs of various power,

Exuberant



Exuberant with juice of poisons dire : 730

The fleshy knot too of a new-born colt,  
Torn from its forehead, and the mother's love,  
Diverted thus, is added to the heap.

The dying queen herself with one foot bare,  
And robe loose flowing by the altars plac'd, 735

With pious hands that held the salted cake,  
Calls all the gods, and every conscious star,  
As witnesses of her impending fate,

And if there be a power, whose care extends  
To lovers in unequal union bound, 740

That power she calls to aid her, and avenge.

'Twas night, and weary animals enjoy'd  
Refreshing sleep o'er all the silent globe ;

Hush'd were the woods, and hush'd the raging seas ;  
And rolling stars their middle course had reach'd ; 745

Thro' every field the depth of silence reign'd ;

The beasts, the painted birds, and those who range

The liquid lakes, or roam the forests wide,

All hid in darkness, with the balm of sleep,

Sooth'd every care, and every toil forgot. 750

Not so th' unhappy queen ; she never sleeps

Her cares in rest ; or in her eyes, or breast

The night receives. Her cares redoubling roll,

And love again arising, with new tide

Pours all its various tempests through her heart, 755

That fluctuates wild with these discordant thoughts.

What shall I do ? abandon'd thus and scorn'd,

Shall I to former lovers have recourse ?

Shall I a suppliant seek Numidian lords,

Those husbands I so often have disdain'd ? 760

Or follow with spread sails the Trojan fleet,

And humbly bend me to their proud commands ?

Yes ! for I lent them needful aid, and find

My

My kindness in their gratitude repaid!  
 But grant I should, which of that generous band 765  
 Would second my design? would yet receive  
 Within his haughty ship a wretch despis'd?  
 A wretch indeed! and art thou yet to learn  
 The falsehoods of Laomedon's proud race?  
 But what? shall I by flight alone attend 770  
 The triumph of those sailors, or pursue,  
 Accompany'd with all my Tyrian bands,  
 And those who hardly from Sidonian walls  
 But late I drew, again command to sea,  
 And bid them spread their sails before the wind? 775  
 No die; 'tis thy due lot, and by the sword  
 Escape from future pain. Thou, sister, thou  
 Won by my tears, first to the foe expos'd  
 My raging breast, and loaded with these woes.  
 Why could I not, exempt from wedded love, 780  
 Like wiser animals, without a crime,  
 Have pass'd my days in peace, nor known these cares?  
 The faith I promis'd to Sicheus' shade,  
 Bitter reflection! has been ill observ'd.

Whilst these deep complaints burst eager from her  
 breast, 785

Æneas in his lofty cabin laid,  
 Secure of sailing, snatch'd a short repose.  
 When lo! again in sleep, before his eyes  
 The god returning stood, and seem'd again  
 To warn him of his fate; in all his form 790  
 Assimulating Hermes; in his voice,  
 Complexion, yellow locks, and youthful grace  
 That turn'd and polish'd every limb, the same.  
 Say, goddess-born; surrounded as you are  
 With various perils, can you sleep indulge, 795  
 Insensate? nor the threaten'd dangers see?  
 Dost thou not hear propitious zephyrs blow?

Resolv'd

Resolv'd on death, she rolls some dire deceit,  
Some dreadful guilt within her secret breast,  
That heaves tempestuous with the varying tide 800  
Of fury and revenge. And wilt thou not  
Whilst flight is in thy power, that flight at once  
Precipitate? but now, and thou shalt see  
The face of ocean ruffled with her ships,  
Her firebrands blaze, and all these shores around 805  
Glow red with flames, if morning finds thee here.  
Up, and fly instant. Levity and change  
Are woman's attributes. He said at once,  
And mingled with the darkness of the night.

Then, then Æneas with the vision struck, 810  
Starts up from sleep, and rouses all his friends:  
Wake, wake companions, each man to his oar;  
Unfurl your sails: a messenger from heaven  
Warns you to speed your flight, your cables cut,  
And strait be gone, again he has been here. 815  
O sacred power! whoe'er thou art, thy will  
Implicit we obey, thy high command  
With pleasure execute. Be present then  
With gracious aid, and light up stars on high,  
Propitious to our course! he said, unsheath'd 820  
His flaming sword, and cut the cable thro'.  
Like ardour warms them all; they rush, they seize  
Each implement; the shores are left, the sea  
Is cover'd with their ships: they dash the foam  
With every nerve, and eager sweep the flood. 825

Aurora now Tithonus' saffron couch  
Forfaking, had thro' heaven and earth diffus'd  
Her new-born light. Soon as th' unresting queen  
From her watch-tower the brightening dawn beheld,  
The shore deserted, and with equal sails 830  
The Trojan fleet at distance; thrice she struck

Her

Her beauteous breast, and tore her golden hair.  
 O Jove! and shall he thus escape, she cry'd?  
 A stranger mock my power in my own realms?  
 Will they not fly to arms? from every gate 835  
 These fugitives pursue? while others launch  
 My vessels from the dock. Arise, away,  
 Bring fire, your canvas spread, bend every oar.  
 What do I say? where am I? what new rage  
 Distracts and turns my brain? unhappy queen! 840  
 Thy wretched fate now first has touch'd thy soul.  
 It would have then become thee when thy power  
 Thou blindly didst resign. See now the hand,  
 The plighted faith, yes, see the pious man  
 Who with himself, as babbling fame relates, 845  
 His country gods durst rescue from the flames,  
 And on his shoulders bore his aged fire!  
 Ah! could I not have torn him limb from limb,  
 And strew'd them on the waves? have stabb'd his  
 friends,  
 His very son too, with my vengeful steel, 850  
 And serv'd him up a banquet for his fire?  
 Th' attempt, the dire attempt perhaps had been  
 Of doubtful issue? grant, it so had prov'd,  
 Thus fix'd to die, what had I else to fear?  
 I might have hurl'd my firebrands thro' their  
 camp; 855  
 Their decks have fill'd with flames; the son, the fire,  
 With all their race extinguish'd; and at last  
 Myself have stabb'd upon the bleeding heaps!  
 All-seeing Juno! and mighty Juno! thou  
 Interpreter, and conscious of my woes; 860  
 Thou Hecate! whose dreadful name is yell'd  
 Thro' midnight streets; avenging furies too!  
 And you, Eliza's tutelary gods!  
 O hear a dying queen, your power exert

In



In righteous punishment of guilt, and last 865  
Assenting hearken to a wretch's pray'r.  
If 'tis decreed this impious man must reach  
His destin'd port in safety, if the will  
Of Jove has order'd this determin'd end :  
Yet curs'd with wars, and harass'd by the arms 870  
Of unsubmitting nations ; banish'd far  
From his own realms, torn from the lov'd embrace  
Of his Iulus, let him beg for aid,  
But beg in vain ; let him behold with dread  
The deaths untimely of his fastest friends : 875  
And when to terms of an unequal peace  
He bends his neck, nor realm, nor heaven's fair light  
Let him enjoy, but fall before his hour,  
Fall ! and unburied in the dust remain !  
This is my wish, and these the latest prayers 880  
That now to heav'n I pour out with my blood.  
His kindred then, and all his future race,  
O Tyrians, with immortal hate pursue,  
And to my shade that grateful tribute pay.  
May never love, nor league of friendship bind 885  
These hostile nations : from my ashes late  
Some great avenger of my wrongs arise,  
And unrelenting scourge this Trojan race  
With fire, with sword, with every plague of war :  
Now, and in all times hence, as strength may back  
Proffer'd occasion, thus I imprecate : 891  
That shores to shores, that seas to seas, and arms  
To lifted arms, may ever stand engag'd  
In mortal opposition : they, and theirs,  
In one eternal war be still involv'd ! 895  
She said, and roll'd a thousand varying thoughts,  
The hated light how soonest to forsake.  
Then shortly thus *Sichæus' nurse* bespoke,  
Her own the grave had long contain'd. Go, friend,

Call my beloved sister, bid her haste, 900  
And with the limpid current sprinkle o'er  
Her body, then the destin'd victims bring.  
And expiations due. So let her come.  
And you with holy fillets crown your head,  
The sacrifices, which to Stygian Jove 905  
I have prepar'd, must be accomplish'd now;  
Such is my will, and thus I mean to end  
My tedious cares, and to the flames commit  
The image of the Dardan chief. She said;  
And Barce, with the care of anxious age, 910  
Sped swift along her weak and tott'ring steps.  
But wild, and shivering at her dire design,  
Rolling her blood-streak'd eyes, her quivering cheeks  
Spread horrible with spots, the furious queen,  
Pale with the prospect of impending death, 915  
Ascends the funeral pile, the Dardan sword,  
A present never meant for such an use  
Unsheaths—And here while on the Trojan robe,  
And well-known couch she fix'd her ardent eye,  
Pausing a space, a space dissolv'd in tears, 920  
She threw her body on the bed; and spoke  
These last, these dying words—Ye dear remains,  
While heaven and fate permitted, now receive  
This fleeting life, and free me from my cares.  
Yes; I have liv'd; have finish'd that career 925  
Which fortune had allotted; and my ghost  
Shall now with glory to the shades descend.  
A stately city I have rais'd, and seen  
My walls arise; my husband have reveng'd  
On his perfidious brother—Ah! how blest, 930  
How more than happy, had this Trojan fleet  
Ne'er landed on my shores! She said; and press'd  
Her lips against the couch—And shall we die  
Thus unreveng'd? But let us die! she cried,

Yes

Yes thus, even thus, I seek the shades with joy. 935

Now let the cruel Dardan feast his eyes

From ocean with these flames, and bear along,

Wheree'er he sails, this omen of my fate.

She said: her struck attendants saw from far

Their mistress fallen, her arms distended wide, 940

And streaming with her blood the fatal sword.

Loud clamours shake the vaulted roofs around:

And fame runs raging thro' th' affrighted town:

With female shrieks and lamentations loud

The houses ring, and Æther wide resounds. 945

As if all Carthage now, or antient Tyre,

A prey to hostile bands, were sunk and lost;

And all the tide of fierce devouring flames

O'er dwellings both of gods and men were roll'd.

Fainting her sister heard the news, and rush'd, 950

With trembling steps, distracted thro' the croud;

Tearing her face, and with repeated blows

Her breast deforming, calling oft by name

On her expiring sister. Did you then

Deceive me thus by meditated fraud? 955

This pyre, these fires and altars, were they then

With such intent prepar'd? Abandon'd thus,

What shall I first complain of? And in death

Couldst thou a sister's fellowship despise?

Hadst thou but call'd me to partake thy fate, 960

One hour, one grief, one steel had sped us both.

O with these hands did I this pile erect,

Invoke our country gods, and then at last,

Inhuman, leave thee in this mortal hour.

Ah sister! by this deed thou hast involv'd 965

Thyself and me, thy people and thy town,

And Tyrian fathers in one common fate.

Bring, bring me, that I yet with living streams

May bath her wounds; and if the latest breath

Yet hovers on her lips, that I with mine 970  
May catch it and expire. She said; she mounts  
The summit of the pile, within her arms,  
Deep-groaning press'd the dying queen, and dry'd  
The livid blood officious with her robe.  
Her heavy eyelids Dido strove to raise, 975  
But died again away: th' imprinted wound  
A hissing sound beneath her bosom sends.  
Thrice, on her elbow leaning, she assay'd  
Herself to raise; thrice fell upon the bed,  
And fought with haggard eyes the light of heaven;  
Found it, and groan'd. Almighty Juno then 981  
In pity to her tedious length of woes,  
And painful exit, from high heaven dismiss'd  
The faithful Iris, to dissolve at once  
The union of her agonising soul 985  
And mortal frame; for as she neither fell  
By fate's appointment, nor a death deserv'd,  
But died untimely by the rage of love,  
To madness fir'd, stern Proserpine as yet  
Her yellow lock had not cut off, nor doom'd 990  
Her head a victim to the Stygian shades.  
The dewy Iris then with saffron wing,  
And from the adverse sun a thousand gay,  
A thousand various colours o'er the sky  
Drawing along, flew down, and o'er her head 995  
Stood hovering: and this fatal lock, she said,  
To Dis devoted, I, as order'd, bear,  
And from this body set thee ever free.  
Thus having spoke, she sever'd from the head,  
With her right-hand, the sacred lock; at once  
All vital heat evanish'd into air.





# ÆNEID.

## BOOK V.



MEAN while, Æneas, with the fleet secure  
His course continued thro' the bay, and cut  
Waves black with northern blasts; oft look-  
ing back

Upon the city, shining with the flames  
Of miserable Dido; tho' the cause  
Lay hid, which such a conflagration rais'd; 5  
Yet desperate grief for violated love,  
And what in rage a furious woman dares,  
Well known, a melancholy omen thence  
The Trojans drew. As soon as the main sea 10  
The navy held, and no where any land  
Appear'd, but all around was sea and sky;  
A threatening cloud stood o'er his head, with night  
And tempests fraught: the gloom more dreadful made  
The sea. The pilot from the lofty stern, 15  
Sage Palinurus, cries; ah! wherefore now  
Rise in the heavens these scowling storms? or what,

O father Neptune, does thy power intend?  
This said, he gives command to furl the sails,  
And strenuously exert the oars: then turns 20  
Oblique the canvass to the wind; and says,  
Magnanimous Æneas, not if Jove  
Himself should promise, could I hope to reach,  
With such a sky th' Italian shores; the winds  
Each other fierce oppose, and from the west, 25  
Gloomy and black, more furious rise; the air  
Is wholly into clouds condens'd. In vain  
We strive against the storm our course to hold.  
Since fortune overcomes let us obey,  
And where she calls our way direct. Not far. 30  
The friendly shores of Eryx, and the ports  
Of Sicily I judge, if I the stars,  
Before observ'd, re-measure right again.

The pious chief replies. That so the winds  
Have long requir'd I see, and that in vain 34  
You now oppose them, change your course and sails.  
Can any land more grateful be, or where  
I rather would my shatter'd ships rest,  
Than that wherein Acestes holds his sway,  
And in whose bosom rest Anchises' bones? 40  
This said, they make for port; and favouring winds  
Expand their sails: the fleet is carried swift  
By the consenting waves; the well-known shores  
At length with acclamations they discern.  
But when the coming of the friendly fleet, 45  
Acestes from the summit of a hill,  
Far off descried, to meet them he proceeds,  
Dress'd in a lion's spoils, with javelins arm'd.  
A Trojan lady to a river god,  
Crimisus, this king bore; but of his friends 50  
He not unmindful, their return with joy

Con-

Congratulates, and on the homely turf  
Receives them, and with friendly aid relieves.

When first with orient ray the next fair morn  
The stars had chas'd, Æneas all his friends, 55

Dispers'd along the shores, together call'd,  
And, on a mount of turf ascending, spake.

O great Dardanians from celestial blood  
Deriv'd, an annual revolution now

Progressive months have ran, since first the bones 60  
And sacred relics of my fire we laid

In earth, and here sepulchral altars rais'd.  
And now, if I am not deceiv'd, the day

Once more returns, which I shall ever hold,  
So fate ordains, most mournful, most rever'd. 65

This day, were I in distant exile sent  
To the Getulian Syrtes, or aboard

The Grecian fleet, or in Mycenæ kept  
A prisoner, yearly would I celebrate

With vows, and solemn shows, in long array, 70  
And heap the altars with oblations due.

Now of our own accord that here we stand,  
Before the bones and ashes of my fire,

Which not by chance could happen, but by will  
And sacred influence of the gods, that we 75

These friendly ports have enter'd; therefore come  
All chearful join this sacrifice to make:

Let us from him intreat propitious winds,  
And that each year in temples to him rais'd,

Our city built, these rites I may renew. 80  
Two oxen to each ship Acestes gives;

Your gods, and those he worships, to your feasts  
Invite; and if the ninth returning morn,

To mortals usher in a day serene,  
And

And open by her beams the world to view, 85  
The first essay of skill shall be of ships  
That fleetest sail; next he who, swift of foot,  
Excels, and he, confiding in his strength,  
With more expertness can the javelin dart,  
Or wing the feather'd shaft, or dares to wage 90  
The combat, with the pond'rous Cestus arm'd.  
Let all be present, and expect rewards  
Of prizes well deserv'd. All in applause  
Consenting join, and crown their brows with leaves.  
This said, with myrtle leaves, to Venus dear, 95  
His brows he veil'd, the sage Acestes too,  
With young Ascanius, Helymus, and all  
The youthful train, their heads with myrtle crown'd.  
He from th' assembly to the sepulchre  
Strait went, attended by a band of friends, 100  
Follow'd by thousands: two large goblets there  
With Bacchus pure replete, two with new milk,  
And two with blood of victims, on the ground  
He emptied for libations, with due rites,  
And scatter'd purple flowers, and thus he spake 105  
Hail holy fire! paternal ashes hail!  
In vain restor'd again; and thou, blest shade!  
With thee alas! 'twas not allow'd t' explore  
Th' Italian shores, nor destin'd lands, nor view  
Ausonian Tiber, wherefoe'er it flows. 110  
He scarce had said, when a huge serpent strait  
Seven winding folds, seven ample circles drew  
Out of earth's deep recesses, and the tomb  
Embracing gently o'er the altars slid.  
Bright azure mark'd his back, his burnish'd scales  
A splendor intermix'd with gold, adorn'd. 116  
So in the clouds a thousand various hues

The



The show'ry arch from th' adverse sun receives.  
In deep amazement lost, Æneas stood.  
The serpent then, to length enormous stretch'd, 120  
Gliding among the jars, and polish'd cups,  
The viands gently touch'd, and strait again  
Down to the bottom of the tomb retir'd  
Innoxious, and the tasted altars left.

So much the more the sacrifice begun 125  
Æneas joyful hasten'd, tho' in doubt,  
Whether it were the genius of the place,  
Or else a servant to attend his fire;  
Five fleecy lambs of two years old he slew,  
As many heifers, black along their chines; 130  
As many swine, and pour'd upon the ground  
The streaming wine-oblations, and invok'd  
The soul of great Anchises, and his shade  
Releas'd from Acheron. Nor less his friends  
Each in proportion to his substance, bring 135  
Gladly their gifts, and heap the sacred shrines;  
And slay the heifers: some in order range  
The brazen pots, and o'er the smoking fields  
The spits with fire supply, and th' entrails roast.

Th' expected day now came, and the ninth morn  
The steeds of Phaeton serene brought on. 141  
Fame, and Acestes's renown had brought  
The neighbouring people; they fill'd all the shore,  
In chearful multitudes, eager to see  
The Trojans; part, the prizes to dispute 145  
Prepar'd. Amid the circus first the gifts  
Appear'd in order rang'd; palms, verdant crowns,  
Arms, tripods, purple vests, talents of gold,  
And silver; to the victors meet rewards:  
And trumpets shrill proclaim the games begun. 150

Four ships selected out of all the fleet,  
 Equal with heavy oars, the first dispute  
 Begin. The rapid whale, with rowers brisk  
 Mnestheus conducts, Italian Mnestheus soon,  
 First founder of the Memmian family, 155  
 The huge Chymæra Gyas bore; the work  
 Of a whole city, her the Dardan youth  
 Impel, with rowers plac'd in triple rank:  
 The oars in triple order gradual rise.  
 Of the huge centaur was Sergestus chief, 160  
 From whence the Sergian house derive their name;  
 And the green Scylla great Cloanthus bore,  
 From whom Cluentius, first thy origin  
 Proceeds. A rock against the foaming shores,  
 Lies far in sea, beat by the swelling waves, 165  
 And sometimes cover'd, when the north-west blasts  
 Obscure the stars; in times serene unvext;  
 An ample plain it seems, and to sea-fowl  
 A place delightful, basking in the sun.  
 Æneas here, of verdant oak, a mark 170  
 Erected for the sailors, as a guide  
 From whence they should return, and round direct  
 In long circumference their winding course.  
 By lot they take their places; on the poops  
 The chiefs, with purple glittering and with gold 175  
 Conspicuous stand, the rest with poplar wreaths  
 Their temples bind, and shining oil is pour'd  
 Upon their naked shoulders. On the banks  
 They take their seats, and with extended arms  
 Gripe fast their oars; the signal they intent 180  
 Await: and eager with the thirst of praise  
 Their hearts exulting swell; by turns contract  
 With chilling fear. Now when the trumpet shrill  
 The signal gave, all from their stations start

With.

Without delay; the naval clamour strikes 185  
The vault of heaven: upturn'd by strength of arms  
The billows foam; they equal furrows cut;  
The sea with oars and prows divided gapes.  
Not with such violence from the barriers rush,  
Nor so precipitate fly o'er the plain 190  
The chariots in the circus; not so keen  
The charioteers, shaking the loosen'd reins,  
The horses at full speed press on, and hang  
Prone o'er the sounding lash. With loud applause,  
And clamours of the multitude confus'd, 195  
And eagerness of the abettors ring  
The woods around; the voices pent within  
Roll down the winding shores; struck with the noise  
The hills resound. Gyas before the rest,  
Amid th' applauses of the shouting croud, 200  
Flies o'er the glassy sea. Cloanthus next,  
In oars excelling, follows; but the weight  
Of his unwieldly ship his course retards.  
The Whale and Centaur next ambitious strive  
To gain the van; the Whale now foremost steers, 205  
And now the Centaur passes her, and both  
Together now their equal prows advance,  
And with long keels the briny waves divide;  
The rock they now approach'd, and reach'd the goal.  
When Gyas, first and Victor, in mid sea, 210  
Mencætes, pilot of his ship, bespoke.  
Where to the right so much? This way your course  
Direct, nor fly the strand, but row beside  
The left-hand rocks with shaving oar, the main  
Let others fearful keep. But he afraid 215  
Of the hid rocks, declining flood to sea.  
Where wandering do you go? Again the rocks,  
Gyas exclaim'd aloud, Mencætes seek:

And strait behold Cloanthus pressing close,  
Holding the shortest course, behind, he saw:  
Betwixt the sounding rocks and Gyas' ship, 220  
More inward on the left he shot, and soon  
His rival pass'd, then turning from the goal  
The safer seas obtain'd. Excessive grief  
And anger seiz'd the youth, nor were his cheeks 225  
With tears unmoisten'd, and Menœtes slow,  
His dignity, and safety of his men  
Forgetting, headlong from the helm he threw.  
He, pilot, to the steerage went himself,  
Himself the master, and the rudder turn'd 230  
Direct for shore, enouraging his men.  
But now Menœtes, slow with age, at length  
With difficulty emerging from the deep,  
His vestments dripping wet, swims to the rock,  
And on its summit safe repos'd himself. 235  
The scoffing Trojans ridicul'd his fall,  
His swimming in the flood, and from his breast  
The briny draughts discharging. Full of joy,  
Here Mnestheus and Sergestus, the two last,  
Fresh hopes conceive Gyas to overcome, 240  
Retarded thus. Sergestus gets before,  
And to the rock approaches: yet not first,  
The whole ship's length preceding, part before;  
By the Whale's prow, his rival, part was press'd.  
But Mnestheus, walking up and down his ship, 245  
The rowers thus encourages: now, now  
Hector's companions, whom I chose for mine,  
At Troy's last fatal hour, apply your oars;  
Now exercise that strength, those spirits now,  
Which you in the Gætulian fyrtes shew'd, 250  
And in th' Ionian sea, and rapid waves  
Of Malea's stormy cape. Now Mnestheus aims

Not



Not to be first, nor strives to overcome:  
Altho' O that!—but let those gain the prize  
Whom Neptune hath so favour'd. Last of all 255  
'Twere shameful to return. This foul disgrace,  
Companions hinder and surmount. They strive  
With all their might: even to its keel below  
The vessel trembles with the thundering strokes:  
The distance flies diminish'd. Want of breath 260  
Their arid jaws, and limbs convulsive shake.  
Sweat flows in rivulets. When chance itself  
The wish'd for honour unexpected brought.  
For whilst Sergestus furious urges on,  
With shortest cut, his prow towards the goal, 265  
Steering his course too narrow, on the rocks  
Projecting he unhappy stuck: the stones  
Were shook, and oars, dash'd on the sharper points.  
Crack'd into shivers; and the wounded prow  
Suspended hung. The sailors rise, and stop 270  
With loud uproar, and iron spikes apply,  
And poles with sharpen'd points, and gather up,  
Floating upon the surge, the broken oars.  
But Mnestheus joyful, and with the success  
Itself more eager, with his chosen band 275  
Of rowers, every breeze invoking seeks  
The placid seas, and sails in th' open main.  
As when a dove by sudden noise arous'd  
From her repose, whose nest and darling young  
In rocky caverns lie, flying escapes 280  
Into the fields, and by the sudden fright  
Her habitation makes rebound with clang  
Of fluttering pinions; soon in purer air,  
She cuts her liquid way, nor moves her wings.  
So Mnestheus, so the whale cleaves in her flight 285  
The distant seas; the motion first impress'd

Alone,

Alone, so flying carries her along.  
And first he leaves Sergestus, struggling hard  
With rocks and shallows, and imploring aid  
In vain, and trying how with broken oars 290  
To row. Then Gyas in the monster huge  
He follows close; she yields because bereft  
Of her conductor. Now alone remains  
Cloanthus near the goal: him he pursues,  
And presses hard, exerting all his might. 295  
The shouts redouble, all incite him then  
With joyful acclamations, and the air  
With the loud noise resounds. Not to retain  
Their fair renown and reputation got,  
These a most high indignity conceive, 300  
And for their fame their lives would gladly yield.  
Those are encourag'd by success: they're sure  
To overcome, because they deem it sure.  
And they, it may be, had with equal prowess  
Divided the rewards; if to the sea 305  
Cloanthus, both his hands extending wide,  
Had not devoutly pray'd, and call'd the gods  
To aid. Ye gods, who rule the main, whose seas  
I sail, before your altars, on this shore,  
A milk-white bull I'll place, oblig'd by vow, 310  
And cast his entrails on the briny waves,  
And copious pour the purest wine. He said,  
And under the deep waves the Nereid quire,  
And those of Phorcus, and the virgin fair,  
Parthenopea, heard him; and himself 315  
Father Portunus, with a mighty hand  
Impell'd the flying ship: than the north wind,  
Or rapid arrow swifter far, she flies  
To land, and anchor'd in the spacious port.

Th'assembly summon'd, as in antient times,  
Æneas then Cloanthus' conqueror  
By Merald's voice resounding loud declares,  
And crowns his temples with a laurel wreath.  
And to the fleet three chosen bulls, and wine  
He gives; of silver too a talent great:  
But on the chiefs more splendid gifts bestow'd.  
A golden mantle was the victor's prize,  
Round which a double border deeply wavy'd  
Of Melibæan purple; and the boy,  
Of royal lineage, in embroidery,  
Upon the woody top of Ida's mount,  
Eager the nimble stags with darts and chase  
Pursues; panting he seems; whom, swift of wing,  
Jove's thunder-bearer darting down, on high  
Snatch'd in his crooked talons, whilst in vain  
His hoary guardians stretch their arms to heaven,  
And dogs with furious barkings rage. To him  
Who in desert obtain'd the second place,  
A coat of mail, thick sow'd with rings of gold,  
Of triple plaited wire, he gave, which he  
In combat from Demoleus won of old,  
Near rapid Simois' stream by Ilium high,  
An ornament and safeguard; Phegeus scarce,  
And Sagaris, his servants, could upheave  
The ponderous burthen: but Demoleus arm'd  
Therewith the scatter'd Trojans chas'd in flight.  
Two brazen caldrons wide, and silver cups,  
With rising sculpture grac'd, the third reward  
He makes. And thus all recompenc'd, and proud  
With riches, they in order stately march'd  
Along, their heads with purple fillets crown'd.  
When from the pointed rock, with greatest art,  
Sergestus, disentangled scarce, with loss

Of oars, despoil'd of one rank wholly; work'd  
His ship, with ridicule and foul disgrace. 355  
As when a serpent unawares is caught  
Crossing a road, o'er whom a brazen wheel  
Passes oblique; or whom a passenger  
With heavy stones half dead and mangled leaves;  
Long wreaths in vain he with his body twists 360  
Attempting to escape; part formidable,  
With eyes emitting flames, and hissing neck  
Sublime erecting; part, lame with the wound,  
Weaving intangled circles, and involving  
Itself in its own members is detain'd. 365  
With such endeavours slowly mov'd the ship,  
Yet sail'd, and with full sails the harbour gain'd.  
Howe'er Æneas, that the ship was safe  
Rejoicing, and the rowers all return'd,  
Sergestus honours with the promis'd gift. 370  
A female slave, and not unskill'd in works  
Invented by Minerva's skill, by birth  
A Cretan, Pholoe by name, with twins  
Yet sucking at her breast, to him is given.  
Æneas, this contention ended, goes 375  
Into a verdant plain, with woods inclos'd  
And sloping hills; which in the lower vale  
A natural cirque theatrical compos'd;  
In which the hero ent'ring, in the midst  
Of many thousands, took his seat high rais'd. 380  
Here by rewards all those who to contend  
In the swift race are willing, he invites,  
And the rewards declares. From every part  
The Trojans and Sicilians mix'd convene.  
Euryalus and Nisus first. For bloom 385  
Of youth, Euryalus, and beauteous form;

Nisus,



Nisus, for pious friendship to the boy,  
Most eminent. Diore follow'd these,  
Of Priam's royal lineage; Salius him,  
And Patron; he from Acarnania came, 390  
This from Arcadia of Tegæan blood.  
Then Elymus and Panopes, two youths  
Of Sicily, of old Acestes friends,  
And to the hardships of the chase inur'd :  
And many more whom fame obscure conceals. 395  
Whom then amidst, Æneas thus bespake.  
Careful attend, my purpose joyful hear :  
None unrewarded shall from hence depart.  
Two Cretan javelins, bright with polish'd steel;  
A battle-ax with silver ornaments, 400  
By each competitor shall be receiv'd.  
To the three first, rewards besides, and crowns  
Of yellow olive shall their temples bind.  
The first, a horse with splendid trappings grac'd;  
The next an Amazonian quiver, charg'd 405  
With Thracian arrows, from the shoulder hung  
By a broad belt of gold, and fasten'd close  
By a round gem; the third shall be content  
This argive helmet for his part to take.  
This said, they take their places; and forthwith 410  
The signal heard, at once they lightly bound  
Beyond the barrier, and together start,  
Forth rushing like a tempest, all at once  
Fixing their eyes upon the distant goal.  
First Nisus springs, and far before the rest 415  
Flies, swifter than the winds, or lightning wing'd.  
Next him, but next with a long interval,  
Salius proceeds: then, a short space between,  
Euryalus the third: and Elymus  
Follows Euryalus; and after him 420  
Behold

Behold Diorez flies, and touches light  
His heel with his, incumbent o'er his side;  
And had the course been longer would have pass'd,  
Or left in ambiguity the claim.  
They weary now, almost the utmost space 425  
Had reach'd, the goal itself, when Nisus slip'd,  
Unhappy, on the blood of oxen slain  
By chance for sacrifices, which the ground  
And verdant grass had moisten'd. Here the youth  
Exulting victor now, his tottering steps 430  
Could not assure, but on the filthy slime  
And sacred blood, prone to the ground he fell.  
Nor of Euryalus, nor of his love  
Unmindful was he, but himself oppos'd  
To Salius, rising on the slippery ground; 435  
He too falls rolling on the greasy soil.  
Euryalus springs forward, and obtains  
By his friend's aid the foremost place, and mid  
The loud applauses of th' assembly flies.  
Next Elymus; Diorez, Victor third 440  
Arrives. But Salius here with clamours tires  
All the spectators met in that great vale,  
And the grave senators, demanding back  
The prize, of which by fraud he was bereft.  
Favour, and tears, becoming in distress, 445  
And virtue, fairer in a beauteous form,  
Protect Euryalus. And loud protests  
Diorez, who the third reward pretends,  
And would be disappointed, if the first  
To Salius were adjudg'd. Æneas then: 450  
O youths, unalterable shall remain  
Your prizes, none the order shall disturb;  
But of an innocent deserving friend  
Let me commiserate the sad mischance.

This

This said; he Salius gave th' enormous hide 455  
Of a Gætulian lion, with gold claws  
Weighty and shaggy hairs. Then Nisus said;  
If to the conquer'd such rewards are given,  
And you commiserate the fallen, what gifts,  
Worthy of Nisus, will you give to me, 460  
Who the first laurel had acquir'd with praise,  
If the same adverse fortune had not frown'd  
On me, that did on Salius? And with this  
He shew'd his limbs, and visage all besmear'd  
With the moist slime. The best of princes smil'd, 465  
And caus'd a target to be brought, the work  
Of Didymaon, taken by the Greeks  
From Neptunes sacred porch, and with this gift  
Pre-eminent, the youth egregious grac'd.

The races ended, and the gifts dispens'd: 470  
Let those whom thirst of honour most inspires  
Advance he said, and brandish high their arms,  
With gauntlets firmly bound around their hands,  
And for the fight propounded two rewards:  
A bull with gilded horns and fillets grac'd, 475  
The victor shall receive; a splendid helm,  
And trenchant sword, shall ease the loser's grief.  
With strength gigantic Dares rises strait,  
And shews himself with general applause;  
He who was wont alone t' oppose the force 480  
Of Paris; and the same, who at the tomb  
Where mighty Hector lies interr'd, of bulk  
Enormous, Butes struck, who boasted vain  
That he descended was from Amycus,  
Of race Bebrycian, and him dying laid 485  
Extended on the sand. Such Dares rears.  
First in the lists, his stature tall, and shews  
His shoulders broad, and flourishes his arms

Al-

Alternate, and the passive air affails.  
There wanted an antagonist, but none 490  
Of all those champions bold the hero dar'd  
Confront, or bind the gauntlets round his hands.  
He joyful therefore, thinking all the rest  
The laurel quitted willing, stood before  
Æneas, nor, delaying longer, seiz'd 495  
The bullock by the horn, and thus began.  
O goddess born! if none the combat dare,  
What end of waiting? How long is it meet  
That I should be detain'd? command me strait  
To bear away the gifts. The Trojans all 500  
Murmur assent, and will them to be given.  
Acestes here Entellus, sitting near  
On the green turf, severely reprimands.  
Of heroes formerly in vain the first  
Entellus; such rewards will you permit 505  
Without contention to be borne away  
So patient? Where is Eryx the divine,  
So oft commemorated tho' in vain,  
Your master? Where your reputation, spread  
Thro' all Trinacria, and those trophies hung 510  
Upon your walls? Entellus thus reply'd.  
Nor is desire of glory, nor of praise,  
Extinct within my breast, by fear expell'd:  
But creeping age chills in my veins the blood,  
And feeble limbs exhausted strength declare. 515  
If that, I heretofore possess'd, and which  
This man presumptuous with such insolence  
Confides in, did I now that strength enjoy,  
I would have come, but-not by gifts induc'd;  
I value not rewards. Thus having said, 520  
Two gauntlets of enormous weight he threw  
Before them, which bold Eryx wont in fight

Upon



Upon his hands to wear, and round his arms  
With thongs of leather hard constricted bind.  
Astonish'd the spectators stood; seven hides 525  
Of bulls, with iron lin'd and lead between.  
Dares himself, more than the rest surpriz'd,  
At once rejects them, and Æneas too  
Their pond'rous weight assays, and turns from side  
To side, of the huge straps the length immense. 530  
Entellus then after this manner spake:  
How great would your astonishment have been,  
Had you the gauntlets and the arms beheld  
Of Hercules himself, and bloody fight  
On this same fatal plain? These very arms 535  
Your brother Eryx bore; with brains and blood  
Behold them yet infected; he with these  
Oppos'd Alcides great: the same I bore  
Whilst youthful blood gave strength, before her snow  
Upon my temples envious age had showr'd. 540  
But since that Dares disapproves our arms,  
If so Æneas, and Acestes please  
Author of this my combat; let us fight  
On equal terms: your fear dispel; the arms  
Of Eryx I, the Trojan you resign. 545  
Then of his garments he despoil'd himself;  
His shoulders broad, and muscles large, great bones,  
And brawny arms expos'd. Æneas then  
Gauntlets of equal weight produc'd, and round  
Each champion's hands the like defences tied. 550  
Forthwith they both upon their tiptoes stand  
Erect, and dauntless lift their arms on high.  
Their heads drawn back aloof avoid the strokes;  
But hands meet hands, and irritate the fight.  
He better for agility of feet, 555  
And in his youth confiding; this in bulk  
And

And limbs more prevalent : but feeble knees  
Beneath him trembling totter ; his vast trunk  
By respiration difficult is shook.  
Each aims at th' other many a stroke in vain ; 560  
Redoubled, many on their hollow sides  
Fall thick, and from their breasts resounding bound ;  
And frequent round their ears and temples strays  
The busy hand : under the cruel wound  
Their jaw-bones crackle. Firm Entellus stands, 565  
In his efforts immoveable, and wards  
By change of posture, and observing eye  
Th' impending blow. The other, like to one  
Whose engines shake a city's lofty walls,  
Or by blockade some castle mountainous 570  
Beleaguers close, now these accesses, those  
Examines now, and by the rules of art  
Considers the whole ground, and tho' in vain  
Oft presses, oft redoubles his assaults.  
Himself Entellus raising, his right-hand 575  
Uplifted high : the other quick discern'd  
Th' impending blow, and swift his body mov'd :  
Entellus pour'd his strength upon the winds ;  
And heavy fell with weight enormous down.  
On Ida's top, or Erymanth so falls 580  
A hollow pine, with all her roots upturn.  
The Trojan and Sicilian youth arise  
With equal ardour : shouts ascend to heaven.  
And first Acestes runs, and from the ground,  
Pitying, uplifts his friend of equal age. 585  
But neither by this casual fall dismay'd,  
Nor tardier made, the hero to the fight  
Fiercer returns ; rage wakes his strength, which shame  
And conscious virtue kindle into fire ;  
Then Dares, flying, he o'er all the lists 590  
Drove

Drove furious, with his right, his left-hand now  
His blows redoubling: no delay, no rest.

As on the roofs of houses in a storm

The hailstones rattle thick; so with each hand

The hero Dares beat, and drove about

Incessant with reiterated blows.

595

But longer space his anger to proceed

Unbounded, raging with such dire effects,

Æneas would not suffer, but an end

Commanded of the combat, and reliev'd

600

The wearied Dares, and with soothing words

Thus spake. What height of madness seiz'd your mind,

Unhappy? Do you not elsewhere perceive

Superiour force, and powers averse to you?

Yield to the god. He said, and stop'd the fight.

605

But him his faithful friends, his tottering knees

Dragging along; and tossing to and fro

His head, and from his mouth the clotted gore

Discharging, intermix'd with shatter'd teeth

Lead to the ships: they call'd upon, receive

610

The sword and helmet; but the laurel leave,

And heifer for Entellus as his due.

The victor here elate in spirits, proud

Of his new glory, said, O goddess born!

And ye Dardanians know, in bloom of youth

615

What strength I could exert, and from what death

Inevitable, Dares you have sav'd.

He spake, and right against the bullocks head

He stood, the recent prize, and drawing back

His right-hand, raising up himself, he struck

620

His cestus hard between the horns, and pierc'd

Into the brain, quite thro' the fractur'd skull.

Trembling and lifeless instant the bull fell;

He standing over him these words pronounc'd:

With

With this oblation, Eryx, nobler far  
Than Dares dead, my debt I satisfy;  
Here art and cestus victor I resign.

925

Æneas here invites to proof of skill,  
Those who may choose, who best the arrow swift  
Can in its flight direct, and prizes sets: 630  
And with a mighty arm erects a mast,  
Transported from Segeſtus' ship, and hangs,  
Tied by a cord, paſs'd thro' upon the top,  
A fluttering dove at which their ſteel ſhould aim.  
The candidates aſſembled, all the names 635  
A brazen caſk receives: with loud applauſe  
Hippocoon, ſon of Hyrtacus, the firſt  
Is drawn; whom Mneſtheus follows, conqueror  
In the late naval conteſt, Mneſtheus, crown'd  
With olive wreaths; the third Eurytion, 640  
Thy brother, Pandarus renown'd, who firſt  
The truce commanded to diſturb, thy ſhaft  
Amid the Grecians ſhot. Aceſtes laſt,  
Who loweſt had ſubſided, he himſelf  
In youthful labours daring to contend. 645  
Then with a mighty force their pliant bows  
They bend, each for himſelf, and arrows take  
Out of their quivers. Firſt the winged ſhaft,  
The bow-ſtring twanging, of Hippocoon  
Cuts thro' the paſſive air, and in the maſt, 650  
Directly in the miſt, itſelf infix'd.  
The maſt ſtood trembling, and the frighten'd bird  
Flutter'd from ſide to ſide; ſhores, vales, and hills  
With acclamations loud reſounding rung.  
Next Mneſtheus keen with bow ſtood ready bent, 655  
And with his eye and level'd arrow aim'd  
Directly at the bird, but he alas!  
Unhappy, could not with his winged ſteel

Transfix



Transfix the dove herself, but cut the knots  
And hempen ligaments with which the bird, 660  
Tied by the foot, suspended hung on high.  
She flying soars amid the dusky clouds.  
Enrytion eager then with bow full bent,  
And arrow drawn up to the head, long time  
Invok'd his brother, and observing close 665  
The dove wide ranging thro' the vacant heaven  
At large, and joyful clapping with her wings,  
Beneath the dusky vapour he transpierc'd.  
Lifeless she fell, and mid th' etherial stars  
Breath'd out her spirit, and in falling down 670  
Brought back the fatal shaft too deep infixt.  
The laurel lost, Acestes last remain'd :  
Who ne'er the less into th' etherial sky  
His arrow shot, displaying tho' in years  
His skill, besides the goodness of his bow. 675  
But here a sudden prodigy appear'd  
Before our eyes, some future dire mishap  
Presaging, this, the great event itself,  
And frighten'd priests too late in vain explain'd.  
The reed, swift flying thro' the liquid clouds, 680  
Took fire, and mark'd its way with flames, till quite  
Consum'd, it vanish'd into air. As oft  
Stars falling shoot along the sky, and draw  
Flying a trail of light. Astonish'd stood  
The Trojans and Sicilians, and devout 685  
Pray'd to the gods : nor did th' illustrious chief  
Refuse the omen, but Acestes glad  
Embracing, honour'd with rich gifts, and said :  
Receive, O father ! (for the king supreme  
Of Heaven, by such portents his will declares, 690  
To have you grac'd with honours, far beyond

Custom or claim) this goblet you shall take,  
With figures rare emboss'd, which heretofore  
Cisseus of Thrace, as pledge and monument  
Of his affection to Anchises gave. 695

This said, with laurel wreaths his brows he crown'd,  
And him chief victor with loud voice declar'd.

Nor did that preference of honour move  
With the least envy good Eurytion's breast,  
Whose shaft alone had from the clouds brought down  
The soaring bird. He next who cut the bands 701  
For his reward advances; last of all,  
Who with his flying reed the mast transfix'd.

But good Æneas ere these solemn games  
Were ended, Periphas, the governour, 705

And wise companion of Iulus calls,  
And in his faithful ear thus whispering says:

Go to Ascanius quick, and if the bands  
Of youth be ready, and to each brigade  
Their orders issued, let him march his troops, 710  
And for his grandfire shew himself in arms.

This message bear. He said, and he himself  
The croud confus'd commanded to retire

Out of the circus, and th' interior space  
Open to leave. The boys pass in review 715

Before their parents, and on manag'd steeds  
High prancing bound along; the multitude,  
Sicilian, Trojan, all admiring gaze.

Their hair, with artful uniformity,  
In order set, a coronet press'd down: 720

Each bore two cornel javelins tip'd with steel;  
Part, quivers on their shoulders; from their necks  
A twisted chain of pliant gold hung down  
Upon their chests. In number squadrons three,

And

And over them three chiefs bear full command : 725

Twice six each leader following, in three troops

They splendid shine with equal officers.

One troop exulting first young Priam led,

Nam'd from his grandfire, thy bright progeny

Polites, and t' increase th' Italian power

730

Hereafter, whom a party-colour'd steed

Of Thracia bore, besprinkled with white spots ;

His right fore-foot was white, with haughty prance

He rais'd his snowy front. Atys the next,

From whom Rome's Attian line their source derive,

Atys, the youth to young Iulus dear.

736

Iulus last, but far surpassing all

In beauty, came, on a Sidonian horse

Superbly mounted, which from Dido fair,

A monument and token of her love,

740

He had receiv'd. Th' inferiour youths on steeds

Sicilian, furnish'd by Acestes, rode.

The Trojans with delight behold the boys

Impatient for applause, and in their looks

The features of their ancestors discern.

745

When on their manag'd steeds they had survey'd

Their parents, and th' assembled multitude,

Strait, Periphas the signal gave aloud

By voice and whip to them prepar'd. At once

In equal numbers different ways they march :

750

Their corps they into separate troops divide :

Another signal given, they wheel ; return

By the same way, and aim their hostile darts.

Marches and counter-marches then they make

By different routs, and wheeling round, prevent

755

Flanking by counter-flanking, and in arms

Th' exploits of real warfare represent.

H 2

And

And now by flight they leave their backs expos'd,  
Their javelins, turning now, present, and now  
Peace made in amity together march. 760  
Such by report the labyrinth of old  
In lofty Crete, in which were walks perplex  
And intricate, with many an alley blind,  
And by a thousand ways the fraud conceal'd,  
That to return impossible was made, 765  
By windings not to be found out, or trac'd.  
In such like mazy errors, Teucer's sons  
Their military evolutions make,  
And battles, and now flights contrive in play.  
As Dolphins swimming in Carpathian seas, 770  
Or African, and sport along the waves.  
This mode of exercise, these battles feign'd,  
Ascanius first renew'd, and Latins old  
Taught how to celebrate, when he with walls  
Long Alba circumscrib'd. In the same way 775  
In which the boy himself, the same, in which  
The Trojan youth with him, the Albans taught  
Their sons. Imperial Rome long after hence  
Receiv'd it, and her country-honour kept  
Entire, and this diversion now is call'd 780  
The Trojan game, the boys the Trojan band.  
These solemn sports thus to his fire divine  
He celebrated. Fortune changing here  
First alter'd her fidelity. For whilst  
In various sports they round the tomb contend, 785  
Heaven's mighty Empress Iris sent from heaven  
To th' Ilian fleet, and with fresh force for speed  
The winds inspires; projecting many things,  
Nor satiated as yet her antient hate.  
Her way the virgin hastening, on her bow 790  
Of thousand colours, seen by none, descends

The



The shortest course. The concourse great she saw,  
The port and fleet deserted. But far off  
The Trojan dames, upon the lonely shore  
Retir'd, Anchises lost bewail'd, and all 795  
In tears survey'd the deep. What perils still,  
Alas! what space of sea to us remains  
Already tir'd. This the complaint of all.  
A settlement they beg, fatigues of sea  
No longer can they bear. She therefore throws 800  
Herself amid them; and in mischief skill'd,  
The garb and figure of the goddess quits.  
As Beroe of Thracian Doriclus  
The hoary spouse she seems, for race and name,  
And progeny, renown'd in former days, 805  
And plaintive thus the Trojan dames address'd.  
O miserable all, who were not dragg'd  
By Grecians hosts to slaughter, in the rage  
Of war, beneath the Trojan walls! to what  
New kind of death, O most unhappy race! 810  
Doth fate reserve you yet? Seven summers now  
Have circling roll'd along from Iliën's fall;  
Since which what lands, what seas have we not pass'd;  
How many barren rocks and various climes,  
Whilst Italy, still flying, we pursue 815  
Thro' th' ocean large, the sport of winds and waves:  
Here Eryx, brother to Æneas reign'd,  
And now our host Acestes: what forbids  
To raise our walls, and here anew to found  
Our city. O my long lost native soil, 820  
And household gods, snatch'd from the Greeks in vain!  
Say shall no Troy arise? Shall I alas!  
Xanthus and Simois, Hæctorean streams,  
No where behold? Come then, at once arise,

And help me these ill-fated ships to burn. 825

For in my sleep the prophetess's shade

Cassandra, seem'd to give me flaming brands.

Look here for Troy, here is your home, she said.

Now is the time t' accomplish this great work.

Nor after such amazing prodigies 830

Can we delay. To Neptune there behold

Four altars rais'd; the god himself supplies

Torches and courage too. This said, she first

A firebrand snatch'd, and waving it aloft

Threw with exerted might. The Trojan dames, 835

In expectation great, astonish'd stood.

When one, the most advanc'd in years, and nurse

Of many a royal child to Priam born,

Pyrgo exclaim'd; this is not Beroe

The Trojan, nor the wife of Doryclus: 840

Remark the signs of graces all divine,

The lustre of her eyes, what spirits, face,

And tone of voice, and what a gliding step!

Even I myself, but now, lest Beroe sick,

Indignant she alone should absent be 845

From this so great solemnity, nor pay

The honours due t' Anchises' shade: she ceas'd.

The matrons dubious first, the ships beheld

With eyes malign; between th' inglorious love

Of land enjoy'd suspended, and the hope 850

Of realms, to which the fates inviting call'd.

When on pois'd wings the goddess soar'd to heaven,

And cut her ample bow beneath the clouds.

Astonish'd then indeed with such portents,

Work'd up to madness, with a general shriek 855

They run, and from the sacred hearths the fire

Impatient snatch; the altars part despoil;

And

And boughs, shrubs, brands together throw, with rage  
Uncheck'd, thro' seats, and oars, and painted decks  
Firece Vulcan rushes on: t' Anchises' tomb, 860  
And crowds assembled at the theatre,  
Eumelus of the burning of the ships  
Went messenger, and they themselves beheld  
The smoke and ashes flying thick in clouds.

And first Ascanius, as he joyful led 865  
His squadron, in that equipage, swift rode  
To the distracted camp, nor could, with fear  
Half dead, his tutors stop his course. What new  
Fury is this? Ah what, what do you mean,  
Unhappy countrywomen? Your own hopes, 870  
No hostile camps, nor Grecian tents you burn.  
Behold your own Ascanius: at their feet  
He threw his empty helmet, with which arm'd,  
He battles, representative of true,  
Had fought in sport. Æneas, and the croud 875  
Of Trojans thither haste. But o'er the shores  
The matrons scatter'd fly, dispers'd by fear,  
And to the thickest woods, and hollow rocks,  
Wherever found, repair: of their attempt,  
And light itself assam'd; and chang'd, their friends  
Acknowledge: Juno from their breast is driven. 881  
But not for this th' unconquerable force  
Of the devouring flames surceas'd: the tow  
Between the moisten'd planks keeps still alive,  
A heavy smoke emitting; and the ships 885  
A fervour slow consumes; thro' all their parts  
The ruin spreads: nor aught avails the force  
Of heroes, nor the floods in vain effus'd.  
Æneas tore his garments, and with hands 890  
To heaven uprais'd, implor'd the gods for aid.

O Jove omnipotent! without reserve  
If all the Trojans are not under wrath,  
And if thy mercy, manifest of old,  
Yet deigns to look on human sufferings; grant  
Now, father, that the fleet may 'scape the flames, 895  
And from destruction save the Trojan state,  
Reduc'd thus low: or strike the sad remains,  
With thy vindictive thunder, and o'erwhelm  
Me with thine own right-hand if I deserve.  
He scarce had spoke when with uncommon force 900  
A tempest rages, pouring rains profuse,  
And with the thunders roar the mountain tops,  
And vallies tremble; down from all the sky,  
By south winds strong condens'd, and black as night,  
Torrents of water rush. The ships run o'er; 905  
The half burnt planks are moisten'd; till at length  
The smoking ceases, and the fleet is sav'd  
From the devouring flames, four only left.

Æneas struck with this sad accident,  
Revolving weighty cares within his mind, 910  
Now here, now there inclin'd, Sicilian fields  
Whether to choose, forgetful of the fates;  
Or of Italian shores the quest pursue.  
Then aged Nautes, whom Minerva taught,  
Her darling care, and for prophetic skill 915  
Illustrious, these responses gave; explain'd  
What was by wrath of gods, what fate,  
According to the series of events,  
Ordain'd; and thus Æneas soothing, spake.  
Wherever fate impels us, or repels, 920  
O goddess-born, we go: whate'er it be,  
By patience every fortune is o'ercome.  
Here is Acestes sprung of race divine:  
A partner of your counsels him assume,

He



He will not prove averſe : thoſe of the ſhips  
Deſtroy'd, who now ſuperfluous are ; thoſe tir'd 92  
Of this great enterpriſe, and your fair hopes ;  
Thoſe, weary of the ſea, of either ſex,  
Thro' age ; th' infirm ; and all that danger dread,  
Select, and to him give, and here permit  
That they fatigu'd a city may ereſt, 930  
Which they Aceſta, leave obtain'd, ſhall call.

The Trojan chief, with theſe advices fir'd  
Of his aſſociate old, from thought to thought  
Paſſ'd ruminating, till night gain'd the pole,  
Drawn in her chariot by her ſable ſteeds : 935  
When down from heaven his fire Anchifeſ ſhade  
Deſcending, ſeem'd theſe mandates to pronounce.  
O ſon, than life more dear, while life remain'd ;  
Son, tried ſevere by Ilion's fates ; by Jove's  
Command I hither come, who from your fleet 940  
The flames expell'd, and from high heaven at length  
Compaſſion ſhew'd : the counſels wiſe obey,  
Which antient Nautes gives ; to Italy  
The choic'eſt youths, the braveſt ſpirits, bear :  
A hardy nation, and of manners rude, 945  
And fierce, in Latium you muſt overcome.  
But firſt you muſt th' infernal ſeats approach  
Of Pluto, and o'er deep Avernuſ' flood  
An interview with me, my ſon, attempt :  
For me not impious Tartarus receives 950  
With wicked ſhades, but in Elyſium pure  
I dwell, amid th' aſſemblies of the juſt.  
The ſybil chaſte will thither ſhew the way,  
Obtain'd by blood of many a victim black.  
Then all your future race, and what retreat 955  
Shall be allotted you ſhall learn. And now

Adieu, for humid night her middle course  
Downward directs, and th' unrelenting east  
Breathes on me with his horses panting quick.  
This said, like smoke he vanish'd into air. 960  
Where so precipitate Æneas cries?  
Where with such eagerness yourself withdraw?  
Whom fliest thou? Or who my strict embrace  
Forbids? This saying he the dormant fires  
Rekindled, and to the divinities. 965  
Of hoary Vesta, and his household gods  
Sweet incense offer'd, and the holy cake.  
Then his companions, but Acestes first  
He calls, and Jupiter's commands declares,  
The counsels of his fire, and what he now 970  
Determin'd in his mind. To his resolves  
There's no delay, Acestes acquiesc'd.  
The matrons names, and voluntiers design'd  
For the new settlement, are in a roll  
Inscrib'd; Plebeian souls, of glory's call 975  
Regardless. But the rest the seats renew,  
And planks half-burnt repair; and oars adapt,  
And tackle to the ships; in number small,  
But expedite and bold in seats of war.

Mean time Æneas with a plough designs 980  
The compass of the city, and by lots  
Each edifice distributes: Ilion this,  
And places round, like those near Troy he names.  
Acestes in his new domain exults,  
And 'stablishes judicial courts, and laws. 985  
With his assembled senators enacts.  
A temple then, contiguous to the stars,  
Upon the summit of mount Eryx rose  
To Venus of Idalia: with a priest

A grove

A grove is add'd, sacred far around,  
T' Anchises' tomb. And now nine days in feasts  
The people had employ'd, and honours due  
To th' altars paid, when whispering breezes smooth'd  
The seas, and from the south a rising gale,  
Breathing more fresh, invites again to sea. 995

Along the winding shores forthwith arise  
Loud lamentations: in embraces close  
They day and night remain. The matrons now  
Themselves, and they to whom but late appear'd  
Most terrible the prospect of the sea, 1000  
And Neptune quite intolerable deem'd,  
Would willing go, and every labour bear.

Æneas comforts them with friendly speech,  
And weeping to Acestes recommends.

To Eryx then three heifers, and a lamb 1005

He to the tempests offers, and commands  
That all the ships in order should unmoor.

He, standing on the poop himself, his head  
Crown'd with a wreath of olive shorn, a cup  
Holds in his hand, and the fat entrails throws, 1010  
And pours the liquid wine into the sea.

The wind increasing follows from the stern  
The navy under sail. The rowers plough  
The yielding sea, and sweep the foaming waves  
With emulation. Venus, labouring then 1015

With anxious cares, addresses Neptune thus,  
And from her bosom these complaints outpour'd.

Juno's fell anger, and insatiate hate,  
Oblige me to descend to every sort

Of supplication, Neptune; since nor time, 1020

Nor all the virtues under heaven, can move  
Her heart obdurate; nor by Jove's command,

Nor overcome by fate will she submit.  
Wast not enough by her detested hate  
To have eras'd the city from amidst 1025  
The Phrygian people, but the residue  
With every kind of plague to vex: the bones  
And ashes of burnt Ilion she pursues.  
She may the cause of so much fury know.  
Be witness you yourself on Lybian waves 1030  
What mountains suddenly she rais'd. The seas,  
She with the heavens together mix'd, in vain  
Confiding in Æolian storms: this dar'd  
In your dominions. And but now behold,  
O wickedness! she shameless burns their fleet, 1035  
The Trojan dames compelling to the deed;  
And forces now their friends, the fleet destroy'd  
To leave them helpless on a land unknown.  
For what remains, that they may spread their sails  
In safety on your element I beg: 1040  
And may at length Laurentian Tyber reach:  
If only what's allow'd I ask, those walls,  
Already promis'd, if the fates decree.  
Then Saturn's son, the monarch of the deep,  
Made this reply. You may full confidence, 1045  
As right requires, in my dominions place,  
O Cytherea! whence you drew your birth;  
And this I have deserv'd: Oft have I quell'd  
The rage and fury both of heaven and sea.  
Nor of Æneas less my care on earth, 1050  
(I Simois and Xanthus can attest)  
When fierce Achilles, following to the walls,  
The Trojan troops astonish'd drove, and sent  
To Pluto many thousand souls; surcharg'd  
The rivers groan'd with bodies, nor his way 1055  
Could



Could Xanthus find, nor flow into the sea.  
Æneas with Achilles then engag'd,  
Neither for strength, nor for assisting gods,  
A match, I snatch'd within a cloud, when I  
At that time wish'd to have eras'd, tho' built 1060  
With my own hands, the walls of perjur'd Troy.  
The same good will remains, dispel your fears:  
Avernus' port, as you desire, he safe  
Shall reach, one only missing, who in seas  
Lost he shall seek, one life shall many save. 1065

When thus the fire the goddess had consol'd,  
And joyful made, he to his golden car  
The horses yok'd, and to repress their rage  
Added the foaming bit, and from his hands  
Pour'd out the length of reins; in azure car 1070  
Light o'er the surface of the deep he flies.  
The waves subside; the swelling sea is pav'd  
Under his sounding wheels with waters smooth,  
And tempests chas'd thro' the vast æther fly.  
Attendants strait appear of various forms; 1075  
Enormous whales, the train of Glaucus old;  
Palæmon, son of Ino; Tritons swift;  
And all the host of Phorcus. On the left  
Thetis, and Melite, and Panopæa,  
In virgin charms; Spio, Cymodoce, 1080  
Nesæe, and Thalia. In suspense  
Æneas' mind these flattering joys detain.

Strait to erect the masts, and sails extend  
Along the yards he then commands. At once  
The navy with a side wind sails; they now 1085  
The left-hand sheets, and now the right at once  
Unfurl. To this side, now to that they turn  
Of the sail yards the high extremities.

Pro-

Propitious breezes smoothly waft the fleet.  
 First Palinurus led before the van, 1090  
 Th' united navy: they were order'd all  
 By him their course to steer. Now night almost  
 Half of her journey had perform'd, and spread  
 Beneath their oars, the rowers on their seats  
 With pleasing sleep refresh'd their weary limbs. 1095  
 When swift descending from th' Ætherial stars,  
 The god of sleep dispell'd the dusky air,  
 And chas'd the shades of night, in quest of thee  
 O Palinure! and melancholy dreams  
 Bearing to thee most innocent: in shape 1100  
 Of Phorbas, on the lofty poop he sat,  
 And these few words pronounc'd. Jafin's son,  
 O Palinure! the seas themselves waft on  
 The fleet; the zephyrs equal blow; permit  
 An hour to rest; recline your head, and steal 1105  
 Your weary eyes from labour; I myself  
 For you a while your duty will discharge.  
 To whom, his eyes scarce raising, Palinure  
 Reply'd. The flattering aspect of the sea,  
 And gliding waves, do you imagine then 1110  
 I should not know? Shall I, deceiv'd so oft  
 By fraud of heavens serene, to faithless waves  
 Commit, Æneas? I this monster trust?  
 He thus reply'd, and clinging fast, the helm  
 Embrac'd, with eyes intent upon the stars. 1115  
 When o'er his temples, lo! the god a branch,  
 Dipt in the stream of Lethe, shook, and sleep  
 Compelling by its stygian influence,  
 His swimming eyes, in vain resisting, clos'd.  
 Scarce had this unexpected sleep began 1120  
 His members to relax, when lo! the god

In-

Incumbent o'er, precipitates him down  
 Headlong into the sea; part of the poop,  
 And helm, broke off, fall with him; on his friends  
 Oft calling, tho' in vain. The god on wing 1125  
 Sustains himself in air. But not the less  
 The fleet in safety steer'd its course, confirm'd  
 By father Neptune's promise, bold it sail'd;  
 And waded forward, to the Syren's rocks  
 Approach'd, of difficult access of old, 1130  
 And with the bones of shipwreck'd wretches white.  
 The waves incessant beating on the rocks  
 Far off was heard in murmurs loud: when first  
 Æneas by the ship's unsteady way  
 Perceiv'd its wandering course, the pilot lost; 1135  
 He thro' the waves obscure the ship himself  
 Directed then, complaining much, and struck  
 Most deeply with his friends untimely fate.  
 Too much confiding in a treacherous calm,  
 O Palinurus! and a sky serene,  
 You on a shore unknown shall naked lie. 1140

ÆNEID



# ÆNEID.

## BOOK VI.



**T**HUS speaks he, weeping, and allows the  
fleet

To croud their sails; at length he's wafted  
safe

To the Cumæan shore. Quick to the sea  
Their prows they turn: then with tenacious hold  
The anchor moors the ships; and swelling poops 5  
Cover the shores. A croud of ardent youths  
Leap on th' Hesperian strand: the seeds of fire,  
Hid in the veins of flint, part seek; and part  
Wood from the forest drag; the close recess  
Of savage beasts, or streams discover'd shew. 10

But to the towers sublime; o'er which presides  
Phœbus, the Sibyl's cell, and cave immense,  
Most awful to approach, Æneas hastes;  
Whose ample mind and soul with powers enlarg'd  
The Delian god inspires, and to her view 15

Presents



Presents futurity. And now they reach  
Diana's sacred grove, and golden fane.

Fame says, that Daedalus, on pinions swift  
From Crete escaping, dar'd commit himself  
To the superior regions of the sky; 20

And steering northward, by that wond'rous way,  
Light upon Chalcis' tower at length he pitch'd.

At his first landing, Phœbus, there, he made,  
To thee, an offering of his oary wings;

And rear'd a pile immense. Upon the doors 25

Androgeos' death: th' Athenians then each year  
Condemn'd, alas! in punishment to give

Seven of their sons; the chances drawn and urn  
Appear. On th' other side the Cretan land,

Rais'd high above the waters, stood oppos'd. 30

Here for the bull Pasiphae's violent love,

And fraudulent prostitution; the mixt kind,

'The monstrous birth, the Minotaur appear'd,

Sad monument of execrable lust.

The dome stupendous here, and labyrinth 35

Inextricable stood: but Dædalus

Pitying the Royal maid's excessive love,

The crooked windings and deceits disclos'd

To Theseus, guiding by a clue his steps

Uncertain. In so large a work, thou too, 40

Had grief permitted, Icarus, great part

Wouldst have possess'd: Twice he essay'd in gold

To represent thy sad adventure, twice

The father's hands sunk down. They had survey'd

The work entire, but that Achates now, 45

Dispatch'd before, return'd; Deiphobê,

Daughter to Glaucus, his companion came,

Apollo's and Diana's priestess, who

The king thus greets: This time admits not now

Of

Of such amusements: From a herd untouch'd 50  
 Seven heifers, and as many chosen ewes,  
 To sacrifice according to due rites,  
 Were more expedient. Having thus bespoken  
 Æneas, and her orders quick obey'd,  
 She to the lofty fane the Trojans calls. 55

Of the Eubœan rock one ample side  
 Is cut into a cavern broad and deep;  
 To which an hundred spacious avenues,  
 A hundred doors conduct; from which rush forth  
 As many Voices, in responses given: 60  
 By the prophetic Sibyl. At the gates  
 When they arriv'd; now is the time to enquire  
 Your destiny, the Virgin said: the God!  
 Behold the God! Whilst yet these words she spake  
 Before the gates, immediately her looks, 65  
 And colour often chang'd, nor did her hair  
 Remain in decent order; but with breath  
 Panting, her heart impetuous swell'd with rage;  
 Of stature more enlarg'd she seem'd, her speech  
 Resounding nought of Mortal, when oppress'd 70  
 By the Divinity's more near approach.

Your prayers and Vows delay you then, she said?  
 Trojan Æneas? do you now delay?  
 For not before of this tremendous Rime  
 The spacious doors will open. Here she ceas'd: 75  
 Chill fear the Trojans sudden seiz'd. The king  
 Prayers from the bottom of his breast pour'd forth:

Apollo, who of Troy the labours great  
 Commiserating always, didst the dart  
 Of Paris, with a certain aim, direct 80  
 T' Achilles death, under thy auspices,  
 What seas, what mighty realms, have I explor'd?  
 The nations of Madylia far remote,

And

And lands by quicksands guarded. Now at length  
The shores we touch of flying Italy. 85  
Thus far the fate of Troy may have prevail'd.  
But all ye Gods, and Goddesses, to whom  
Troy, and the glory of the Dardan name  
Gave umbrage, now it is but just to spare  
The Dardan race. And thou, O prophetess 90  
Most holy, who canst future things predict,  
Grant (since I ask no realms but what the fates  
Have promis'd) that the Trojans may secure  
Themselves, their Gods, and Household-Gods, so long  
Wide wandering thro' the World, in Latium seat. 95  
To Phœbus, and Diana I'll erect  
A Temple then, of solid marble built,  
And Games, and solemn Festivals appoint  
In honour of Apollo. In our realms  
A spacious sanctuary Thee too attends: 100  
For there thy Oracles, and secret fates,  
Discover'd to my people, I will place,  
And guardians constitute, propitious Maid.  
Only your oracles on leaves of trees  
Inscribe not now, lest they, of rapid winds 105  
The sport, disorder'd fly in air: I beg  
That you yourself would sing them. Here he stop'd.

But still the prophetess, not patient yet  
Of Phœbus, furious rages thro' the cave;  
Endeavouring to expel the mighty God 110  
Forth from her breast. So much the more he curbs  
Her mouth intractable, her spirit wild  
Subdues, and by fatiguing pliant makes.  
Now of the dome the hundred ample gates  
Fly open of themselves, and wide diffuse 115  
The sibyl's Answer thro' the cavern large.

O thou,

O thou, at length escap'd the dangers great  
Of seas ! but greater yet by land remain.

Into Lavinian realms the Dardans safe 120

Shall come, dismiss that fear ; but they shall wish

That they had never come. Wars, horrid Wars,

And Tyber foaming with black blood I see.

Xanthus, and Simois, and Greeks in arms

Shall not be wanting : and in Latium now 125

A new Achilles rises ; he too born

Of a celestial Mother : nor will e'er

Juno her enmity to Troy surcease.

What Nations or what Cities, will you not

A suppliant, in such extremes, address ? 130

Of so great ills the cause, a comfort new ;

Again a foreign Hymen. For these ills

Despair not thou, but bolder still persist,

Than what may seem your fortune to permit.

The first fair hopes of safety will arise 135

From a Greek City, which you least expect.

These dreadful intricacies, from the part

Most secret of the Temple, in such words

The Sibyl sung, and bellow'd thro' the cave,

Truth veiling with obscurities : the reins 140

O'er her thus raging Phœbus holds, now curbs,

And now excites, and to his will subdues.

Soon as her fury ceas'd, and foaming mouth

Was silent, thus the Trojan hero spoke:

To me no new or unexpected scenes 145

Of labour can arise, O Virgin mild.

I have foreseen them all, and in my mind

Each possible event maturely weigh'd.

One thing I beg, as here, 'tis said, the gate

Stands of th' Infernal kingdom, and the lake 150

Of darkness, from the overflowings form'd

Of



Of Achéron, that to my Father's fight,  
And presence I may be allow'd to go;  
That you the Way would shew, and sacred Gate  
Set open. Him, thro' flames and thousand darts  
Snatch'd from amid the hostile troops, I bore 156  
Upon these shoulders. He, thro' all the seas,  
In all my journies, my companion dear,  
Infirm, of waves and heav'ns the threatnings bore,  
Above the power and usage of old age. 160  
That to thy shrine, and thee, I should repair  
A suppliant, he also strict enjoin'd;  
Of Jon and fire, I pray, compassion take  
Propitious Virgin; you all things command:  
By Hecate nor was you nam'd in vain, 165  
Chief o'er Avernan groves. If Orpheus could  
The manes of Eurydicé recall,  
His Consort, by the melody of strings,  
And Thracian harp; if Pollux could redeem  
His Brother Castor by alternate death, 170  
And passes and repasses this same way  
So oft; why should I instance Theseus? why  
Great Hercules? I too from highest Jove  
Claim my descent. He praying thus embrac'd  
The altars. Then the prophetess reply'd: 175  
O Trojan, seed of gods, Anchises' son;  
To dark Avernus easy the descent;  
Grim Pluto's gate stands open day and night:  
But to return and up to re-ascend,  
There is the labour, this the rare Emprize. 180  
Some few, whom Jove impartial lov'd, or whom  
Transcendent virtue, shining lights, to heaven  
Exalted, sons of gods, have this atchiev'd.  
Impenetrable woods all entrance bar,  
And black Cocytus's gliding stream flows round. 185  
But

But if so ardent a desire your mind,  
 Such passion strong impels, the Stygian lake  
 Twice to pass over, Tartarus profound  
 To visit twice, and your strange enterprise  
 You are determin'd to pursue, then learn 190  
 What you must first accomplish. In a tree  
 Wide spread, with leaves and pliant twigs of gold,  
 A bough lies hid, and consecrated said  
 T' Infernal Juno all the grove conceals,  
 And shades of Vallies deep inclose it round. 195  
 But yet to none 'tis given to penetrate  
 Into Earth's deep recesses, until he  
 From off its tree this golden fruitage pluck.  
 This as her favourite gift fair Proserpine  
 Ordain'd to be presented: When the first 200  
 Is pluck'd, another golden Branch succeeds,  
 With leaves of the same metal flourishing.  
 Intently therefore search with eyes aloft,  
 And gather, when once found, in manner due.  
 For it will follow with spontaneous ease,  
 If Fate has destin'd you; but otherwise 205  
 No force can conquer it, nor steel divide.  
 Besides, there of your friend the Body lies  
 Breathless upon the shore (you know it not,  
 Alas!) and with his corpse pollutes the Fleet: 210  
 Whilst heartyou linger, and my counsel ask.  
 Him to his place first bear, and in his tomb  
 Inclose. For your first expiation bring  
 Black Victims; then you shall the Stygian groves  
 Behold, and kingdoms inaccessible 215  
 To living wight. She said, and silent stood.

With visage sorrowful and downcast eyes,  
 Leaving the cave, Æneas musing walks,  
 Revolving in his mind these dark events;

Faithful

Faithful Achaes, and with equal cares 220  
Oppress'd his footsteps follows: Many things  
Between themselves on subjects various pass'd;  
Who was the friend departed, whose pale corse  
To be interr'd, the prophets design'd.  
When come upon the barren strand, they saw 225  
Misenus lost by an unworthy death:  
Misenus, son of Æolus, than whom  
The troops together by the trumpets found  
To summon, and inspire a martial rage,  
None was more dextrous. Of great Hector he 230  
Companion, to the wars with Hector went,  
Both for his skill, and warlike feats renown'd.  
When him Achilles, victor, had bereav'd  
Of life, the valiant hero join'd himself  
To Æneas, nor a chief inferior chose. 235  
But whilst by chance he made the seas resound  
With his sonorous shell, and madly vain,  
Challeng'd the gods to equal him in skill,  
Him, Triton jealous, sitting on the rocks,  
If meriting belief, plung'd in the waves. 240  
With clamours therefore all surround his corse,  
Pious Æneas chiefly. Weeping then  
Th' injunctions of the Sibyl to fulfil  
They hasten; no delay: to rear they strive  
The altar of the funeral-pile with trees, 245  
And raise up to the clouds. An ancient wood,  
The deep recess of savage beasts, they seek:  
Down fall the firs: struck by the ax, the holm  
Resounds; the beams of ash and oak are cleft  
By wedges: from the mountains tumble down 250  
The beeches tall. Æneas first appears  
Amid these labours, with like weapons arm'd,  
Encouraging his men. While on these things

Within

Within his own sad breast he mus'd, the wood  
Immense beholding, thus he prays aloud: 255

If in this spacious wood that golden bough,  
Itself should offer, glittering on its tree;  
Since but too true the prophets hath said,  
Misenus, every thing concerning thee.

He scarce had spoke, when suddenly from heaven  
A pair of doves descended, within sight 260  
Flying, and on the verdant turf repos'd.

The hero then his mother's birds perceives,  
And joyful prays, if there be any way,  
O you my leaders be, and to the groves 265  
Thro' air your course direct, where this rich bough  
O'er shades the fertile earth; and thou assist,  
O parent-goddess! in this dubious case.

Thus having spoke he stop'd, and watch'd, what signs  
They might exhibit, whither bend their flight. 270

They feeding, forward went, only so far  
Upon the wing, as they that mark'd, by ken  
Might easily discern. Thence when they came,  
Of black Avernus to the noisome mouth,

Quick they upsprung, and towards the place desir'd  
Again descending, on the branching tree 276

Alighted; whence the splendor of the gold  
Discoloured shone amid the branches thick.

As in the woods the mistletoe, tho' not  
By its own tree produc'd, in wintry frosts 280

Is wont to flourish with new leaves, and round  
The tapering trunks its yellow offspring twine;

The vegetable gold so blooming flam'd  
Upon the shady holm, the golden rind

So sounding way'd with every gentle gale. 285

Æneas seizes quick, and greedy plucks  
The ling'ring branch, and carries to the grot

Of



Of the prophetic Sibyl. On the shore  
The Trojans not the less Misenus wept  
Mean time, and to his corse inanimate 290  
Due obsequies perform'd. A mighty pile,  
Of cloven oaks, and unctuous pine, they first  
Uprear, whose sides they cover with black leaves,  
And in the front the mournful cyprus place,  
And with refulgent arms the top adorn. 295  
Part water, bubbling with the flames, prepare  
In brazen cauldrons, and his members cold  
Wash and anoint. An universal groan  
Succeeds: his body then, lamented much,  
Upon a couch they place, and o'er it spread 300  
The veil accustom'd, quilts of purple dye.  
Another part the spacious bier sustain,  
Mournful employ, and with averted face,  
As wont with lighted torches set on flame.  
Viands, and gifts of incense, jars of oil, 305  
Together heap'd burn in the general blaze.  
The cinders now subfided, and the flame  
Exinct, the last remains, and embers dry,  
They wash'd with wine, and Corinaeus plac'd,  
The bones collected in a brazen urn. 310  
A tour thrice round th' assembly then he made,  
And with a branch of fertile olive, dipt  
In a transparent stream, besprinkling them,  
He purify'd the host, and last farewell  
Pronounc'd. But here a stately monument 315  
Pious Æneas rais'd, and thereon plac'd  
The trumpet and the oar, his proper arms,  
Under a lofty mountain; which is call'd  
Misenus now from him, and shall retain  
That name forever, as the ages roll. 320

This done, the Sibyl's orders he with speed  
Obeys. There was a cave of depth immense,  
And with a vast hiatus gaping wide,  
Craggy, defended by a baleful lake,  
And gloominess of woods: o'er which no bird 325  
Dar'd ever, with impunity, to make  
Its way on wing; such a pernicious steam,  
From its black jaws exhaling, forth it sent  
To th' upper regions of the air, from whence  
The Greeks, by name Aornos call'd the place, 330  
Here four black heifers first the priestess brought,  
And on their foreheads pour'd the sacred wine,  
And from between their horns the longest hairs,  
She drew, and threw into the fire, the first  
Oblation; loud invoking Hecate, 335  
Potent in heaven and hell. Others employ  
The sacrificing knives, and tepid blood  
In vessels broad receive. Of sable fleece  
A lamb, Æneas then himself to Night,  
The mother of the furies, and to Earth, 340  
Her sister deity, smote with his sword;  
And, Proserpine, to thee a barren cow.  
He then commences to the Stygian king  
Nocturnal altars, and for sacrifice  
Whole bullocks offer'd, pouring likewise oil 345  
Upon the smoking entrails. But behold,  
About the dawn of day, and the first rays  
Emitted from the sun, the ground began  
Under their feet to bellow, and the tops  
To tremble of the woods, and dogs are seen, 350  
The goddesses now approaching near, to howl  
Along the shade. Far hence, O ye prophane,  
Far hence, the prophetess exclaims aloud,

And

And from the limits of the grove recede:  
And you, your journey now begin, and draw 355  
Forth from its sheath your sword: Æneas, now  
Courage, and resolution firm behoves.

This said, the furious rush'd into the cave,  
And measuring step by step he follows bold.

Ye gods, who rule departed souls, ye shades, 360  
And Phlegeton and Chaos, places wrap'd  
In silence deep, and night profound, permit,  
What I have heard I may relate: by leave  
Of your divinities, disclose things hid  
In utter darkness, and th' abyfs below. 365

Alone in gloom, and shades obscure they went,  
Thro' Pluto's vacant seats, and empty realms.  
Such is the moon's uncertain envious light  
In travelling thro' woods, when Jove disturb'd  
Covers the heavens with clouds, and sable night 370  
The colour of all objects takes away.

Before the threshold, in the first approach  
Of hell, Grief, and corroding Cares, their beds  
Prepar'd: Distempers pale inhabit there,  
Old Age morose, and Fear, and Hunger lean, 375  
Prompter of wickedness, and Indigence  
Most wretched; Spectres terrible to see!

Labour and Death, and Sleep, brother of Death,  
And Joys of evil minds; on th' other side  
Destructive War, and of th' Eumenides, 380  
The chambers built of iron; Discord mad,  
Her viper-hair with bloody fillets bound.

Full in the midst an elm extended wide  
Her branches and old arms, in which 'tis said  
False dreams their habitation make, and hang 385  
Beneath the leaves in clusters. Many more

Appearances besides of monsters, house  
 Before the portal; Scyllas double shap'd,  
 And Centaurs, and Briareus earth-born,  
 With his twice fifty hands, and hissing dire 390

The snake Lernæan and Chimæra arm'd  
 With flames, Gorgonian terrors, Harpies dire,  
 And Geryon's triple bodied hideous shade.

Æneas, seiz'd with sudden fear, his sword  
 Here draws, and its redoubted point presents 395

To them approaching. And, had not his guide

Advertis'd him, that these aerial shapes

Wander'd without a body, under mere

Appearances of form, he had attack'd,

And against ghosts employ'd his sword in vain, 400

From hence to Acheron's Tartarean stream

The way: a turbid gulph, with whirlpool vast,

Boils over here, disgorging all its sand

Into Cocytus. Of this Stygian stream

The waters is committed to the charge 405

Of Charon, nauseous for his horrid filth.

Neglected lies his long white beard, his eyes

Ardent like fire; down from his shoulders hangs

His sordid garment, fasten'd by a knot.

He with a pole himself the bark impells, 410

And manages the sails, and in his boat

Of iron colour, ferries o'er the ghosts:

Aged the God, yet vigorous in his age.

And green. Here to the banks crouds pouring rush,

Matrons and men, and forms, depriv'd of life, 415

Of Heroes most magnanimous, boys, girls,

In wedlock never join'd, and blooming youths

On funeral piles laid in their parents sight.

As numerous as the leaves that falling drop



At first approaches of autumnal cold 420  
 In woods; or fowl that from the northern seas  
 To land by myriads flock, when frosts intense  
 Chase them o'er seas, in search of warmer climes.  
 They stand entreating to pass over first,  
 And stretch their hands, thro' great desire to gain  
 The farther shore. But the stern ferryman, 425  
 Now these, now those admits; and all the rest  
 Chases away far distant from the strand.

Æneas mov'd, and wondering at the croud,  
 What means this concourse to the stream, he said,  
 O virgin tell? What do the souls desire? 431  
 Or by what preference do these the banks  
 Desert, those sweep with oars the livid ford?  
 To whom the priestess old, in brief reply'd.  
 Anchises' son, undoubted progeny 435  
 Of Gods, Cocytus' waters deep you see,  
 And Stygian pool, by whose divinity  
 Gods dread to swear, and violate their oaths.  
 This multitude you see is all a croud  
 Of wretches untomb'd: that ferryman 440  
 Is Charon, and the buried those who cross.  
 Nor these terrific banks, and waters hoarse  
 Is it allow'd to pass, before their bones,  
 Cover'd with earth, repose. An hundred years  
 They wander hovering round these shores: at length  
 Admitted, they revisit then the stream 446  
 So long desir'd. Anchises' son his steps  
 Restrain'd; and stood revolving many a thought  
 Within himself, at their unhappy lot  
 With deep compassion mov'd. Leucaspis there 450  
 And of the Lycian fleet, Orontes, chief,  
 Mourning he saw, of honours due at death

Depriv'd: whom, failing thro' tempestuous seas  
 From Troy, the south wind sunk, together men  
 And ship with waters whelming. When behold 455  
 The pilot Palinurus slow advanc'd;  
 Who in the Libyan navigation late  
 Whilst he the stars observ'd, fell sudden down,  
 Plung'd in the deepest waves. Him sorrowful  
 When scarcely thro' the dismal gloom he knew, 460  
 First he addresses thus. Which of the gods,  
 O Palinurus, snatch'd you from your friends,  
 And buried in mid sea? I pray declare.  
 For in this single oracle, before  
 Found ever true, has Phœbus me deceiv'd, 465  
 Who, that you should the dangers of the deep  
 Escape, and touch Ausonian shores, foretold.  
 Behold his promis'd faith? He then reply'd.

Nor was you by Apollo's oracle  
 Deceiv'd, illustrious chief, nor did a God, 470  
 Plunge me amid the waves: headlong I fell,  
 Whilst by the helm, I sat to guide our course,  
 And drew it with me, torn away by force,  
 As to it fast I clung. Th' outrageous seas  
 I call to witness, for myself my fear 475  
 Was not so strong, as that your ship, despoil'd  
 Of helm, depriv'd of pilot, should remain  
 To such tempestuous seas an easy wreck.  
 Three stormy nights along the deep immense  
 The boist'rous south wind drove me on the waves:  
 By the fourth morning's light, on a high surge 481  
 Uplifted, I descried th' Italian shore;  
 To land I by degrees advanc'd, and now  
 Was in security, when climbing up  
 The craggy summit of a mountain high, 485

With

With grasping hands, when lo! a savage crew  
Fell on me with their swords, fatigu'd, oppress'd  
With garments wet, esteeming me rich prey,  
Thro' ignorance. The deep receives me now,  
The sport of winds and tides along the shore. 499

But by the light of heaven, and vital air,  
I beg you, by remembrance of your fire,  
By hope of young Iulus' rising fame,  
Deliver me, O chief invincible,  
From all these ills: or cover me with earth, 495

You may, by sailing to the Velian port:  
Or if, in possibility, a way

There be, if any has been pointed out  
By your celestial mother (for without  
Th' assistance of the gods, I cannot deem 500

Such mighty rivers, and the Stygian lake  
You would attempt to pass) stretch out your hand

To wretched me, and in your company  
Bear cross the river, that at least in death

I may remain in peaceful seats at rest. 505

Thus having spoke, the prophetess began.

O Palinurus, whence this impious wish?

Shall you the Stygian waters and the stream,

Unburied, of the furies see, or gain

The farther shore, the gods not granting leave? 510

Forbear to hope the destinies divine

Can alter'd be by prayers: but what I say

Retain, in solace of your sad mishap.

For all the region, cities far and near,

Forc'd by celestial prodigies, your death 515

Shall expiate, and shall a monument

Erect, and to the monument send gifts,

And Palinurus shall the place be call'd

For ever. With these words his racking cares  
 Alleviated were, and grief a while 520  
 From his afflicted heart was driven away:  
 He glories in the land to bear his name.

They finish soon the journey then commenc'd  
 And to the river come, Whom when as soon  
 The boatman from the Stygian lake descry'd, 525  
 Crossing the silent wood, and to the bank  
 Their steps directing, with these words he first  
 Attacks, and gladly chides: whoe'er thou art  
 That to my river com'st in arms, say quick,  
 What's your intent; and there your steps restrain 530  
 Immediately. The region this of ghosts,  
 Of sleep, and drowfy night. Fate disallows  
 To bear the living in the Stygian boat.  
 How dearly I repent that on the lake,  
 Or great Alcides, or Pirithous, 535  
 Or Theseus I receiv'd, altho' from gods  
 Descent, and strength invincible they claim'd:  
 He, the Tartarean keeper trembling drag'd  
 From underneath the King's own throne, and bound  
 In chains: and these the Queen to take by force 540  
 Attempted even from Pluto's bed. To which  
 Briefly reply'd th' Amphryian prophets.

Here no such frauds are meant; repress your wrath;  
 No force these arms intend: the porter huge  
 May fright the spirits pale within his den, 545  
 And bark for ever; and chaste Proserpine  
 May rest secure within her royal dome.  
 Æneas, Trojan born, for arms renown'd  
 And piety, down to the lowest shades  
 Of Erebus descends to meet his fire. 550  
 If such an image great of piety

Affect



Affect you little, yet this bough (she then  
 The bough discloses which her vest conceal'd).  
 You'll know. His boiling anger fell asswag'd;  
 Nor more than this. He of the fatal twig  
 The venerable gift admiring, seen  
 After so long a tract of time, directs  
 His livid vessel back, and makes the shore.  
 Then other souls, which on the benches long  
 Were sitting, he removes, and clears the way,  
 And great Æneas in the bark receives.  
 Beneath the weight the crafy vessel groan'd,  
 And, leaky, large receiv'd the troubled pool.

Beyond the river, on the slimy mud,  
 And oozy weed, at length he landed safe  
 Both prophetess and hero. Cerberus,  
 The monster, thro' these realms from triple throat  
 Howls barking, stretch'd enormous in his den  
 On th' other side. To whom the Sibyl now,  
 His neck terrific grown with rising snakes,  
 A cake of honey throws and sleepy drugs;  
 He snatches as it falls with hungry rage,  
 Opening his triple jaws; his monstrous chine  
 Relaxing then, stretch'd on the ground, he lies  
 Extended huge o're all the kennel wide.  
 The guardian buried thus in sleep, the pass  
 Æneas seiz'd, and of that stream the bank  
 Left quick, which pass'd forever bars return.

Shrill voices frait were heard, and wailing loud,  
 And souls of infants weeping first they saw;  
 Whom, from the breast harsh torn, and of sweet life  
 Bereav'd, the fatal moment snatch'd, and sunk  
 In an untimely grave. Next these appear,  
 They who to death unjustly were condemn'd.

Nor without judge or sentence are these seats 585  
 Allotted : (Minos shakes the urn ; he calls  
 To full assembly all the silent ghosts ;  
 And strict enquires into their lives and crimes.

Next those dejected hold the places, who  
 With their own hands death to themselves procur'd,  
 Tho' free from guilt, yet hating light, their lives 591  
 Threw prodigal away : how gladly now  
 The hardest labours, poverty itself,  
 Patient would they endure in light above !  
 The fates obstruct, with dreary wave the pool 595  
 Of deadly hate debars them, Styx abhor'd,  
 With nine Meanders flowing round, detains.

Nor distant far are shewn, on every side  
 Spread out, the fields of mourning, by that name  
 They're call'd ; here those whom cruel love consum'd  
 By slow disease, walks unfrequented hide, 601  
 And round a grove of myrtle close conceals :  
 Their cares tormenting cease not even in death.  
 Here Phædra, Procris, and Eriphyle,  
 Shewing her son's unnatural wound, he saw, 605  
 Evadne, and Pasiphae : with these  
 Goes Laodamia, the constant friend,  
 And Ceneus, first a woman, then a youth,  
 By fate return'd into her pristine form.

Among these wander'd thro' the spacious wood 610  
 Phœnician Dido, recent from her wound :  
 To whom, soon as the Trojan hero near  
 Approach'd, and thro' the shade obscure perceiv'd ;  
 Like one who from behind a cloud the moon  
 Sees rising after change, or deems he sees ; 615  
 He spoke with tender love, and drop'd some tears.  
 Unhappy Dido ! then too true the news

Re-

Reported of your death, and that with steel  
Yourself you had destroy'd? Was I, alas!  
The cause of your destruction? By the stars, 620  
And gods I swear, and if there's any faith  
In subterraneous regions here, O Queen,  
Reluctant I departed from your shores.  
But the commands of gods, which force me now  
To travel this profound, thro' doleful shades, 625  
And regions full of horror, drove me on  
By their authority; nor could I think,  
That my departure with such desp'rate grief  
Could have affected you. But stay your steps,  
Nor from my longing eyes yourself withdraw. 630  
Whom fliest thou? this interview's the last  
That cruel fate allows me to enjoy.

Æneas thus, tears flowing, strove to calm  
Her troubled mind, and hate-denouncing looks.  
Fixt on the ground her eyes averse she kept, 635  
Nor more was moved, than if a statue stood  
Of Parian marble, or Numidian rock.  
At last, with enmity declar'd, she flew  
Into the shady grove, where her first lord  
Sichæus of her cares partakes, and love 640  
Meets equal love. Æneas not the less  
Struck with her wretched fate, pursu'd her far  
With weeping eyes, and pitied as she fled.

The way permitted he from hence attempts,  
And now the fields most distant they had reach'd, 645  
Inclos'd apart, where those renown'd in war  
Inhabit. Tydeus meets him here, for arms  
Here fam'd Parthenopæus, and the pale  
Adrastus' image. Many Trojans here  
In battle slain, lamented much above: 650

Whom in long rank discerning he bewail'd;  
 Medon and Glaucus, and Therfilochus,  
 Sons of Antenor, and the sacred priest  
 Of Ceres, Polyboetes; here he saw  
 Idæus with his car, and arms prepar'd. 655  
 Innumerable ghosts, to right and left,  
 Inclose him round. Nor to have seen him once  
 Was it enough, they take delight to stay,  
 T' approach more near, and of his coming learn  
 The cause. But th' Argive leaders, and the troops  
 Of Agamemnon, soon as they beheld 661  
 The hero thro' the gloom, known by his arms  
 Refulgent, trembled with excess of fear.  
 Part fled, as heretofore when to their ships  
 They ran, and part their feeble voices raise; 665  
 The scream attempted mocks their gaping mouths.

Deiphobus, the son of Priam here,  
 In all his body mangled, he perceiv'd;  
 His face disfigur'd cruelly; his face,  
 And both his hands; his temples of his ears 670  
 Despoil'd; and nose with shameful wound impair'd.  
 He scarcely knew him trembling, and his wounds  
 Most terrible concealing, and with voice  
 Familiar long he thus him first accosts.  
 Potent in arms, Deiphobus, from blood 675  
 Of noble Teucer sprung; who could desire  
 Of thee such punishment to take? To whom  
 Such power allow'd o'er thee? In that last night  
 Fame spread abroad, that with vast slaughter tir'd  
 Of Grecians, you had fallen upon a heap 680  
 Of carcasses confus'd. Then I uprear'd  
 An empty tomb on the Rhœtean shore,  
 And thrice with a loud voice your manes call'd.

You



Your name and arms the place retains. Your corse,  
My friend, departing, I could no where find, 685  
To give you burial in our native land.

To which the son of Priam : nothing's left  
By you, my friend, undone; you have discharg'd  
All pious duties to Deiphobus,  
And to his shade. But me my destiny, 690  
And that Laconian woman's wickedness  
Detestable, o'erwhelm'd with all these ills  
These monuments she left me. How we spent  
In Joys delusive that last night you know,  
And more than necessary cause remains 695  
To keep in mem'ry. When the fatal horse  
Leap'd o'er the lofty walls of Pergamus,  
And pregnant, in its womb brought warriors arm'd :  
To Bacchus she pretending sacrifice,  
The Phrygian matrons led in dance, around 700  
The sacred vases yelling ; she herself  
Held in the midst a lighted torch, and gave  
The signal to the Greeks. Oppress'd with cares,  
With sleep o'ercome, on my unlucky bed  
I then was laid, and all my senses lock'd 705  
In sleep profound, as in an easy death.  
Mean while the arms from every room my spouse  
Incomparable had remov'd, and stole  
From underneath my head my trusty sword :  
Within the house she Menelaus calls, 710  
And opens wide the doors. A grateful gift  
To her fond consort hoping this would prove,  
And haply might efface the memory  
Of all her former crimes. But why delay?  
They rush into my chamber : with them join'd,  
Prompter of wickedness, Ulysses comes, 715

Ye

Ye gods, if it be lawful to demand  
Just punishments, retaliation due  
Inflict upon the Grecians. But what chance,  
Now in your turn declare, into these realms 720  
Brought you yet living? drove by boisterous seas,  
Or by the gods directed do you come?  
Or what misfortune forces you to seats  
Of heavens blest light depriv'd, and full of grief.

Whilst they discourse, Apollo in his ear 725  
Had measur'd half the circle of his course  
Ethereal: and perhaps th' allotted time  
They in these vain inquiries had consum'd,  
But his companion interpos'd, and brief  
The Sibyl thus admonish'd. Night hastes on 730  
Æneas; and we weeping spend our time:  
Here into two the road itself divides;  
The right to Pluto's city leads, by this  
Our way t' Elysium lies; the left conducts  
To horrid Tartarus, where wicked men 735  
Their punishment receive. Deiphobus  
Reply'd. Great priestesses chide not, I'll depart,  
And stay my destin'd time in darkness here:  
Our glory, go; go, happier fates attend.  
This as he spake he turn'd his step aside. 740

Æneas look'd, and saw, beneath a rock  
Upon the left, a city of vast extent,  
With triple walls inclos'd; which Phlegeton  
With rapid waves of torrent fire surrounds,  
And rolls the rocky fragments thund'ring down. 745  
Large was the gate in front, on pillars rais'd  
Of solid adamant; so that no strength  
Of men, nor gods themselves, have power to raise  
By force of arms. An iron tower ascends

Up

Up to the clouds, and fell Typhoeus,  
 Clad in a bloody robe, sits day and night,  
 Her eye-lids never clos'd, and th' entrance guards.  
 Hence groans, and cruel stripes, and dragging chains,  
 And iron's clanking sound, assault their ears,  
 Æneas stop'd amaz'd, and catch'd the noise.  
 What sort of crimes, O virgin, say, are judg'd?  
 And what the punishments inflicted here?  
 What loud complaints are these that pierce the sky?

The priestess then began. Great chief of Troy,  
 To none that's pious is it lawful deem'd  
 To tread that wicked ground: but Hecate,  
 When me she nominated to preside  
 Over th' Avernian groves, inform'd at large  
 Of every punishment, and every crime,  
 And led thro' all the melancholy scenes.  
 This ministry severe is exercis'd

By Cretan Rhadamanthus: he of frauds  
 Takes cognisance, and penalties inflicts;  
 And forces all the guilty to confess  
 Their crimes, which, with dissimulation vain  
 Delighted, whilst above they had conceal'd,  
 Too late deferring till their course was run.  
 Typhoeus th' avenger, arm'd with whips,  
 The guilty scourges, with insulting mood,  
 And worse still threatening, from the serpents grasp'd  
 In her left hand, her sister furies calls.

Just then, with dreadful sound, on jarring hinge  
 Th' infernal gates wide open fly. Behold  
 What watch the threshold guards? What spectre keeps  
 Th' approaches? And a Hydra fiercer far,  
 With fifty mouths, most monstrous, gaping wide,  
 Stables within. Then Tartarus itself

Opens

*Rampant  
 acheron*

Opens into a precipice below,  
 And to the shades as deep extends itself,  
 As twice the distance to th' empyreal heaven. 785  
 Earth's ancient progeny, Titanian sons,  
 By thunder-bolts precipitated, lie  
 Together rolling in the lowest pit.  
 Enormous in their size, th' Aloian twins  
 I saw, who heaven attempted to subvert. 790  
 By strength of hand, and Jove himself expell  
 From his dominion of the realms above.  
 Salmoneus suffering cruel pains I saw,  
 For having dar'd the pointed lightning's flame,  
 And thunder dread to imitate in vain. 795  
 He, in a car drawn by four coursers fleet,  
 And waving in his hand a lighted torch,  
 Thro' Grecian states, and Elis' city rode  
 Triumphant, and the honours, due alone  
 To the immortal gods, claim'd to himself. 800  
 Insensate! who could think to counterfeit  
 By brags, and prancing steeds with horny hoofs,  
 Th' inimitable thunder, and heav'n's flame.  
 But from amid thick clouds th' Almighty fire  
 Darted his flaming Bolt, no flambeau dim, 805  
 Nor torch with smoky light, and him, transfixt,  
 Hurl'd headlong in a fiery whirlwind down.  
 There Tityus too, earth's foster son was seen,  
 All-bearing parent earth, whose body huge  
 Extended o'er nine acres' space complete; 810  
 And his immortal liver with hook'd beak  
 A monstrous vultur tearing; deep he digs  
 His entrails, fruitful to new punishment,  
 For delicacies, and his ample breast  
 Inhabits, nor is any respite given. 815

To



To fibres still renew'd to close the wounds:  
 Why should I mention of Pirithous make,  
 Ixion, and the Lapithæ? on whom  
 Th' incumbent rock just ready seems to fall,  
 Nay seems already falling. Splendid shine 820  
 On golden pillars genial beds, and feasts  
 Before them set with regal luxury:  
 The Queen of furies hard by lies reclin'd,  
 And even the tasting bars, and starting up  
 Holds out her torch, and scares with thundering voice.

Here those who hatred to their Brethren bore 826  
 While life remain'd; or disobedient struck  
 A parent; or their clients to deceive  
 Had frauds contriv'd; or who intent alone  
 On heaping up of Riches, gave no part 830  
 To their relations: These most numerous far,  
 And those who for Adultery were slain;  
 And those who took up impious Arms, and made  
 No scruple their most solemn Oaths to Break: 835  
 All these their punishment await. Ask not  
 What pains, what change, or fortune they're to bear.  
 Some roll a massy stone, some hang on spokes  
 Of wheels distended. Theseus wretched sits,  
 And will forever sit; and Phlegyas all  
 The Ghosts exhort, most miserable he. 840  
 And with loud voice thro' all the shades proclaims  
 "Learn Justice, and forewarn'd revere the gods."  
 This man his Country sold, and introduc'd  
 A Tyrant, Brib'd by gold; and for a price  
 Enacted laws, and for a price repeal'd. 845  
 His Daughter's bed, forbidden Nuptials, this  
 Invaded. Monstrous wickedness all dar'd,  
 And what they dar'd accomplish'd and enjoy'd.

Not

Not if an hundred tongues, an hundred mouths  
Had I, with lungs and voice of iron form'd,  
The various scences of wickedness, could I,  
Or different punishments inflicted tell.

Apollo's aged priestess having spoke  
To this effect let us pursue our way,  
And finish what we have so well begun,  
Let us make haste, she said. The royal walls  
Forg'd on Cyclopean anvils, and the gate,  
Under that arch directly opposite,  
I plainly can discern; where we our gifts  
Are to deposit by the God's command.

With equal steps then walking thro' the gloom,  
The middle space with rapid speed they clear,  
And to the gate approach. Æneas first  
Secures the entrance, and with water pure  
His body sprinkles o'er, and in the porch  
The golden bough suspends high eminent.

Finish'd these rites, to Proserpine her gift  
Affix'd, to flowery vales, and verdure sweet  
Of most delightful groves, and happy seats  
They come. A more extended æther here  
Prevails, more splendid light invests the fields,  
And their own sun, their proper stars they know.  
Part exercise their limbs on the green turf,  
Contend in sports, or wrestle on the sand.  
Part in the various dances keep just time,  
And verses sing. Orpheus in flowing robe  
Expresses the seven intervals of sounds  
On strings harmonious, and his harp now sweeps  
With volant touch, now strikes with ivory quill.  
Here Teucer's ancient race, a glorious line,  
Illustrious Heroes, born in better days,

Ilus,

Ilius, Assaracus, and Dardanus,  
 Founder of Troy. Their arms and empty cars  
 At distance rang'd, with wonder he beholds:  
 Their spears stand fix'd in earth; their horses feed  
 At large, unharnes'd o'er the fields. In Arms, 886  
 And Chariots what delight they living took,  
 That very passion follows them below.

Others, behold! to right and left he saw  
 Feasting upon the grass, and Pæans glad 890  
 In concert singing, in a laurel wood  
 Breathing perfumes, from whence Eridanus  
 With copious stream rolls thro' the groves beneath.  
 This band, of those consist'd, who receiv'd  
 In fighting for their country glorious wounds; 895  
 Of those, who while they liv'd, in purity  
 The sacerdotal office exercis'd;  
 Of poets who the Gods rever'd, and sung  
 Things worthy of Apollo; or of those  
 Who first invented Arts that polish life; 900  
 Or who in veneration left their names  
 By acts Beneficent. All these around  
 Their brows white fillets bore for ornament.  
 Whom gather'd round the Sibyl thus address'd;  
 Muses chiefly; him a numerous croud 905  
 Encircl'd, and his stature tall admir'd,  
 Superiour rising from his shoulders broad.  
 Say, happy souls, and Best of poets say,  
 In which of these Blest Regions, or what place  
 Anchises dwells? On his account we come, 910  
 And have pass'd over Hell's tremendous streams.  
 And thus to her the Hero brief reply'd.  
 To none of us a fixed seat is given;  
 Either in shady groves, or on the banks  
 Of

Of rivers clear, or flowery meads, refresh'd 913  
 With rivulets, our residence we choose.  
 But you, if so your inclination prompts,  
 Ascend this hill, and by an easy path  
 I'll bring you to the place. He said, and led  
 The way; and from above the shining fields  
 In prospect shew'd: then they the summit left.

But, in a verdant mead remote, his fire  
 Anchises was surveying with great care  
 The separated souls, whose lot it was  
 The light of heaven to see; and was by chance  
 Viewing his family, and children dear,  
 Their fortunes, manners, prowess and their fates.  
 And he, when he beheld across the field  
 Æneas coming, joyful both his hands  
 Stretch'd out; tears flow'd fast down his cheeks; and  
 thus

He spake: Art thou at length my son, arriv'd?  
 Thy filial piety, so well approv'd,  
 The dangers of the journey has o'ercome?  
 Am I allow'd thy countenance to see?  
 And well-known accents hear, and render back?  
 My mind still gave me, reck'ning up the times,  
 It would be so: nor have I been deceiv'd.  
 Tost thro' how many seas, how many lands,  
 Do I receive thee, from what dangers sav'd!  
 How much did I the dangers threatening you  
 In Africk dread. Æneas thus replies:

Your shade appearing, Father, to me oft,  
 Compell'd to visit this tremendous land,  
 The fleet rides in the Tyrrhene sea. Our hands  
 Permit to join, O fire! permit, nor fly  
 From my embraces. Saying this, a flood



Of tears pour'd down his cheeks: thrice he assay'd  
 Around his neck to throw his clasping arms;  
 Thrice from his touch the fleeting shadow fled,  
 Like the light winds, or an unreal dream. 950

Mean time Æneas, in a secret vale,  
 A lofty wood with humble shrubs discern'd,  
 By gentle zephyrs fan'd, and Lethe's stream  
 Before these happy mansions gliding flow:  
 Innumerable tribes and people keep  
 Hovering about this river. As in meads, 955  
 When on the various flowers the bees alight,  
 In summer's days serene, and spread themselves  
 Around the milk-white lillies, so the plain  
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings resounds. 960  
 Æneas shudder'd at the sight, and cause  
 Demands, not knowing; what that river is?  
 And who the ghosts that in such multitudes  
 Have fill'd the margins? Then Anchises thus.  
 Those souls to whom new bodies are by fate 965  
 Decreed, at Lethe's stream composing draughts,  
 And long oblivion drink. Of these long time  
 I have desir'd to talk with you, and shew  
 Before you, reck'ning up my progeny,  
 That Latium found, you may yet more rejoice. 970  
 What then can souls in this exalted state,  
 O father, can it be conceiv'd, that they  
 From hence to upper light desire to go,  
 And bear again the load of mortal flesh?  
 Can such fond love these wretches prepossess 975  
 Of light? Anchises answer made; my son,  
 I'll tell you, nor perplex'd keep in suspense;  
 And every thing in order due explain.

First Heaven, and Earth, and Watry plains, the globe  
 Resplendent of the sun, the Moon, and stars, 980  
 A spirit nourishes within, a Mind,  
 Infus'd thro' all the parts, the mass entire  
 Pervades, and moves, and with that body vast  
 Mixes itself. The race of Men and Beasts  
 Hence spring, the winged Fowls, and monsters bred  
 Beneath the level surface of the Deep: 986  
 The seeds a fiery vigour in themselves  
 Possess, an Origin Celestial claim;  
 But then by noxious Bodies they're impair'd,  
 By Earthly limbs, and Mortal Members clog'd. 990  
 From hence the passions, Fear, Desire, Grief, Joy:  
 Nor shut in darkness up, and prison blind,  
 Can they so much as have a view of heaven.  
 But with their latest breath when life's extinct,  
 All their corporeal plagues, and evils felt 995  
 Before, do not even then depart entire  
 From wretched Beings; of necessity  
 Many, habitual grown, by wond'rous ways,  
 Inherent must remain. Wherefore with pains  
 They're exercis'd, and pay the penalties 1000  
 Of all their ancient crimes. To piercing winds  
 Some hang expos'd; Others in gulphs profound  
 All the pollutions of their sins wash out,  
 Or purge by fire. All suffer punishment,  
 Each, his own genius, his tormentor finds. 1005  
 Thence thro' Elysium ample we're dispers'd,  
 Altho' but few the happy Regions gain:  
 Until the long expected day arriv'd  
 By revolutions just of time complete  
 Th' indented stains effaces, and leaves pure 1010  
 Th' ethereal essence, fire of light unmix'd.

And

Those

Those all, when full a thousand years have roll'd  
 Exact their circles, in a concourse great,  
 To the Lethæan stream <sup>the</sup> God conducts:  
 That they unmindful of what'er is past,  
 The higher Regions may revisit safe,  
 And into Bodies, pleas'd, return again.

Anchises ended; and into the 'midst  
 Of shades assembled, and the fluttering croud,  
 The Sibyl, and his son conducts, and takes  
 An eminence, from whence he might survey  
 All those who fronting stood in long array,  
 And might their visages, as they advanc'd,  
 Distinct discern. Now then what glory waits  
 Our Dardan progeny, and what descent  
 From the Italian Nation shall arise;  
 Illustrious souls, and all in time to pass  
 Into our family, I'll brief relate;  
 And likewise thy own fate to thee declare.

That Youth, who leans upon a shining spear,  
 By lot the nearest place to light obtains;  
 Mix'd with Italian Blood, he first shall rise  
 To the æthereal skies; an Alban name,  
 Sylvius, of all thy children last: and whom  
 Lavinia shall, thy consort, to thee old  
 Bring forth, and educate in woods, a king  
 And sire of kings: from whom our race shall reign  
 In Alba. Procas next to him succeeds,  
 The glory of the Trojans; Capys then;  
 And Numitor; and who will represent  
 Thee by his name, Æneas Sylvius,  
 Like you for piety and arms renown'd,  
 If e'er the rule of Alba he obtain.  
 What youths behold! what limbs, heroic built!

But

But they, whose temples with the Civic crown 1043  
 Are bound, Nomentum and Fidene will  
 Upraise, and Gabie. On mountains cold  
 The towers of Collatine they will erect.  
 Pometia, Bola, Cora, and the fort  
 Of Inuus. These then will be their names, 1050  
 Tho' now without a name. And Romulus,  
 The son of Mars, associate in the throne  
 With Numitor his grandsire, shall be plac'd  
 Whom Ilia of Asfaracus's blood  
 Shall bear. Behold you not the double plumes 1055  
 How on his helm they wave, and Jove himself  
 With his own splendors marks his fulgent head?  
 Under his auspices that famous Rome  
 My son shall rise, whose conquests only earth  
 Shall bound, with valour equal to the gods; 1060  
 Within one wall she to herself seven hills  
 Shall compass round, prolific of a race  
 Of heroes. Such the goddess Cybele,  
 Crown'd with high towers, conspicuous in her car,  
 Thro' Phrygian cities rides, proud of the birth 1065  
 Of gods, an hundred cherishing, her sons,  
 All plac'd above, inhabitants of heav'n.  
 Now hither turn your eyes, this nation see,  
 And your own Romans. Cæsar here, and all  
 Iulus' race, that shall to light emerge, 1070  
 Under the cope of heaven. The hero this,  
 So often promis'd, and expected long,  
 Augustus Cæsar, progeny of gods:  
 By him the golden age shall be restor'd  
 In Latium, thro' the happy fields possess'd 1075  
 By Saturn old; he shall extend his sway  
 Beyond the Garamantes, and beyond

The



The Indian realm; to lands that by the stars  
 Unlighted lie, out of the circle wide  
 The sun and year describe, where Atlas turns 1080  
 The axis round, with sparkling stars enchas'd.  
 Already all the Caspian kingdoms dread  
 His coming, by responses of the gods  
 Foretold; the nations round Meotis' pool, 1084  
 And those upon the mouths of seven-branch'd Nile,  
 Together croud alarm'd. Such tracts of land  
 Ne'er did Alcides traverse, tho' he pierc'd  
 The brazen footed stag, or slew the boar  
 In Erymanthian woods, and with his bow  
 Made the Lernaean monster quake for fear. 1090  
 Nor Bacchus victor, when his tygers rein'd  
 With twisted vines, o'er Nyssa's top he drove.  
 And do we then still hesitate t' extend  
 Our Virtue by our Actions? or can Fear  
 Restrain from fixing on th' Ausonian plains? 1095  
 But who is he, distinguish'd by a wreath  
 Of olive at a distance, in his hands  
 Bearing the sacred utensils? I know  
 The Roman king, his silver hairs, and beard. 1100  
 He first the city shall establish firm  
 By salutary laws, from Cures small,  
 And poor estate, to a great Empire call'd.  
 Tullus shall afterward to him succeed;  
 He shall his sleeping Country rouse to Arms,  
 Shake off their indolence, and call them forth 1105  
 To triumphs long disus'd. Him follows next  
 Ancus, more haughty, now but too much pleas'd  
 With popular applause. And would you see  
 The proud Tarquinian kings, and spirit fierce  
 Of Brutus the avenger, and the marks 1110

Of power recover'd? He shall first receive  
 The consular command, and ax severe;  
 And his own sons, exciting troubles new,  
 Unhappy father! shall to death condemn,  
 In maintenance of liberty divine. 1115

Howe'er posterity this deed receive,  
 Love of his country, and immense desire  
 Of fame shall overcome. — Lo! farther off,  
 The Decii; Drusi; with his lifted ax  
 Severe, Torquatus; and Camillus fierce 1120

The Roman eagles bringing back, regain'd,  
 But those two souls, resplendent whom you see  
 In equal arms, united now, and while  
 They are suppress'd in night; alas! what wars,  
 What armies, and what slaughter will they raise 1125  
 Between themselves, if e'er the light they reach!

The father from the Alpine fortresses  
 Descending, and Monæcus' Tower; the son *Julius Cæsar*  
 With all the East in opposition stands. *father in law to Pompey.*

Ah! sons, refrain; to such destructive wars 1130  
 Accustom not your minds, nor turn your arms  
 Invincible against the yearning bowels  
 Of your own Country! and thou first, thou learn  
 To pardon, who from Heaven thy lineage draw'st,  
 Throw to the ground thy impious arms, my son! *Cæsar*

This to the lofty capitol his car *Munimur* 1136  
 Shall drive in triumph, Corinth overcome,  
 Renown'd for slaughter'd Greeks. That shall o'er-  
 throw

Argos, Mycenæ, Agamemnon's realm,  
 And from Achilles sprung, Æacides; 1140  
 Having reveng'd his Ancestors of Troy,  
 And violation of Minerva's fane.

Who

Who thee, great Cato, would in silence leave?

Or thee, O Cossus? Who the Gracchian race?

Or the two Scipios, thunder-bolts of war,

The scourge of Libya? And tho' poor, yet great

In power, Fabricius? Or Serranus, thee,

In furrows sowing by thy hands upturn'd?

Where, Fabius, do you hurry me, fatigu'd

Already? Greatest of the Fabian name,

"Who by Delays the Commonwealth shall save."

Others the breathing Brass may softer mould,

With greater art the living features draw

From Marble; with more Eloquence harangue;

The stars, and heav'nly motions calculate.

The Nations, Thou, with awful power to rule

Remember Roman; (these shall be <sup>thy</sup> arts!)

The terms of peace to Dictate, and to spare

The suppliant, but the Haughty to subdue.

With admiration they Anchises heard,

Who thus continued: with the Generals' spoils

Adorn'd, see how Marcellus, o'er the rest

Towering majestic walks a Conqueror.

With Cavalry alone, the Roman State,

By insurrections shook, he shall sustain;

The Carthaginians, and the rebel Gaul

O'ercome; and in the lofty Capitol

The Regal spoils the third time shall affix.

Æneas here, for with him he beheld

A youth most beautiful, in shining arms,

Tho' in his countenance but little joy

Appear'd, his eyes sunk with dejected looks:

But who is he that with the Hero walks?

His son, or one of his illustrious race?

What confluence of friends! what Majesty

In his appearance! and how like the first!  
 But round him hovers night with dismal shades.  
 Anchises then: O son, refrain to know  
 The greatest grief that ever shall affect  
 Our family. The fates will only shew  
 This youth on earth, and quickly snatch him thence;  
 The Roman people would too powerful seem,  
 Ye gods, if such your gifts they could enjoy'd.  
 What lamentations shall the field of Mars,  
 And Rome be fill'd with! and what mournful sight  
 Of funeral pomp shall you, O Tyber, see,  
 In gliding by his new rais'd monument!  
 Nor shall the Latian fires conceive such hopes  
 Of any Dardan youth; nor Rome e'er boast  
 Of any of her sons like this. Alas,  
 What piety! Alas, what ancient truth!  
 And how invincible in war! No man  
 Shall him encounter with impunity,  
 When arm'd he marches to attack the foe  
 On foot, or in his horse's foaming sides  
 Buries his spurs. O youth! never enough  
 Lamented, if thy Destiny severe  
 Thou canst avoid, thou shalt Marcellus be.  
 By handfuls lillies bring, ~~that I may spread~~  
 These flowers of ~~pleasure and white~~, and with these gifts  
 Honour at least my Grandson's shade, and pay  
 A duty vain. Thus wander'd they at large  
 O'er all the Region, and each thing survey'd  
 Thro' the vast spaces of the Nether sky  
 Anchises having every where his son  
 Conducted, and his mind inflam'd with Hope  
 Of all these future glories; he foretells  
 What Wars the Hero shall hereafter wage,

And



And him acquaints with the Laurentian Realms,  
 And king Latinus' city; by what way 1210  
 He should avoid each labour, or support.

Two are the gates of sleep, of which the one  
 'Tis said is made of Horn, to Visions True,  
 By which an easy issue is allow'd.

With polish'd Ivory the other shines: 1215

But this to th' upper world False Dreams conveys,

Sent by th' Infernal Deities: His son,

Anchises, and the priestess, having brought

Thus far, thro' th' Ivory portal both dismiss'd. //

He toward the ships his way with speed pursues, 1220

And his companions joins. Then near the shore

Steers for Caieta's port: The anchors slip

From every prow; the poops to shore are turn'd.

*20. Unhappy Bard at last!*

*Poetick Ivory, deluding and*

*Spoils all the Scenes that*

*Vergil's pains impart*

*Like Ovid when his Rind*

**End of the First VOLUME.** *restored above*

*for one had given he then no more*



